July 15, 1939

5¢ A COPY

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA, KANSAS

# Collier's

TH AL WEEKLY

arthur
crouch

## Bootleg Birth Control · By Robe

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMP

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS
1JE40
12B 3198 C 6 11
2Y

July 15, 1939

FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
always a good reflection

# You can't beat lead for making PAINT

YOU know how lead lasts. You know it's got what it takes to stand up against the attacks of time and weather.

That's why it's good where there's a *tough* job to do.

Now maybe you never realized that white lead is made from lead. But it's a fact.

And being in the family, so to speak, white lead paint has lasting qualities all its own.

That's not just my opinion, because I work in a lead mine.

Ask any good painter and he'll tell you the same.

He'll tell you how white lead lies smooth and snug, doesn't crack or brittle up — how it stays on the job for years.

Fact is, you can't beat a paint that's made from lead. And you're money ahead, because this is a case of the best being the cheapest too.

• • •

*Want to know more about this whole subject? Write for "What to expect from White Lead Paint."*

LEAD INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION
420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

***Putting is important*** and it always pays to hire a skilled painter who knows the definite part that filling nail holes with white lead putty plays in maintaining a smooth, sightly looking job.

You're money ahead when you paint with
White Lead

**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor
**CHARLES COLEBAUGH** Managing Editor
**THOMAS H. BECK** Editorial Director

# Collier's

**July 15, 1939**

**WALTER DAVENPORT** Politics
**AIMEE LARKIN** Distaff
**ROBERT McCORMICK** Washington
**W. B. COURTNEY** Transportation
**KENNETH LITTAUER** Fiction
**QUENTIN REYNOLDS** Sports
**KYLE CRICHTON** Screen and Theater
**WM. O. CHESSMAN** Art
**DENVER LINDLEY** Articles
**FRANK D. MORRIS** Articles
**JAMES N. YOUNG** Fiction
**IFOR THOMAS** Photographs
**MAX WILKINSON** Fiction
**JIM MARSHALL** The Orient
**JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editor

## Next Week

"I OBJECT," shouted the attorney for the defense as J. Richard (Dixie) Davis, the "Kid Mouthpiece," started to tell how he bribed New York's most powerful political leader.

"I object," he shouted again and again as the dapper little guy squirmed in the witness chair. So, courtroom procedure being what it is, Davis managed to get into the record of the famous Jimmy Hines trial only those facts which were strictly competent, relevant and material.

Dixie Davis knew a lot more than he was permitted to tell. As the attorney general of the toughest mob in America's underworld, he was in the know about murders and shakedowns and criminal combinations which the police even now have marked as "unsolved."

And now, unfettered by courtroom procedure, Dixie Davis reveals the complete story of his own and his associates' lives. "Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now" starts in Collier's next week.

NOW and then, you come across a story which is so much of our life and times that you realize it couldn't possibly have become a part of any literature except that of contemporary America. Which is rather a roundabout way of saying that "Without Luck," by John Hawkins, the story of a swashbuckling bridgebuilder, would be worth reading for its literary qualities, even if it weren't a corking yarn.

EASY, thar, you Hollywood fellows. The Texas Rangers are watching you and you'd better be careful with their gal. The gal, by the way, is the menacing redhead known to all lovers of screen loveliness as Ann Sheridan. On investigation, our Mr. Kyle Crichton found that Texas has its own ideas about menaces, and he warns, "Easy, Thar, with Our Clara Lou."

RESIDENTS of the Philippines, who haven't any vote on the matter, already have decided on their choice for President of the United States in 1940. He is Paul V. McNutt, a silvery-haired dark horse, who knew considerable about running the state of Indiana but nothing whatever about Oriental politics and intrigue when he went out to become high commissioner of the Philippines. There had been nothing in his political experience like that. How the former Hoosier schoolmaster triumphed in the twisty, risky game of diplomacy out there is disclosed by W. B. Courtney, recently returned from the Far East.

## This Week

### SHORT STORIES

**R. G. KIRK**
**A Priest for The MacLir.** A tale of the Irish Coast, where brave men deserve brave wives. Page 9

**FRANK CONDON**
**Ill Wind.** Goofy golf—in California, of course. Page 11

**ERNEST HAYCOX**
**The Long Years.** Study in mother love. Page 18

**NANCY HALE**
**Music Without Words.** They danced into each other's hearts. Page 20

### THE SHORT SHORT STORY

**Complete Protection,** by Pat Frank. Page 22

### SERIAL STORIES

**ERICH MARIA REMARQUE**
**Flotsam. The second of twelve parts.** A passport for Steiner. Page 16

**JONATHAN LATIMER**
**Red Gardenias. The sixth of ten parts.** Too many crooks spoil Crane's business. Page 34

### ARTICLES

**ROBERT C. COOK**
**Bootleg Birth Control.** What it's doing to America's future. Page 12

**GURNEY WILLIAMS**
**Small Fly.** Model airplanes, your new hobby. Page 14

**KYLE CRICHTON**
**Showboat 'Round the Bend.** A vanishing American tradition. Page 19

**QUENTIN REYNOLDS**
**Ivory Hunter.** Charley Graham, whose business is ballplayers. Page 23

●

**FRELING FOSTER**
**Keep Up with the World.** You know it's so. Page 6

### EDITORIAL

**Here's to Your Health.** Page 58

**COVER** ARTHUR CROUCH

## Any Week

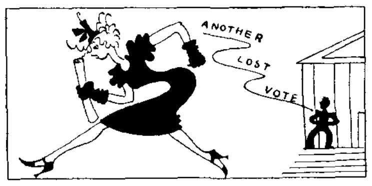
OUR phone began to go frantic the moment it was announced that among the various things about to happen to the Honorable John Nance Garner's presidential aspirations was an attack upon Mr. Garner by the Honorable Harold Ickes. Among the first to bellow his protests was Mr. George W. Radnor of Newark, New Jersey. "Why," demanded Mr. Radnor, "should Jack Garner get a swell break like that? I, for one of millions of us, don't want Jack Garner for President. But a few wisecracks from Harold and Jack's in. Of course we will have the solace of knowing that Harold will be back amongst us private citizens again. But Jack's candidacy sure is getting a lucky break."

FROM Fräulein Mitzi Vogel von Buxtehude we have a nice note of appreciation for our editorial Fair Deal to Dachshunds. She's not old enough to remember the World War but says that she heard how dachshunds were stoned on Boston Common and punted over Independence Hall, to say nothing of being redesignated by patriotic owners as Liberty Poodles. We don't want to be cute about this, so we'll tell you now that Fräulein von Buxtehude is herself a dachshund, owned by Mr. Fred Hodgkins of Melrose, Massachusetts. Again, she protests, her breed is being made the cartoonist's symbol for Nazi-ism, and is being depicted wearing spiked helmets and slavering blood. She's hurt about it. And we don't blame her.

AND Mr. Philip J. Toomer of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, has a candidate for President. He is not making the name public just yet, preferring to wait until all the other availables have had their praises sung and all the other economy shouters have stated their cases. "But this man of mine," says Mr. Toomer, "has them licked. Furthermore, he practices economy. A few days ago when I left his office he handed me three letters and ten cents. He asked me to mail the three letters as I passed the post office. That took nine cents. That night he called me up. 'When you come downtown tomorrow, Phil,' said he, 'buy me a penny box of matches and leave them at my office, will you?'"

FROM Miss Margaret Boyce of Gilroy, California, we have a protest against one of our cartoons wherein a somewhat disheveled young lady named Boyce is playing one of her own compositions on the piano with a minimum of satisfaction to the audience. "I don't know," says Miss Boyce, "whether this is intended as a crack at me or not. But I am now trying to learn to play the piano and many people seeing your cartoon might think the picture was of me and get the wrong slant. I am an attractive blonde, have blue eyes, am about five feet seven inches and weigh almost a hundred and twenty pounds. I have many boys asking for a date, but I refuse since I have not found my ideal yet. And now everyone I know is going to get the wrong impression of me."

FOR some reason, we just remembered talking to a member of President Roosevelt's large secretariat. A somewhat irate lady with a large manuscript had just left his office. "That," says he, "is another lost vote." After some time we were able to discover the trouble. No week passes that a large number of manuscripts, with and without the authors, arrive at the White House pleading for a reading by the President. Naturally the man hasn't the time. We understand that he yearns some day to be an editor. He'll have to take time then and he can't say that we didn't warn him. "But the real purpose is," said the secretary, "that the writer, having had a White House reading, can go to an editor and say that the piece has been read by the President. That's salesmanship."



MAYBE Mr. Jerome Daly Tebbit's letter is responsible for remembering that one. From Tulsa, Oklahoma, Mr. Tebbit informs us that a friend of his, "having been informed by a number of so-called friends that he ought to run for Congress," went to Washington to consult the President about it. Oddly enough, he did not see Mr. Roosevelt but was told by "a person high in authority" that the President would be awfully glad if he ran soon. "And now," says Mr. Tebbit, "he's sore because he's just found out there's nothing to run for soon."

TOO soon anyway. W. D.

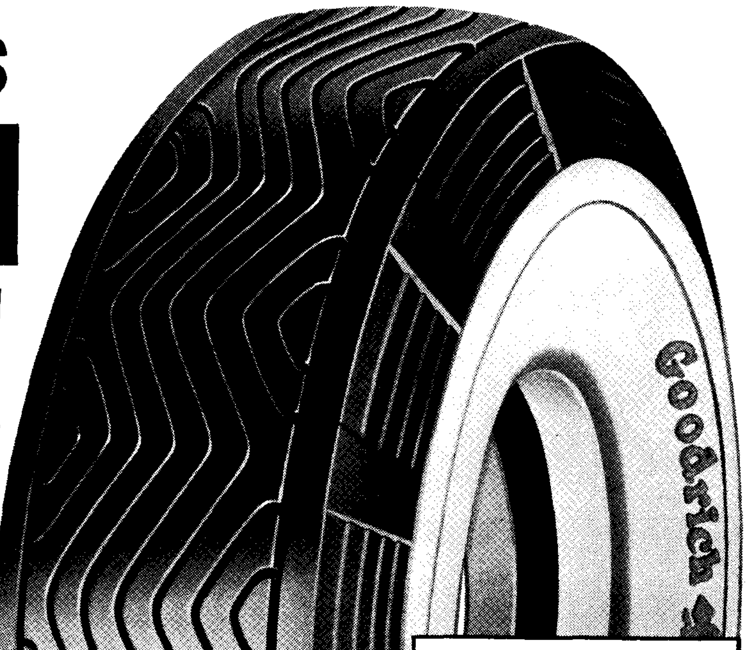
Vol. 104, No. 3. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1939, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

AFTER A SKID GAVE US THE SCARE OF OUR LIVES...

...we found a new non-skid tire that sweeps wet roads so dry you can LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!

# NEW GOODRICH TIRE GIVES

# Quickest Non-Skid Stops On The Road



"ONE MINUTE I was going straight ahead—the next instant my car was swinging wildly over the road as if it were on a polished dance floor. Take it from one who's had a bad skid scare, there's nothing like the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown for stopping a car quick and straight."

Take a friendly tip. Get rid of unsafe tires before they get rid of you. Make up your mind to have them replaced with the new Goodrich Silvertowns—America's *number one* safety tires that bring you *two* important and exclusive life-saving features *at no extra cost!*

First on the list is the new Life-Saver Tread. This amazing Goodrich Life-Saver Tread, with its deep, never-ending spiral bars, does to rain-drenched pavements what a windshield wiper does to the windshield of your car. It *wipes wet roads dry*—so dry that you can actually *light a match* on its track. And when a tire leaves a track as dry as *that* on a wet road it's easy to see why you'll get the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.

Second, but just as important to your family's safety, comes another exclusive Goodrich life-saving feature—the Golden Ply. This famous invention resists internal tire heat, protects you against dangerous high-speed blow-outs.

### *Pay as You Ride*

Don't take chances with a car-spinning skid or a dangerous blow-out. Put life-saving Silvertowns on your car now. For your convenience a Liberal Budget Plan is now available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers. Just show your license identification and set your own long easy terms. No embarrassing investigations. Your Silvertowns will be installed *on the spot.* So the next time you buy tires—buy safety—BUY SILVERTOWNS.

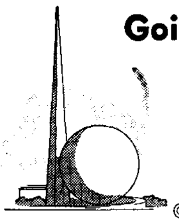
**Best last year**

**BEST THIS YEAR!**

In two series of non-skid tests of *regular* and *premium-priced* tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, including new tires which have just been introduced, Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory reports:

"The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including not only the old established tires of these manufacturers—some listed at 40% to 70% higher in price—but also the new tires which were recently tested under the same road conditions."

**Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory**



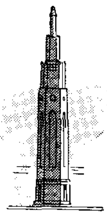
### Going to the Fair in New York?

See Jimmie Lynch and His Death-Dodgers In Daredevil Demonstrations At The Popular Goodrich Thrill Arena.

©NYWF

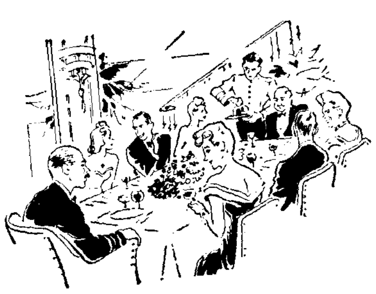
### Going to the Fair in San Francisco?

Be Sure Not To Miss The Striking and Educational Goodrich Exhibit Entitled "What's New In The World of Rubber."



## FOR GREATER SAFETY ON ANY LONG TRIP—*SWITCH TO*

# Goodrich *Safety* Silvertowns



Not at the Captain's table

—*BUT* BACK BY THE SERVICE TRAYS

THAT'S where Jenkins landed, on the dream trip that was to be so gay, so adventurous. And that, the Purser decided, was exactly where he belonged! After all, a pest with halitosis (bad breath) can't expect to be parked with pleasant people.

*How's Your Breath?*

If you want to be more acceptable to others, take the pleasant precaution against offensive breath—Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse and gargle.

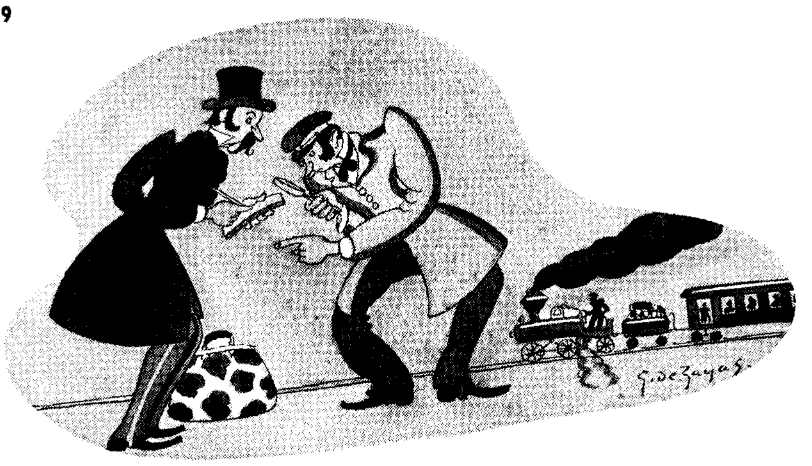
The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it. You may be offending at this very moment. Everybody probably does at some time or other.

You know, however, that after you have used Listerine Antiseptic your entire mouth is cleaner, fresher, and your breath purer, more wholesome, and more agreeable to others. It quickly halts fermentation of tiny food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and then overcomes the odors themselves.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic handy at home and office, carry it with you when you travel; it puts you on the polite and popular side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

*USE* LISTERINE *BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS*

P.S. If you have any evidence of dandruff use Listerine. Its results are amazing.



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*In* the early days of the railroads, travelers often aroused suspicion and station agents frequently asked them personal questions. But the Liverpool and Manchester Railway went further. Up to 1837 this road made each passenger fill out a ticket application that not only asked his name, address and the purpose of his trip, but also his age, occupation and place of birth.—*By George A. Kauber, Niagara Falls, New York.*

*Soil* erosion, now ravaging a large part of the world on a scale unparalleled in history, is believed to have formed about a million square miles of new desert in the past twenty-five years.—*By George M. Dressel, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

*China* and Japan possess some four hundred million people, or one fifth of the population of the world, who profess and practice two or three religions at the same time. Most Chinese are adherents of two, if not all three, of their native faiths—Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism—while the majority of Japanese follow both of their popular religions—Buddhism and Shintoism.

*The* only time that a President of the United States was ever shown in an American comic-strip cartoon was a few months ago when Mr. Roosevelt gave his permission to be depicted in the act of helping "Joe Palooka" secure his release from the French Foreign Legion. The Palooka had a date at home to fight for the heavyweight title.

*All* countries do not move their timepieces ahead one hour in observing daylight-saving time. New Zealand, for one, advances its clocks thirty minutes, while several West African colonies advance theirs only twenty minutes.

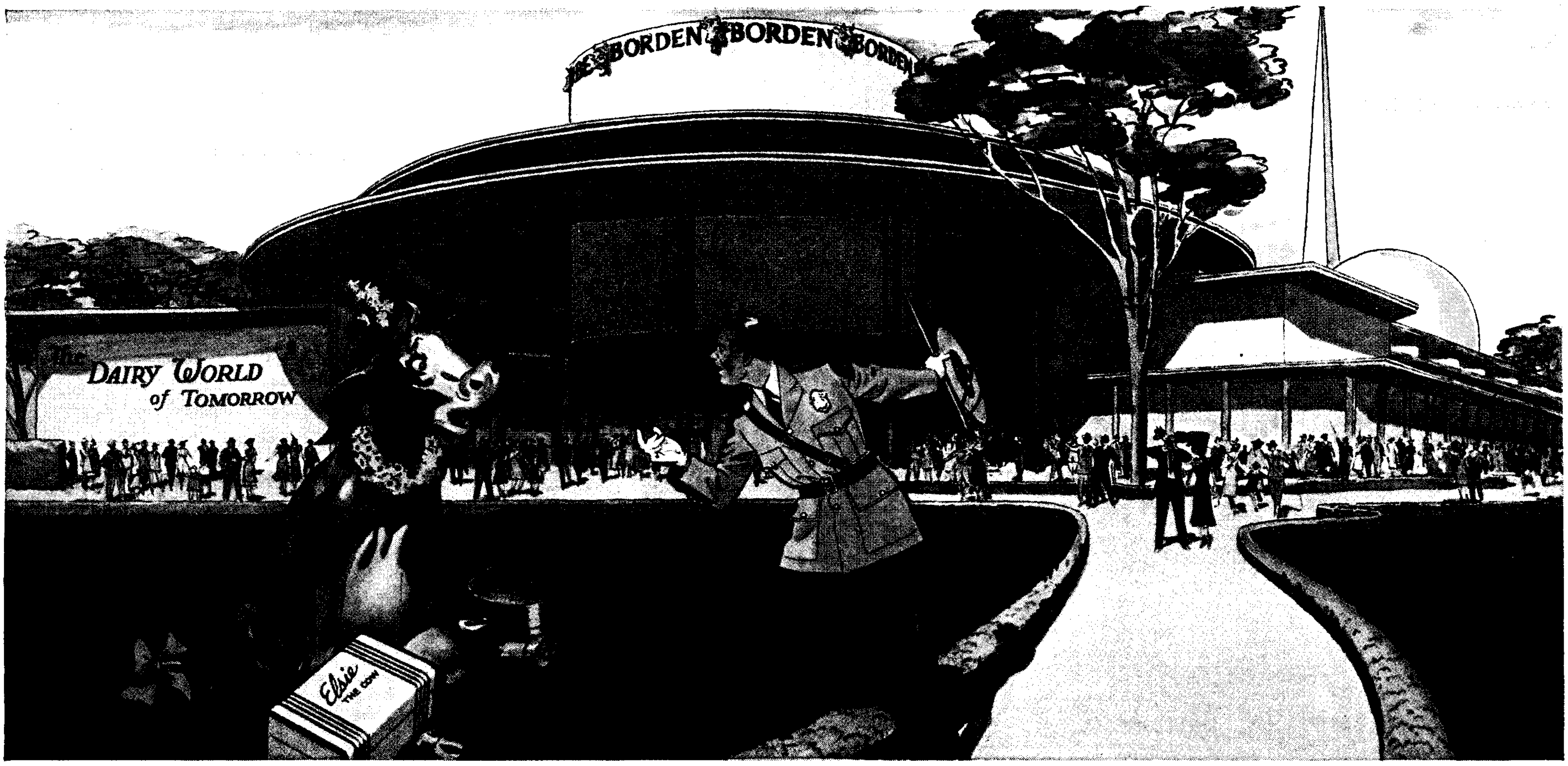
*An* odd superstition long prevalent among the habitual gamblers at the Monte Carlo Casino is that the chair recently occupied by a suicide is the luckiest one in the house.

*Chemists* working with electric oscillators capable of producing up to five hundred thousand vibrations a second have suffered strange reactions to them. In one man, this incessant hammering on his eardrums, although completely inaudible to him, caused him to lose his sense of balance.

*Few* songs have ever affected their listeners as much as *Amour sacré de la patrie* as it was sung during the presentation of the opera *La Muette de Portici* at the *Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie* in Brussels on the night of August 25, 1830. Inspired by it, the audience stopped the performance, broke the chairs, rushed into the street and started the famous revolution through which Belgium won its administrative freedom from Holland.

*In* wing surface, no aircraft ever approached that of the Nineplandem, a seaplane built by the Caproni Company of Italy in 1921. As the name implies, it had three triplane sets of wings, nine great sets altogether.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**


BORDEN BORDEN BORDEN
The DAIRY WORLD of TOMORROW
Elsie THE COW

COPYRIGHT 1939 THE BORDEN COMPANY

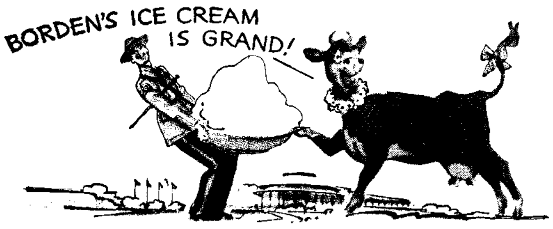
# "—But you promised me a Meadow!"

ELSIE LOOKED DISAPPOINTED, dazzled, and curious, all at the same time—a rather difficult feat for a cow.

"It *is* a meadow, Elsie," insisted the World's Fair Man. "It's *Flushing Meadow*—the most wonderful meadow you'll ever see. All those bright buildings and wide avenues and gay flags have been put there for the *New York World's Fair.*"

Elsie still hesitated. "Maybe it's just a bit too grand for me," she said. "Maybe I'll feel out of place."

"Nonsense," chuckled the Man. "You're going to have the time of your life here, living in 'The Dairy World of Tomorrow.' Why, you'll be in a lovely, air-conditioned Borden barn—you'll still eat the finest food—*and* you'll be milked on a merry-go-round . . ."


BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS GRAND!

"What *fun!*" mooed Elsie, brightening. "But why bring me way out *here* . . . ?"

"So that millions of people can actually *see* how you live," the Man explained. "We want everyone to see the kind of care and skill and science that make milk so good it can be *Borden's Milk.*"

"*And* Borden's Ice Cream," added Elsie.

"Ice cream—what do you mean?" puzzled the Man.

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND WORKS MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
MAGIC MILK

"Why, *Borden's Ice Cream* is made from my cream and milk," explained Elsie. "And because Borden sees to it that my cream and milk are always rich and good as can be, Borden's Ice Cream naturally turns out to be rich and good, too.

"That also explains," she went on, "why *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* can be counted on to bring special goodness to *magic cooking*—the marvelous, new kind of kitchen-craft that makes tempting cookies, candies, and cakes in almost no time."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED TASTES FRESH—NATURAL!
Borden's

"Say," said the Man, "your milk does get around!"

"More than you think," agreed Elsie. "As *Borden's Evaporated Milk*, it contributes a particularly fresh, natural flavor to cream soups, mashed potatoes, and many other good things to eat—because it's such very good *milk* in the *first* place."

BORDEN'S CHEESE FOODS ARE SO GOOD!
Borden's Chateau
IT SPREADS OR SLICES

"You've got quite a bit to do with the whole dinner menu, then," the World's Fair Man said admiringly.

"Right down to the *cheese,*" said Elsie. "My delicious milk also goes to make *Borden's Chateau* and all the other tempting members of *Borden's Family of Fine Cheese Foods.* It's even playing a very special role in Hollywood these days, besides."

*"Hollywood!"* exclaimed the Man.

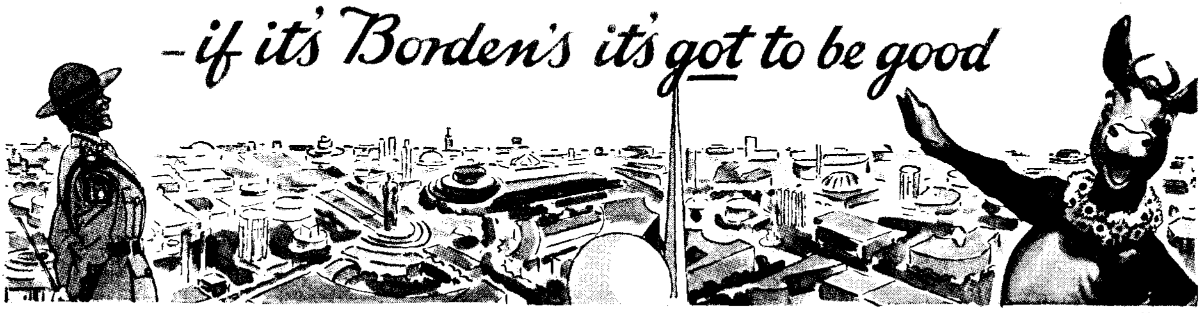
"Yes, indeed," smiled Elsie. "My milk helps to make *Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk* so good, refreshing, and satisfying that Hollywood stars pick it as the mainstay of light luncheons that are kind to trim figures."

BORDEN'S CHOCOLATE MALTED WITH LUNCH!
Borden's
CHOCOLATE
Malted Milk

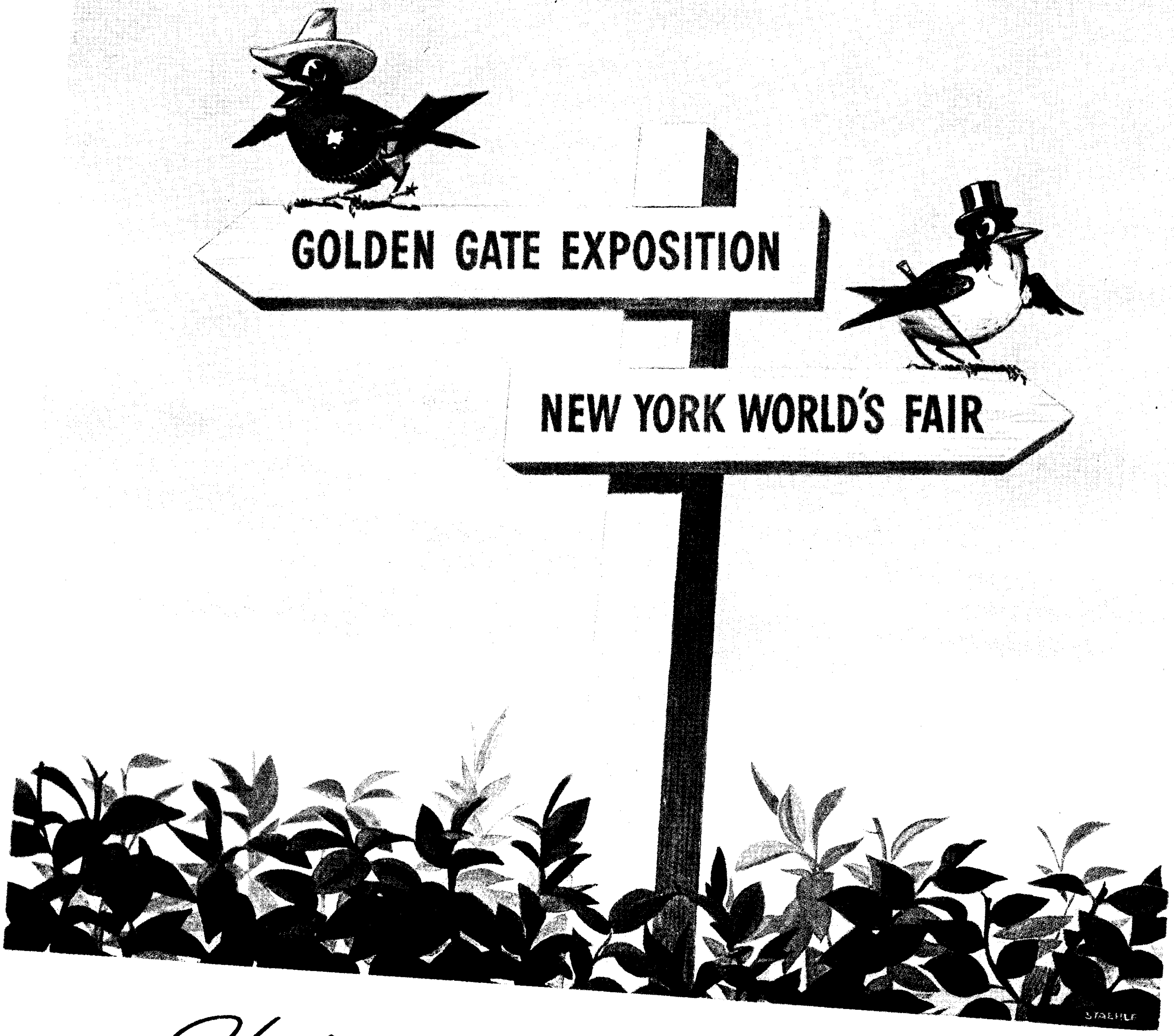
"Elsie," said the World's Fair Man, "I'll bet you turn out to be a real star here yourself!"

"I hope so," said Elsie, "for, I'd like to send our 'Dairy World of Tomorrow' audience home remembering this mighty important truth about every dairy product . . . *if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!"*

*More than 100,000 dairy farms furnish milk for Borden . . . more than 27,500 Borden employees work in behalf of 47,000 owner-stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.*


—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

© N. Y. W. F.



*Heading for the fair this summer?*

THE Travelers Insurance Company has been writing accident insurance for people going to Fairs and Expositions for three-quarters of a century. A wide choice of policies is available for men and women.

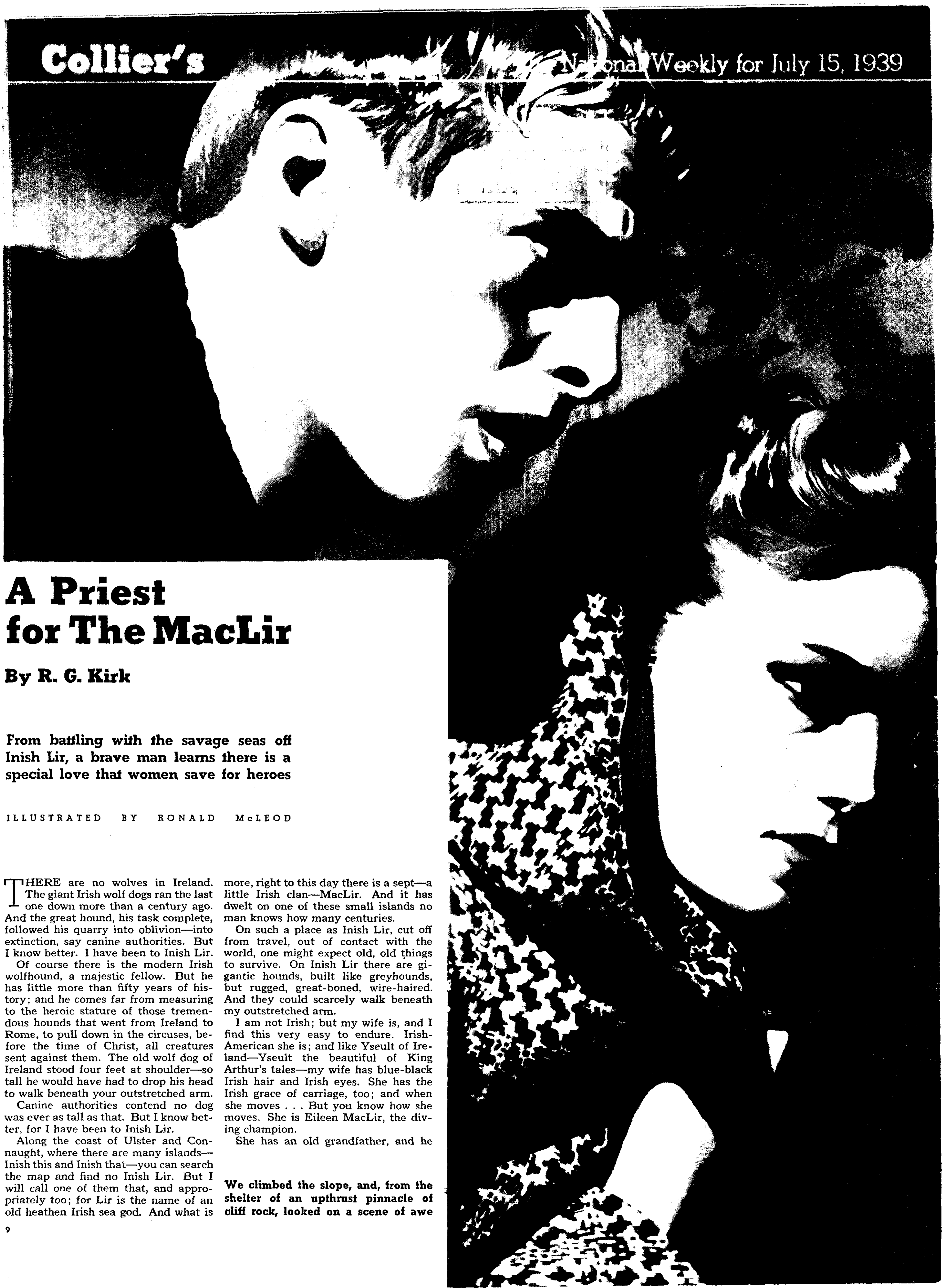
The Travelers has been providing automobile insurance ever since cars were first used for transportation to fairs. The first automobile insurance policy ever issued was written by The Travelers forty-one years ago. The Travelers writes every form of automobile insurance—bodily injury and property damage liability, fire, theft, windstorm, flood, collision, etc.

Service in the selection of policies, and service when accidents occur are very important in connection with both personal accident and automobile insurance. You will appreciate the service of Travelers representatives in your own community or many miles from home. Identification and Service cards provided to policyholders are introductions to friends in time of need. Travelers service is continent-wide, in Canada as well as in the United States.

* * *

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of life, casualty, and fire insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's National Weekly for July 15, 1939



# A Priest for The MacLir

### By R. G. Kirk

**From battling with the savage seas off Inish Lir, a brave man learns there is a special love that women save for heroes**

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

THERE are no wolves in Ireland. The giant Irish wolf dogs ran the last one down more than a century ago. And the great hound, his task complete, followed his quarry into oblivion—into extinction, say canine authorities. But I know better. I have been to Inish Lir.

Of course there is the modern Irish wolfhound, a majestic fellow. But he has little more than fifty years of history; and he comes far from measuring to the heroic stature of those tremendous hounds that went from Ireland to Rome, to pull down in the circuses, before the time of Christ, all creatures sent against them. The old wolf dog of Ireland stood four feet at shoulder—so tall he would have had to drop his head to walk beneath your outstretched arm.

Canine authorities contend no dog was ever as tall as that. But I know better, for I have been to Inish Lir.

Along the coast of Ulster and Connaught, where there are many islands—Inish this and Inish that—you can search the map and find no Inish Lir. But I will call one of them that, and appropriately too; for Lir is the name of an old heathen Irish sea god. And what is more, right to this day there is a sept—a little Irish clan—MacLir. And it has dwelt on one of these small islands no man knows how many centuries.

On such a place as Inish Lir, cut off from travel, out of contact with the world, one might expect old, old things to survive. On Inish Lir there are gigantic hounds, built like greyhounds, but rugged, great-boned, wire-haired. And they could scarcely walk beneath my outstretched arm.

I am not Irish; but my wife is, and I find this very easy to endure. Irish-American she is; and like Yseult of Ireland—Yseult the beautiful of King Arthur's tales—my wife has blue-black Irish hair and Irish eyes. She has the Irish grace of carriage, too; and when she moves . . . But you know how she moves. She is Eileen MacLir, the diving champion.

She has an old grandfather, and he

**We climbed the slope, and, from the shelter of an upthrust pinnacle of cliff rock, looked on a scene of awe**

has been telling her all her life about the little island off the Irish coast, where he grew up, a boy. He has been telling her about its simple and heroic people, and about the splendor of its scenery and its storms; and about her great-grandfather, who is The MacLir, a man so old that no man knows how old, and who has been, time out of mind, the wise, stern patriarch of his small domain. He has told her, too, about the love between himself and beautiful Shevaun O'Byrne, who is my wife's grandmother, and who, still beautiful and seventeen, is sleeping on the island of her birth.

So where in all the world would we go on our honeymoon, my wife, Eileen MacLir and I?

IT IS a perfect place for honeymoons—the Inish Lir. Honeymoons have been known to last there fifty, sixty years. No wonder. You should see the men. And you should see the women.

The men of Inish Lir are big. Bringing their fragile curaghs through the toppling mountains of the surf, they do not seem big men; but the seas of Inish Lir would dwarf a Cyclops. And when they stood beside you on the shore you soon found out.

Their women are female as Eve. Splendid, stirring things. Their waists are wide and their backs are straight. When they walk, they walk; they do not mince. And when they wade out of the sea, helping their men to beach a flimsy curagh which has just escaped a storm, the swirling brine plasters their white wool bodices and bright red skirts against contours that would make Aphrodite envious.

We stood and watched these people carry a curagh ashore, my wife and I, one savage day, with the gray light ending, and a night at hand that would have ended hope of that crew's ever coming in. Patch Fir Lionta—Pat the Net Man—was the oldest of the crew of four, his wife the oldest of the crew's four women. Years of hard work and fear of the terrible Atlantic had stolen some of her bloom; but the love between her and her man had kept adding its beauty to her with the years—beauty that more than compensated for the lost surface flush of youth. With the boat safe she went into her husband's arms, oblivious to all, the rich outlines of her maturity flattening against him, her head flung back, her lips apart, and offering a kiss that shook a man clear through merely to see it taken.

"Perhaps," Eileen MacLir said, at my side, "when we have loved each other for a quarter of a century we will know how to kiss like that."

"Perhaps," I answered, "if ever I should come back to you out of such a sea, I'd rate a kiss like that."

The cottage they had let us have had lately lost its man to the pitiless Atlantic, and its young woman now was with his people. But the beauty of their love, and not its tragedy, steeped the place. Its walls were island stone, brown with peat smoke inside, snow-white with lime outside, and rose-grown; and the roof was golden with a new thatch of rye. It huddled comfortably against a shielding hill, and grew out of the sod. Before it was Blue Sound, deep indigo on calm days, and the misty hills of Ireland not three miles to eastward.

We did not try to have a paradise apart on Inish Lir. The people were too simply courteous, hospitable, truly friendly. Then too, there never was a young man and his bride who could not have learned much about loving from them.

WE WERE not idle either. No one could remain idle in a place where people worked so hard. And soon enough my wife was spinning wool that she had helped to shear from island sheep, and weaving it, and raking seaweed for the kelp fires. And soon enough she was picking up the Gaelic, and in no time at all was joining in the endless, pleasant, homey chatter of the women.

I tried my hand at everything. But I could be of no help in the main labor of the island, fishing. Some odd, exasperating nervous balance, or unbalance, makes me subject to intolerable seasickness, inevitable, unpreventable and continuous. Hoping against hope, one day I went out with a curagh; but to my utter shame was helpless with unspeakable nausea when we reached the fishing ground. But I regained the crew's respect in part when I undressed and tucked my clothes into the angle of the prow.

"Keep my things dry," I said, and dived. "And good fishing to you. I have had enough."

I started for the island.

"There's three miles of strong swimming at you," called Patch Fir Lionta, "and half of it uphill."

"Is there no downhill side to Irish waves?" I asked. "So that a man can coast a bit?"

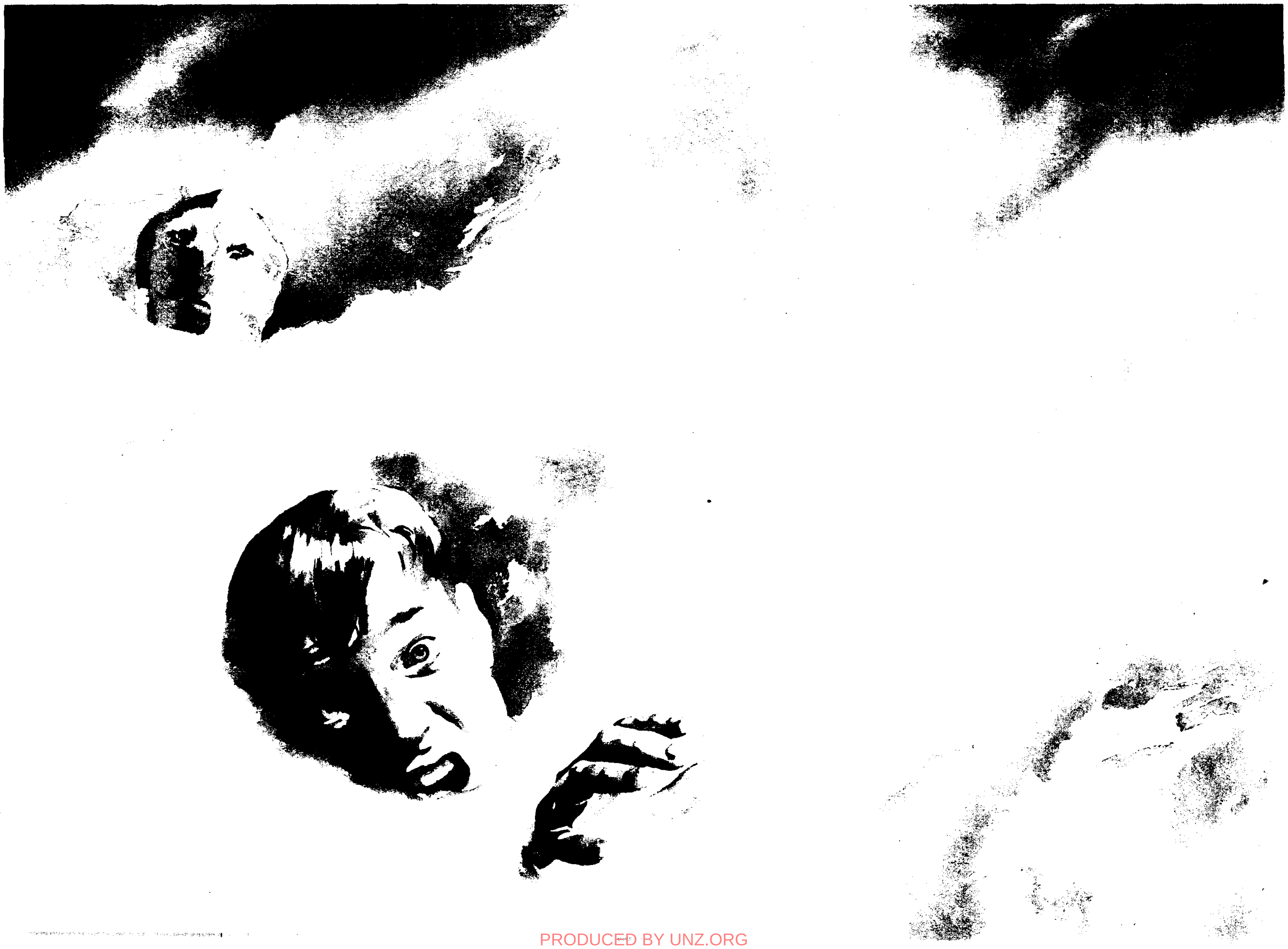
"The downhill side will be over your head with foam soon enough," said Patch, "with a squall out there in the west, and galloping in. Are you a good rough-water man?"

"Do you think I'd be making you stop your work to row in after me if a breeze ruffled the sea?" I boasted—for they love boasting, when a man stands ready to make it good if he can. "I am a good rough-water man."

Fact is, I have little speed; but plenty of lungs. Eileen MacLir says gills. She outswims me easily under half a mile. But after that, or in rough water, it's my race.

The squall caught up with me a mile from Inish Lir. But I had no difficulty, and presently was near enough to the magnificent cliffs of Inish Lir's west side to hear the surf's grim cannonade, and

(Continued on page 55)



**My timing, thanks to Panic, was all wrong. I had come up before a fallen sea had safely passed. "Steady," I had to warn myself**

# Ill Wind

## By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

**It happened at the eighteenth hole, and Henry's wife, poor soul, will never hear the last of it**

IT WAS nine o'clock on Saturday morning, the sun was shining nicely, the wind howled and shook the rafters and Henry Kresk slumbered with his mouth open in his comfortable bungalow on Craven Street, which is in South Pasadena. At five after nine, there was the sound of a hurrying wife, and young Jean Kresk shook her lord and master, using his foot.

"You better get up," she said briskly. "There's a tree through the garage."

"There's a what?" Henry asked, sitting up suddenly.

"Fallen tree—garage—wind—get up."

Henry leaped from his pillows, bounced across the room and surveyed the neighborhood back-yard wreckage. Sure enough, a large, sprawly tree lay halfway through the garage roof and, as Henry's startled gaze swept the vicinity, he observed trees down everywhere. It was the morning of the big wind in southern California, with the sun shining and the streets filled with branches and wires.

Henry Kresk rushed into his garments. He was young, energetic, plump, freckled, played golf and acted in the movies for a living. He labored in Hollywood for the Wellman Studios and received weekly the sum of one hundred dollars. He and Jean had been pulling happily in double harness for two years and now she fluttered anxiously about the room while he dressed.

"I'll have to get the car out while it'll come out," he grunted. "That tree sinks any farther, I'll have to use a taxi."

A look of sudden panic came over Jean. "You're not going to play golf today?" she faltered.

"I certainly am. Do you know what day this is?"

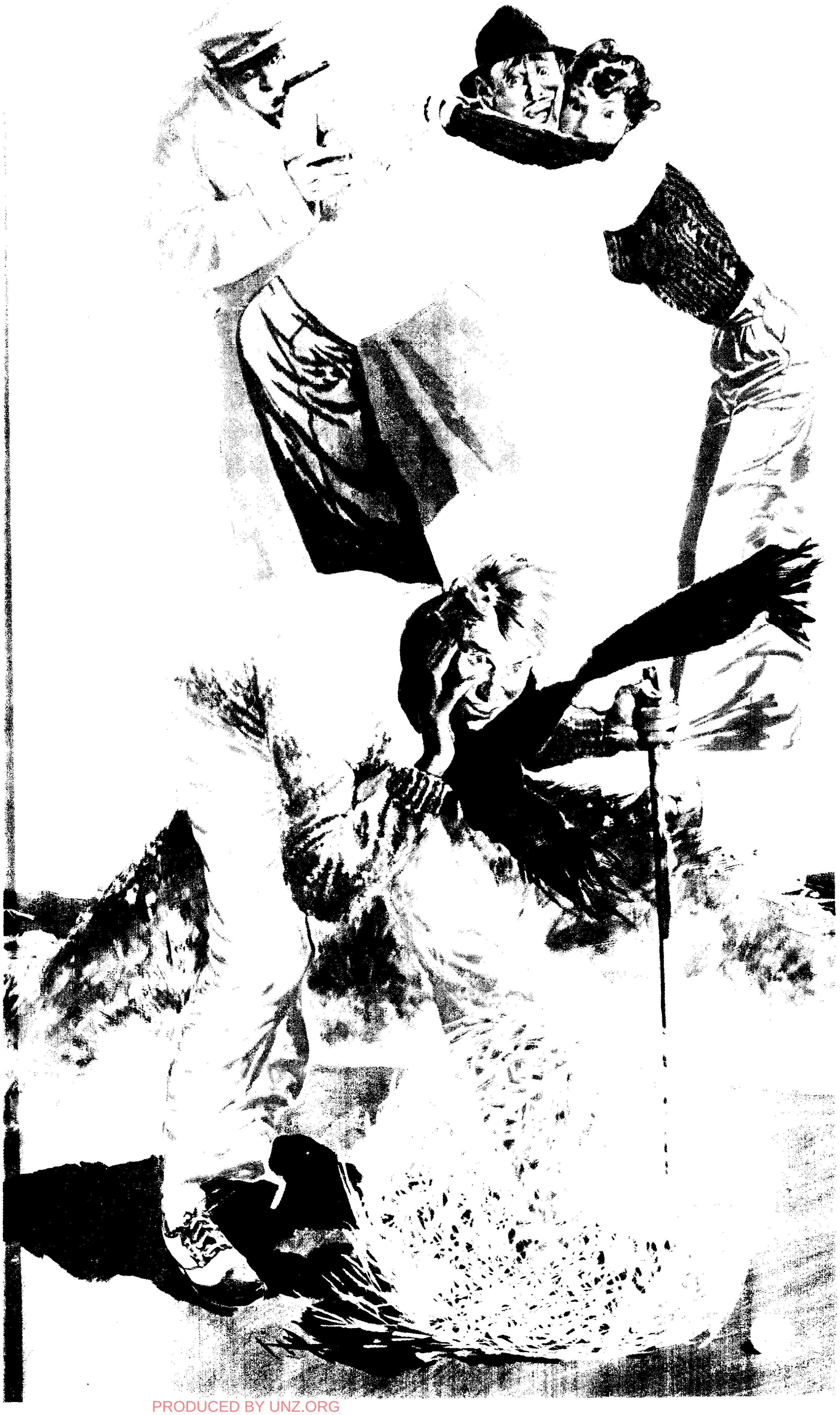
"The day Henry Kresk was killed by a large oak tree while playing golf. Listen to that hurricane! I won't let you go out there."

"Today is Saturday," Henry shouted, struggling with a shoelace. "And Saturday is the last and final day of the Motion Picture Calcutta, and I am in the finals, so I have to play golf this very day and you can shut your young and lovely face."

"A tree will bop you," she said gloomily. "The radio says four people are dead already, all under trees."

"I know those four," Henry said. "They are the ones who walk across the street in front of your car and won't look at you. Come on, darling. This is nothing but a breeze."

He seized and wrestled Jean across the room, and while another spreading oak crashed on his *(Continued on page 45)*



**The tumbleweed hesitated, as though looking for Henry's ball, and, seeing it, rolled forward and gave the ball a push**

# Bootleg Birth Control

### By Robert C. Cook

**Our two-faced attitude toward birth control would be tragic enough if America of 1939 were like America of 1900. But new perils are gathering. America is growing up, looking toward middle age and the wheel chair. Must we become a nation of dolts and invalids because the ill-housed, the ill-clothed and the ill-fed are also the ill-informed? The penalty of such hypocrisy is inexorable. Must we pay it?**

YONDER on Capitol Hill several of our more vociferous senators are viewing the future with alarm. For wholly different reasons I share their pessimism.

However, they speak as economists and politicians; I speak as a geneticist, a student of the origin and propagation of life—including human life.

The senators implore us to stop spending. I urge that we do more spending. They speak in terms of money; I in terms of babies unborn—of the generations to come. They fear the loss of a sound credit; I am concerned with the loss of a sound population. They cry that the country is going to the dogs. With birth control practiced as it is, I should say we are going to the dregs.

Our bootleg birth-control hypocrisy may bequeath to our children quite as much sorrow as any fiscal policy we may be pursuing. It may leave us grandchildren and great-grandchildren who won't have brains enough to understand a national debt, let alone pay one off.

There are students who will assure you that birth control, even bootleg birth control, will answer our unemployment problem. It will, they say, break the traffic jam on the high road to fortune by eliminating the rich and well-to-do classes through "race suicide."

Such optimism sounds too good to be true. It isn't true.

Actually, the population problems we are setting for our heirs will make their economic burden vastly heavier. Our trend is toward the disappearance of that class to whom we have been taught to look for leadership and management. With a population gone static from the lack of new blood (superior immigrants) or better blood (selection), the foundation masses of our population will lose not only in numbers but in physical and mental fiber.

As a scientific practice, birth control in the United States either is tolerated by judicial decision or is definitely outlawed. Excellent books on the subject are now freely circulated by the United States mail at the same time that Anthony Comstock's notorious and harmful "Obscenity Law" remains a part of the federal statutes. It has become a queer half-bootleg industry based partly on legal fiction and evasion. Many of our contraceptive devices have been sold by a "disease prevention" subterfuge. But "feminine hygiene" travels in more refined circles.

An authority on the so-called birth-control industry—Dr. Norman Himes—places the income of that industry at $250,000,000 a year—a quarter of a billion. Fifteen manufacturers of the commonest, most widely used contraceptive device turn out 375,000,000 units a year—a million and a quarter every working day. And yet they can be sold legally for contraception only when a doctor prescribes them in cases where pregnancy would endanger health.

The United States Food and Drug Administration assumes a sort of inspection of this industry under the "prevention of disease" fiction. But the market is choked with cheap, inferior products.

And because of our hypocrisy dry-goods stores, filling stations, tourist camps, hamburger stands, beer gardens, dance halls, saloons and heaven knows what other places of business are selling the gullible public a wide variety of quack contraceptive contraptions, devices and concoctions that are often as harmful as they are useless.

## A Million Abortions a Year

In the United States abortion is illegal except where doctors decide that continued pregnancy means death or chronic and demoralizing invalidism. But the number of such therapeutic abortions is small. The inadequate surveys we have suggest that between 682,000 and 1,000,000 illegal abortions are performed in the United States every year. The operations are performed either by professional abortionists who charge fees that only the rich can pay, or by voodooists, amateur butchers and other racketeers who eagerly practice murder for a few dollars. The vast majority of abortionists, brought to trial, go free because the testimony of their victims is next to impossible to get.

The Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems recently made

a series of estimates of our population growth. The estimates were based on different assumptions as to what might happen to birth rates, death rates and immigration—the three factors that control our population.

The most conservative estimate was that the United States would stop growing in population by 1960. Other estimates found that we will not stop growing until 1980, or even later.

Our population progress has been upward bound since 1620. The rate of increase was greatest at the start and by 1820 there were 10,000,000 of us. From 1820 on our numbers increased rapidly, but the rate of increase—the acceleration—began to fall off by 1850. We have been definitely slowing up ever since. On the lowest Scripps estimate, we shall be, by 1960 or shortly after, a nation with a fixed population of approximately 140,000,000. Sticking to that forecast, the age distribution of our people would then make it inevitable that, if birth and death rates remained the same, we all would begin a slow decline.

That is a big *if*. Of course changed conditions—work instead of relief—war talk forgotten—might easily change the trend.

### It's a Matter of Ages

The birth rate in the United States has been decreasing for nearly a century. But until recently the effect has been counterbalanced by lowering of the death rate, plus an invigorating influx of young adult immigrants, and by the very significant fact that a large proportion of our female population was still young enough to produce children. In the main, too, economic fair weather prevailed.

However, our women have not stopped reproducing because they are any less capable of bearing children.

If we study the researchers' charts we find that we embarked upon the population toboggan about 1925.

In 1935 there were a million fewer children in our primary schools than there were in 1930. But the high-school group is record-breaking this year—these students being the babies born in the big birth years immediately following the war. We had those postwar big birth years for very obvious—somewhat psychological—reasons; they were romantic years; subconsciously, perhaps, we were seeking to make up for war losses and to celebrate the passing of a dark period. Are our big days over, and is there only stormy weather ahead?

It may be that we apprehensive geneticists and other birds of doom may be proved wrong. But I must deal with the present day and deal in known facts.

Let's look at this age business first. As medical science has stopped deaths in childhood, we have obviously become an older people. The average age of all of us in 1820 was 17, ten years ago it was 27. Now there are many fewer children and many more adult survivors. But still our mythical "average man" hardly needs a crutch. He is now somewhere in his early thirties.

But some startling changes are taking place in the age distribution of our population. There are now in the United States about 8,000,000 persons 65 or older. In ten years there will be something over 11,000,000 and in forty years something over 22,000,000 persons who are 65 or older.

In other words, in forty years there will be about 22,000,000 oldsters and about 90,000,000 persons in the productive ages between twenty and sixty-four.

Furthermore, there will be only about 50,000,000 men and women between the ages of 20 and 45—the age group that modern industry now regards as most profitably employable.

Only thirty per cent of our total population will be in the 20- to 45-year-old class, whereas there are forty per cent now. If we are all to be well-clothed, well-housed and well-fed this producing and reproducing third is going to have a busy life if not a merry one. It is somewhat doubtful that even the magic of Dr. Townsend's plan can solve the economic and social problems our population trend is setting for us. We are really going to have to do better than magic nostrums and *think*, painful as that may be. The surge is toward the wheel chair, away from the baby carriage.

### Hope for the Older Workers

Remember that this increase in potential old-age pensioners is one trend the experts agree will most certainly come to pass. You youngsters of 20 who read this are going to be among them in 1980.

It must be clear then that in such circumstances our labor supply will be on the average older. Either we shall have to revert to the immigration policy of the eighties and nineties, importing young workers, or industry will have to reorganize its thinking about the tempo of the older worker. That is already being done in the high-speed mechanized automobile industry, where workers of 45 and over have increased in recent years, but in industry as a whole the older workers have decreased—have been forced out onto pensions and relief. The much discussed tendency of industry to set its employment deadline at 40 is wholly contrary to our population trend and to what is known about the skill of middle-aged workers and craftsmen.

The economists tell us that our productivity per person has tripled since 1870, and that this trend is continuing. So there is no cause for great alarm in these facts. If our oldsters get Townsenditis, or some other form of economic insanity, there will be enough of them to tell Congress what to do, and in that case we *might* repeal child-labor laws and do other silly and harmful things—but no statistics say we have to make fools of ourselves.

Carrying on, we find ourselves specu-

*(Continued on page 41)*

WILL CONNELL

# Small Fly

### By Gurney Williams

**Seven hundred miles to the gallon, priced from fifty dollars down and the whole sky is your highway. Come along to *Detroit* this week and see what the "gasoleers" do with their spare time and money. It might give you some good ideas**

NEXT time you're out Sunday driving, keep your eyes open for a level field, free of trees and billboards. When you find one, the chances are it will be occupied by groups of boys from twelve to sixty-five years of age from whose midst there will periodically swoop, with a whining buzz, miniature airplanes of various hues and sundry shapes. Stop me if you've heard them, but these "gas jobs" look, fly, sound and smell like the McCoy, although averaging only forty-eight inches between wing tips and weighing considerably less than a copy of Gone with the Wind.

Addicts claim that this sport is the only one covering all three types of hobbies—collecting, craftsmanship and recreation—and to understand its popularity you have only to watch a midget plane perform. Having watched, it's two to one that it will be just a matter of hours, unless you're old enough to collect on your Social Security, before you've bought the necessary stuff and started putting your own ship together.

It may take you from now until Labor Day, but by the time you've cut out the balsa-wood parts, stuck them together with special goo, covered the skeleton with paper or silk, installed a four-and-a-half-ounce motor, attached pneumatic landing wheels, painted the whole works with colored dope and added your own artistic embellishments, you'll be as rabid a gas jobber as you'll find in a hard day's riding. Furthermore, you'll have learned enough about aerodynamics and internal-combustion motors to bore your friends stiff.

At the Twelfth National Championship Model Airplane Meet, from the fifth to the ninth of the current month, the air over Detroit will be filled with gas jobs built and flown by several hundred of the 4,500 gas-model members of the National Aeronautical Association, which established the new division a year ago last January. Like the ones you'll see in your neck of the woods, these "gasoleers"—all preliminary contest winners from local clubs blanketing the country—will be squatting beside their ships squeezing eyedroppers full of fuel into jigger-size gas tanks, fiddling with carburetor and spark levers and otherwise getting ready to mix skill with luck. The skill involves getting the seemingly frail and definitely temperamental ships into the air, and the luck lies in "catching thermals"—uprising air currents—which will keep the planes soaring within sight of the judges long after the propellers have stopped spinning.

The 1939 rules limit the motor run to twenty seconds and a contestant is doing fine if his entry stays in the air for five minutes. One of last year's N.A.A. records was forty-six minutes and five seconds on a thirty-second motor run, but somebody might beat that this year even under the new rules.

A one-ounce mechanical timer governs the motor run and is the only way the plane can be controlled after it takes off. Similar to the timer in your toaster, it shuts off the ignition at a prespecified time and a moving arm, instead of popping toast into your scrambled eggs, can be utilized to release midget bombs, smoke screens, pickaback gliders, parachute jumpers or reasonable facsimiles thereof. A Long Island model fan, for instance, once contrived a parachute for a bullfrog and tucked him into the cabin of a small plane equipped with a trap door. When the ship had climbed for half a minute the timer simultaneously cut the motor and opened the trap door, which bailed out the presumably amazed frog. This stunt was all right until the second trip, when the flying amphibian, quite understandably unenthusiastic about flitting through the air, began hopping around inside the cabin, neatly sidestepping the means of egress and putting the plane into convulsions that nearly wrecked it.

#### Pocket-Size Power Plant

Without a timer motors can run twenty minutes, planes can reach a ceiling of 6,000 feet and stay aloft five hours or more. Just to give you an idea, one of them flew from Newark to Philadelphia, covering at least 100 miles in its meandering, and was kept in sight by its aviator-owner; another, last December 17th, took off from an unknown starting point—the builder never was located—and landed on the Europe-bound S. S. Nieuw Amsterdam, four miles off Sandy Hook. It would seem that the boys are getting about 700 miles to the gallon of gas.

The one-cylinder motor back, or rather in front, of all this is something

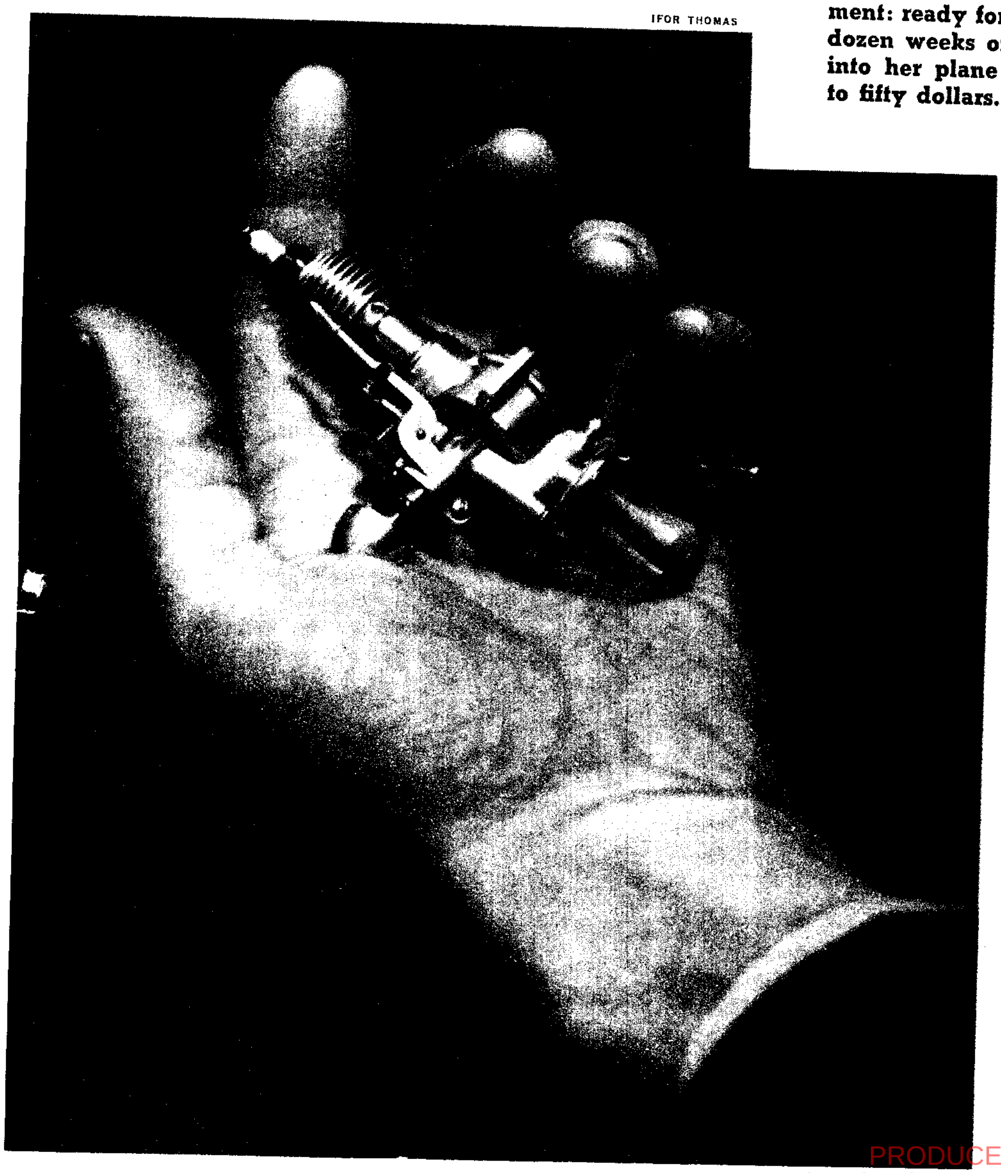
*(Continued on page 33)*

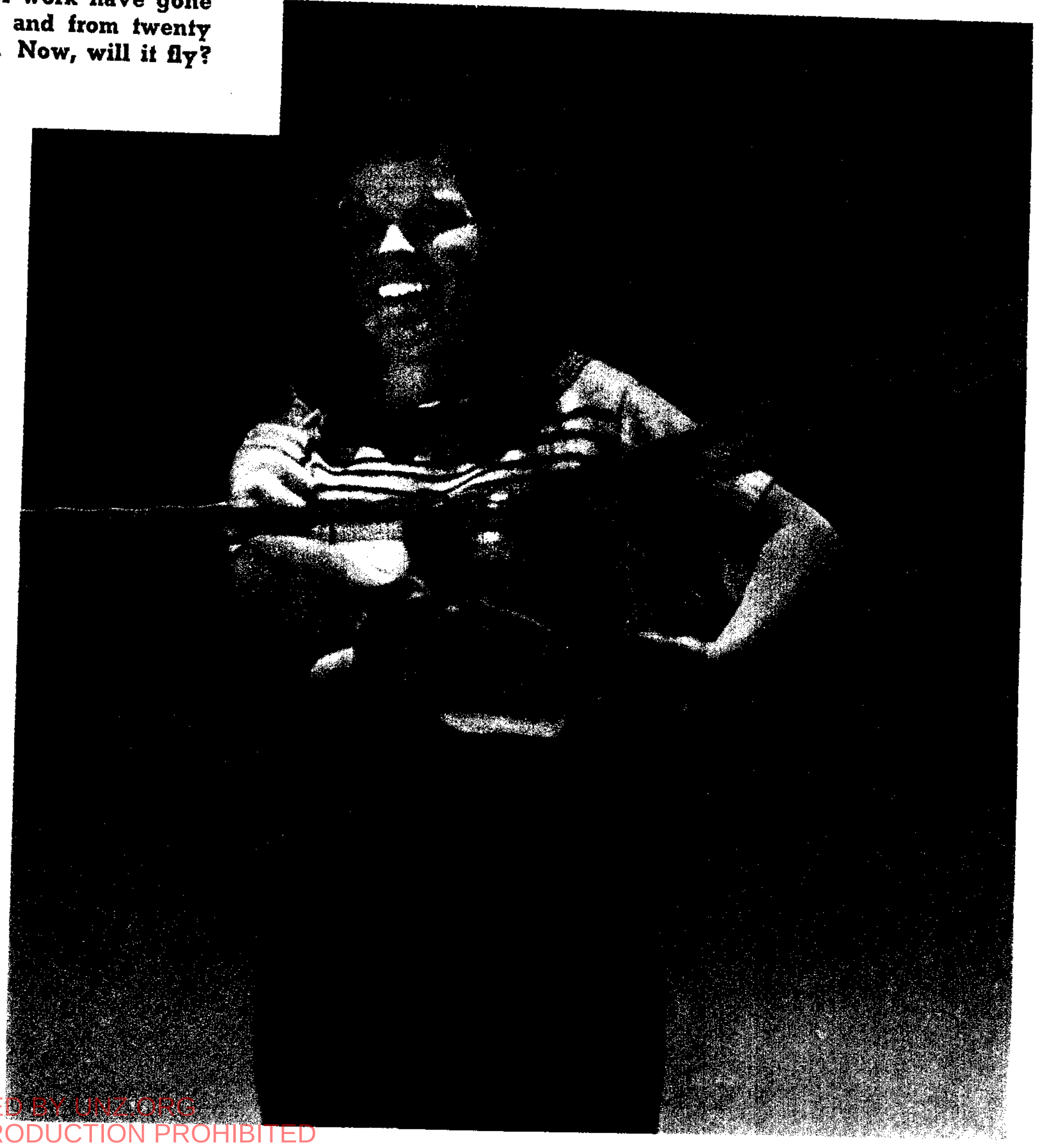
They look, sound and smell like real planes, these gasoline-motor models lined up at a California meet. Building and flying them has become America's new hobby

IFOR THOMAS

Below, a new 1¾-ounce gasoline motor. It costs $12.50 and will turn up as high as 17,500 r.p.m. Right, below, an addict's biggest moment: ready for the first flight. A dozen weeks of work have gone into her plane and from twenty to fifty dollars. Now, will it fly?

WILL CONNELL





# FLOTSAM

## By Erich Maria Remarque

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

*The Story Thus Far:*

LIVING in Dresden with his father and mother, young Ludwig Kern's bright dreams of a successful and happy life in Germany are suddenly shattered when he and his parents are ordered to leave the country—without passports. His father is a good man, a kind man. *But his father is a Jew!*

At about the same time, one Josef Steiner—whose political views are distasteful to the authorities—escapes from a concentration camp. Realizing that his wife, whom he adores, may be made to suffer for his "crime," he meets her secretly and implores her to divorce him. Then, a fugitive without a passport, he makes his way to Austria. And there he makes a friend: Ludwig Kern.

Kicked about from country to country, Kern (ousted from Czechoslovakia, where his father finds a hiding place) has crept into Austria; and it is in a shabby lodging house, filled with Europe's terror-stricken flotsam and jetsam not registered with the police, that he and Josef Steiner meet.

To earn a precarious living, Kern peddles soap, toilet water and perfume. Then the lodging house is raided, and its strange assortment of strays escorted to a police station. Brusque, brutal interviews follow; and Kern and Steiner—sentenced to two weeks detention and deportation—are locked in a cell. Among the prisoners is a crook; the gentleman picks pockets and cheats at cards. It is his proud boast that he enjoys full rights of citizenship! . . .

At the end of two weeks, Kern and Steiner are taken from their cell and escorted to the border line of Czechoslovakia. They are informed they must cross the border line and never return to Austria. Then they are released.

When they are alone, Steiner says: "I am going back in an hour;" he adds: "And you?" Kern thinks his father is in Prague. "I'll try to make Prague," he says.

Steiner is a veteran of the World War. Older, more experienced, far tougher than Kern, he feels sorry for the lad. He gives him some good advice. Then, grasping his friend's hand, he says: "Remember this: anything's better than war. So long, baby."

"So long, Steiner," says Kern.

### II

KERN arrived in Pressburg in the morning. He left his valise in the station checkroom and went out on the streets. He had with him a small box containing perfume, soap and a few bottles of toilet water. His spirits were high; he had spent the night in the open and then bathed in a brook.

At the first bakery shop he bought a warm roll. A sleepy, dark-haired slattern waited on him.

"Will you take Austrian money?" he asked.

She shook her head and stared at him. "An emigrant, aren't you?" she asked.

He laid a schilling on the marble counter. "I haven't anything else. Or you could have this—" He produced a cake of soap and a small bottle of perfume from his box.

"Both for the roll?" The girl's eyes were greedy.

"No. The price of the soap is four crowns. The perfume is ten. I'll pay you out of that. It's very cheap. The soap is good. So is the perfume. Go ahead and smell it."

He smiled at the girl. She smelled the perfume and handed it back. Then she picked up the schilling. "Get out."

"Give me my change," Kern said.

The girl looked at him. Then she reluctantly took three crowns out of the drawer and threw them on the counter.

"That's not enough," Kern said.

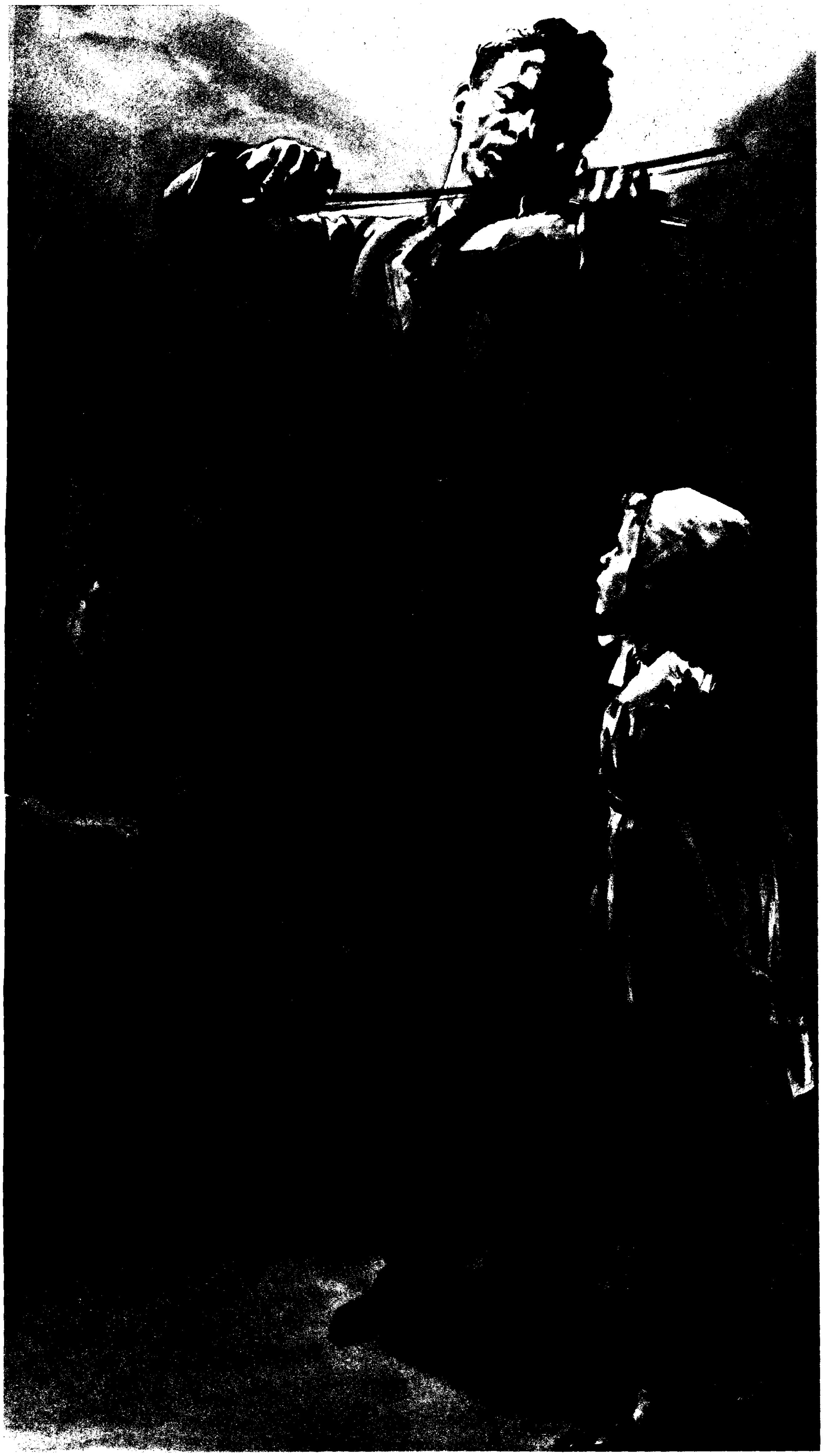
"Get out, you German dog!"

Kern stood his ground. "At least give me a few more rolls."

"Get out or I'll call the baker."

Kern packed up his things and left. On the street he began to eat the roll. He wasn't very angry; he was too familiar with incidents of this sort. A bad beginning, he thought, but no matter—I'll see how things go from now on.

He spent the whole day running around the city, but his luck stayed bad. He was turned away everywhere. There had been so many emigrants in the



**Through the gray room floated the first clear notes. Kern seemed to feel a caress, as though a hand were smoothing away something inside him**

TRANSLATED BY
DENVER LINDLEY

border cities that no one wanted to have anything to do with them. Not until evening did he find a woman who was even willing to let him inside the door. This one asked him to sit down and let him unpack his wares. After careful examination, she selected the largest bottle of perfume.

"I'll take this," she announced.

"The price is fifty crowns," Kern said nervously.

"All right. I'll take it."

"If you buy it I'll give you a cake of soap gratis."

"Fine, fine."

The woman picked up both articles and went into the next room. Kern put away his things. Through the open door came the smell of cooked meat. He decided to treat himself to a good dinner. A veal cutlet was what he had in mind, and he was debating whether he might not even spend the night in a small hotel after his time in jail and his night in the open. In the morning, when the question of reporting to the police came up, he could be well on his way.

The woman came back. "Well, goodby," she said amiably. "Here's a sandwich to take with you."

"You haven't given me the money."

"Money!" The woman burst into laughter. She laughed until she shook all over. "Anton!" she called.

A MAN in suspenders and a sweat-stained shirt came out of the next room. He was chewing and wiping his mustache. Kern saw that there was a strip of braid down his trousers and a nasty suspicion rose in his mind. "Money?" the man asked hoarsely, digging one finger into his ear.

"Fifty crowns," Kern said. "But you can give me back the bottle and keep the soap as a present."

"Well, well!" The man came closer. He smelled of stale sweat and boiled loin of pork. "Come with me, my boy!" He went to the door of the next room and threw it open. "Do you know what that is?" he asked, pointing at the tunic of a uniform hanging on the back of a chair. "Do you want me to put that on and go with you?"

Kern grew pale. "No," he stammered, edging toward the door.

"That's better. So you wanted to make us a present of the bottle too, eh?"

"Yes, of course." Kern sighed and reached for the doorknob.

"Here, take your sandwich," said the woman with a broad grin.

"I don't want it, thanks."

Kern slammed the door behind him and stumbled down the steps. On the street he looked angrily about him. "Pressburg!" he muttered. "It's the right name for this hellhole."

He could not hear the thundering laughter that followed his flight.

"Magnificent, Anton!" the woman said proudly. "Did you see the way he skipped? As though he had bees in his pants! Even faster than the old Jew this afternoon. I'll bet he took you for a police sergeant at least and thought he was in the coop already."

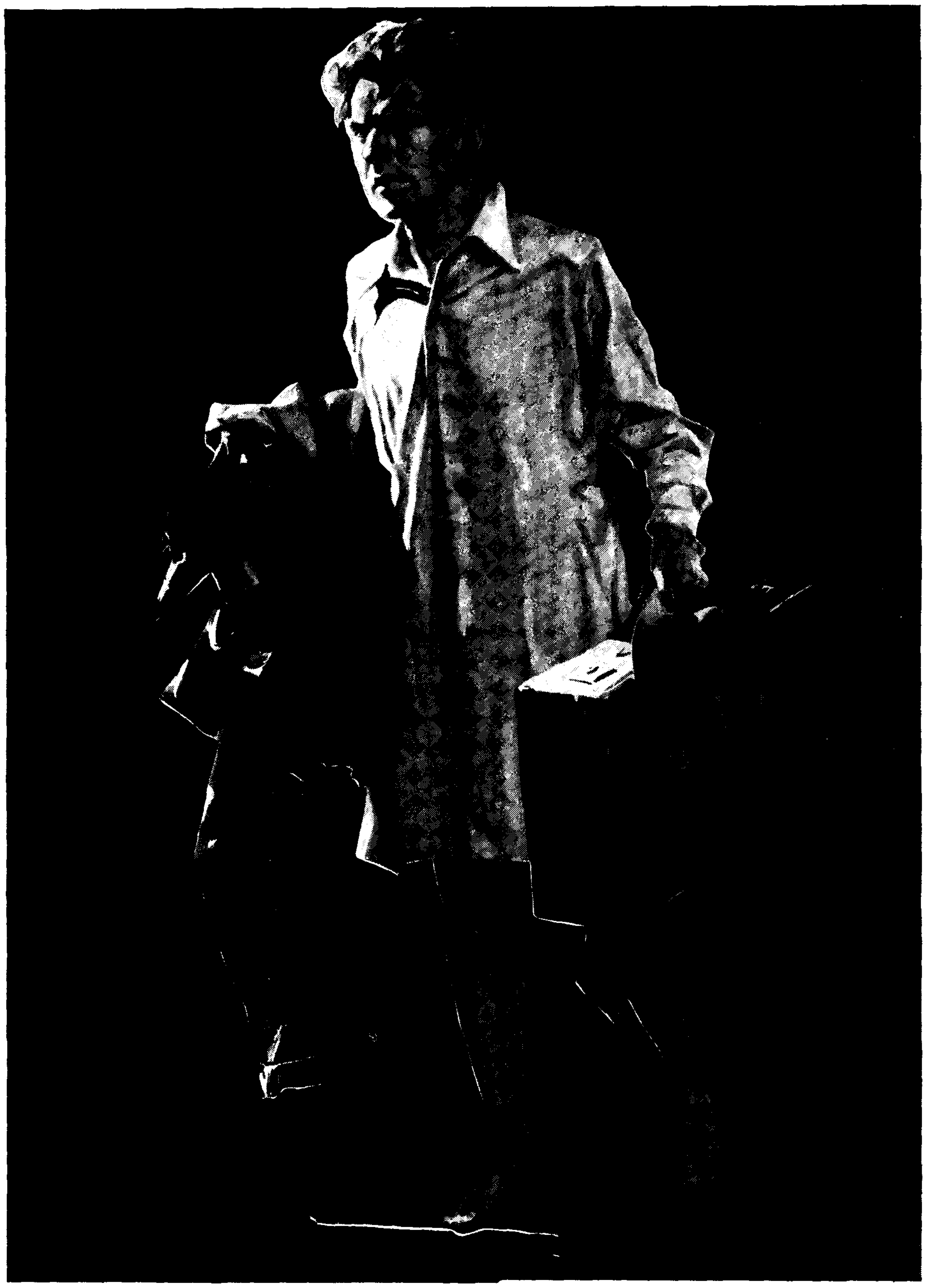
Anton smirked. "Can I help it if they are scared by a postman's uniform? Gravy for us." He reached for his wife.

"That's good perfume." She pressed herself against him. "Better than the hair tonic we got from the old Jew this afternoon."

Kern went to the station. He had meant to get his valise and move on farther from the border that night. When he reached the waiting room, however, he changed his mind. Instead of calling for the valise he went to the lunch counter and ordered potato salad and a hot sausage. Formerly he would never have done such a thing; he would have stinted himself to make up for what he had lost. Now he reflected that Steiner certainly wouldn't let anything like that get him down, and he meant to be like Steiner. Acting on the resolution, he looked up a cheap hotel and spent the night in bed, instead of going on out into the country. He was going to look out for himself as Steiner would. I wonder what luck he's having, he thought, as he fell asleep.

JOSEF STEINER had no trouble getting over the border. He knew the ground well and his experience of wartime patrol duty stood him in good stead. He had been a sergeant major and in 1915 had received the iron cross for a dangerous reconnaissance on which he had captured a prisoner.

In an hour's time he was out of the danger zone. He took the trolley for Vienna. In the car there were very few people. The conductor recognized him. "Back already?"



**Kern seized his bag and dashed into the hall. Outside everything was quiet. He stopped**

"A ticket to Vienna, second class," Steiner said.

"Quick work," said the conductor.

Steiner glanced at him. "I know all about it," the conductor went on. "People are sent out under guard every day—you soon get to know the officers. It's a nasty business. You rode out in this car, but you wouldn't remember that."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

The conductor laughed. "You know, all right. Look, stand on the back platform. If an inspector comes along jump off—but that's not likely at this hour. You'll save the price of a ticket."

"Thanks."

Steiner got up and went to the back of the car. He felt the wind on his face and saw the lights of the little vineyard villages rush by. He filled his lungs, enjoying the headiest of all intoxications, the intoxication of freedom. His veins tingled and he felt the ready strength of his muscles. He was alive. He had not been caught; he was alive and had escaped.

"Have a cigarette, brother," he said to the conductor.

"Thanks. But I can't smoke it now."

"I can smoke mine, though."

"Yes." The conductor laughed good-naturedly. "That's where you have it over me."

"Yes," Steiner said, drawing the fragrant smoke deep into his lungs, "that's where I have it over you."

STEINER had made good use of his time in jail. He had picked up valuable hints both from the Russian and the pickpocket. As exiles the Russians had had fifteen years more experience than the Germans. They had left their country during the war and were regarded by other emigrants much as the passengers on the Mayflower are regarded in America.

The Russian had told Steiner about a restaurant where passports could be bought—both forged and real. But there was no point in going there without money; they would not even talk to you. The right procedure was to catch the proprietor's attention while ordering coffee or beer and to exhibit casually at least three hundred schillings.

The pickpocket, for his part, had recommended a drinking place frequented by small-time gamblers. He considered Steiner's technique polished enough to take over these cardsharps, *(Continued on page 26)*

# The Long Years

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. STOOPS

**A woman learns that memories are measured not by the years on a calendar but by the heart**

THE constant shifting of the regiment from one isolated frontier post to another made it impossible to give little Bill the kind of an education he needed to enter West Point later and follow his father's career; when he grew old enough he would have to go east to a proper school. Lieutenant Millar and his wife had often discussed this, always comfortably aware that the time was still far away, and therefore it came as a shock one day to realize that the years had slipped by and that little Bill, at nine, was at last leaving them. This was how suddenly it happened. On Saturday the mail courier arrived at Camp Grant with orders for Captain Towson's transfer from Arizona to the army staff in Washington; on Monday the Millars stood by the Butterfield stage on Tucson's dusty plaza, bidding their son goodby.

Captain Towson said: "This stage takes us to San Diego. We catch the steamer there to San Francisco and board the Pacific Railway for the trip east. I'll see that Bill gets safely to your sister in Philadelphia, Sarah. You have nothing to worry about. Why, pshaw, it is an adventure any boy would give his shirt to have, ain't it, Bill?"

This was early morning, with the bitter-bright sun of the middle summer already turning the air thin and tinder-dry and oppressively hot. The passengers had stepped into the stage, the driver and shotgun guard were on the high seat and the townsmen stood around—all silent, all waiting. Little Bill wore long trousers and a coat with high lapels and an army forage cap cut to his size. His face was the tanned, soft, impassive face of a boy trying to hide his feelings from these people; but his mouth was tightly straight and in his eyes was that dark look Sarah Millar had seen so many times in the past when he had brought his hurts and his fears and his heartbreaks to her. She had not meant to shame him before people but that boy's eyes made her draw him against her.

He whispered to her: "Do I have to go, Mother? Do I really have to go?"

He couldn't see the tears in her eyes; she pressed them away with the tip of a finger, and it was the boy smell, the sweet and warm and sweaty boy smell, which made her remember him clear back to babyhood at this exact moment. She had to speak rapidly to speak at all: "It will only be a year, Bill. I'll come back next summer. Be good—be careful. Don't forget your prayers, and learn your lessons faithfully. Keep your hair combed. Don't forget me, son."

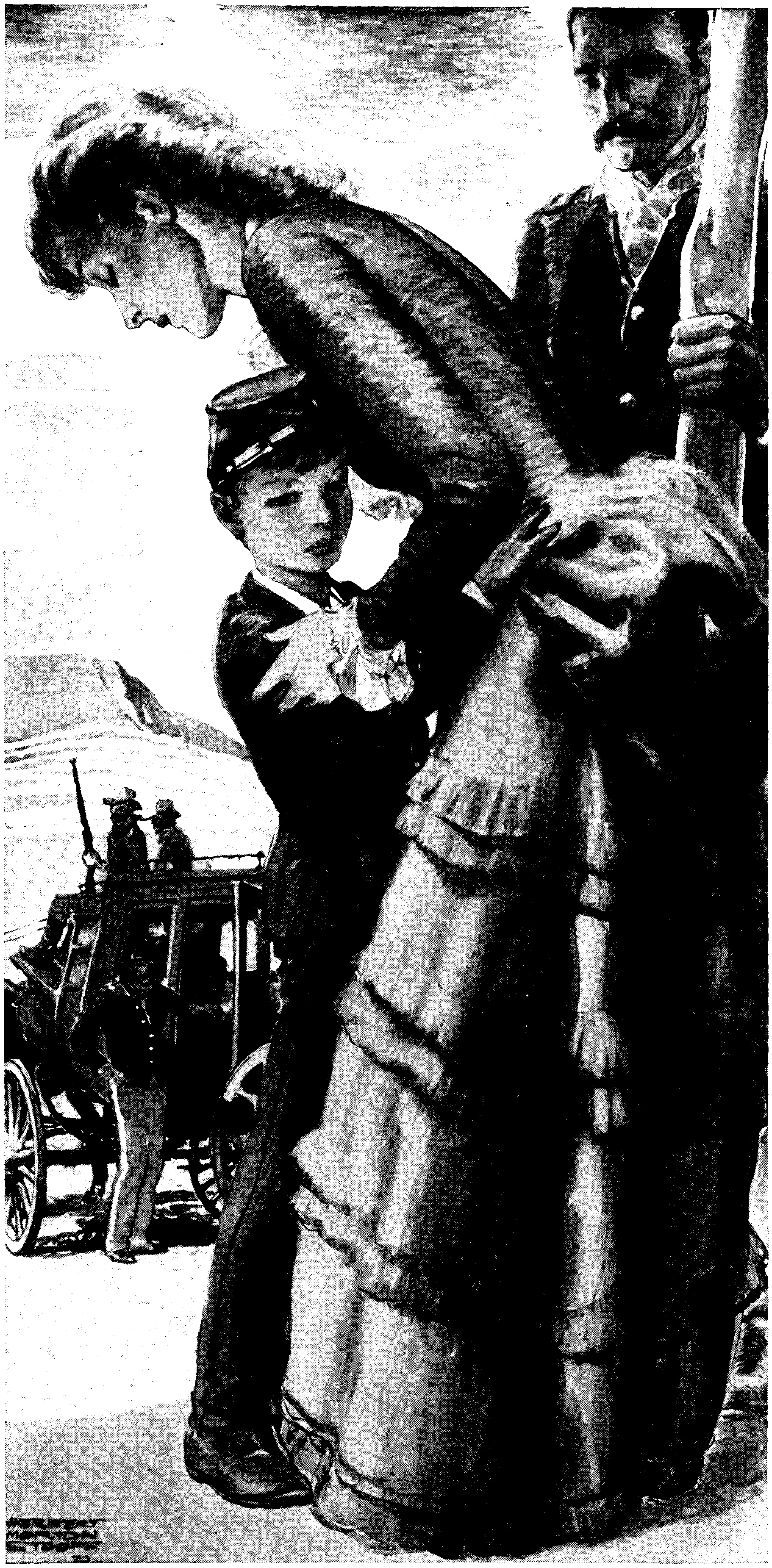
The stage driver said, from the high seat: "Time's going, ma'am."

Towson cleared his throat, turned at once and got into the stage. Little Bill whispered into her ear again, "Do I have to go, Mother?" and she heard in that strained small voice his fear and uncertainty, his need of her. It was his need of her that hurt her the most. Lieutenant Millar said, "Come on, Bill, they want to start," and took his son by the shoulders. Little Bill's fingers clung to her dress; they slid reluctantly away. Millar swung him into the coach; the door closed; and then the high, awkward vehicle rolled along the street, lifting the smoky yellow dust behind it.

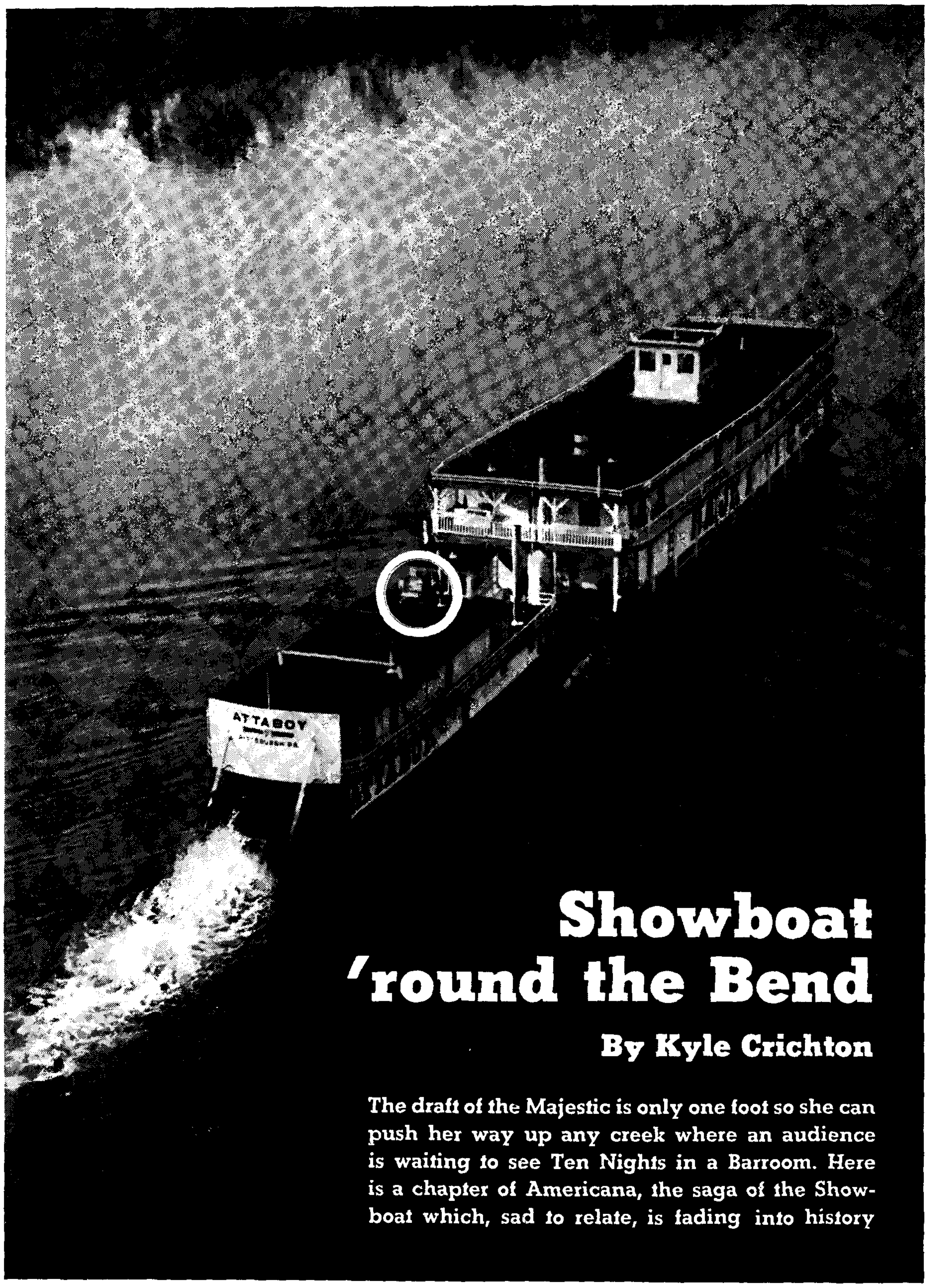
Through this dust for a moment she saw little Bill's face framed in the coach window—small and stiff, suddenly disconsolate and pale. He waved his hand and disappeared from the window, and the stage, turning the plaza, was out of sight. Suddenly the dust and the heat of the summer smothered Sarah Millar; she felt Millar's arm draw her up and around; she heard him speak:

"It will be all right, of course. That's the way it goes. Can't stop time."

(Continued on page 43)



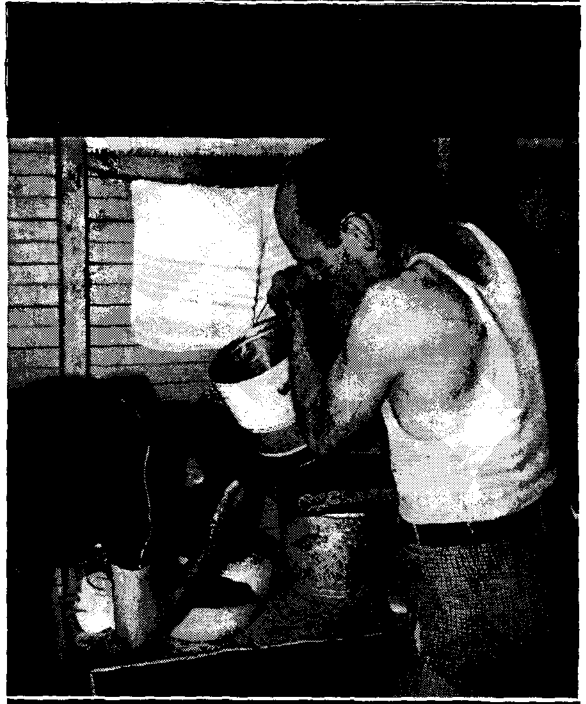
He whispered to her: "Do I have to go, Mother? Do I really have to go?"



# Showboat 'round the Bend

### By Kyle Crichton

**The draft of the Majestic is only one foot so she can push her way up any creek where an audience is waiting to see Ten Nights in a Barroom. Here is a chapter of Americana, the saga of the Showboat which, sad to relate, is fading into history**



MEISEL MILLER

ALONG about noon the showboat edges its way up the stream and the "callyope" has a session even before the boat is tied up to the landing. From the river there is not a house to be seen and it seems stupid that the boat should have stopped there. With the first piercing toot of the calliope, however, a group of small boys, town bums and other interested parties gather on the bank for a look, and from that Captain Reynolds knows that everything is well; the Showboat Majestic will have its usual crowd tonight.

After the first excitement there is silence on the river until the calliope smashes the stillness again at six-thirty and repeats at intervals until show time. Along about eight o'clock the paying guests begin arriving. Down on the river the Majestic is lighted up like a gambler on Derby Day. From the darkness the spectators emerge in groups, looking like wraiths and as silent as ghosts.

The whole setting has something eerie and mysterious about it. For some reason the contrast between the darkness of the shore and the blaze on the river makes for thoughtfulness. The audience files up the landing plank, slaps down two bits or thirty-five cents for a ticket, buys a bag of popcorn, and enters the Majestic as though they were going to church.

Outside the calliope gives its final recital and there is a short interval while the callioper gets down from the top deck of the pusher boat and enters the orchestra pit of the Majestic. He pops up from under the stage, accompanied by Young Tom Reynolds, son of Cap Reynolds. During the day Young Tom is advance man for the show but at night he is drummer in the two-piece orchestra. He is in his shirt sleeves and wastes no time with preliminaries. Almost as soon as he reaches his seat he begins whamming away at the drums.

"Looky him," whispers the audience in ecstasy at this interesting spectacle. Young Tom bounces in his seat in time to the music like a jockey bobbing up and down on the back of a nag. Just when it looks as if he has reached a point of abandon where the only thing left for him is to take off, the music ends and the curtain begins rising with a series of jerks and bumps. The Captain T. J. Reynolds Repertory Company is ready for Ten Nights in a Barroom.

From the time the Majestic leaves its winter quarters at Point Pleasant, West Virginia, in April, till it returns in October, it has visited practically all the important Ohio River towns, has made side trips up every navigable stream from the Monongahela in Pennsylvania to the Green River in Tennessee and has played in regions so far from civilization that they are inhabited solely by ancient coon hunters waiting patiently for the return of Andy Jackson to lead them against the redskins.

*(Continued on page 40)*

"Guy," she thought, "Guy . . . Guy. Where are you now?"

# Music Without Words

## By Nancy Hale

IN THE long months afterward, when Guy had gone away, and after that, when he was famous, Elizabeth used to think over the two days she had known him. She used to call them, to herself, the Two Days, like the Hundred Days of Napoleon. For they were historic to her, they altered her whole life. And, besides, she was only twenty-one.

That is, she was twenty-one, just, when she met Guy. She lived on Fifty-sixth Street with her aunt in a walk-up apartment and had a job working in a shop and she was engaged to William Morton and she considered that her youth was over. She supposed that she was becoming a serious and adult person who would soon be married and perhaps have children and help an insurance-salesman husband to get customers. She wasn't excited at the prospect, but she was philosophic about it. Her life had jelled; but she had always expected that sooner or later life would jell, and that was that.

This was the situation on the night of December nineteenth, when William came to take her to a small evening party at his mother's house. Mrs. Morton liked to have groups of interesting New York people come to her house on Lexington Avenue, but Elizabeth considered that they weren't interesting. Elizabeth felt it was a bond that William didn't like them either. They went because William was dutiful, and because Elizabeth was in training to be a good daughter-in-law. She was going to marry William, and have Mrs. Morton for a mother-in-law, so she might as well like it.

She wore her white evening dress, which had just been cleaned and looked nice and shining. Mrs. Morton's living room was packed with people. Every time a new group arrived, Mrs. Morton, in black chiffon, would cry, "Hurrah! The intellectuals are coming!"

How the thin young man with the shy face got in, Elizabeth never saw. The first Elizabeth saw of him he was standing alone in front of the small coal fire, looking unhappy. She went over to cheer him up.

"Do you want to meet some of these people?" she asked politely, smiling at him. "I'm Elizabeth Benson."

He looked at her, blinking, and his shyness was almost tangible.

"Do I have to?" he asked piteously. "How do you do? My name is Guy Galt."

"I don't blame you," she said. "I don't like them either."

Then, for one startled minute, the last moment of consideration she was to have for some time, she wondered what on earth made her say that. Why, this was the house of her mother-in-law-to-be!

"They're probably very interesting," he said. "Only I'm such a terrible talker. I mean, I don't do it very well. I just *can't* talk."

"There are a lot of better things to do than talk."

"Yes, I think so."

He closed his mouth, and smiled at her, and blinked, and moved his feet around and somehow under him. He was very thin, and he had black hair and green eyes. His whole framework, his body and his face, looked as if it were made out of steel.

"Does that phonograph work?" he asked.

He was pointing into the next room, where there weren't any people. It didn't seem strange to Elizabeth that they went in there at once and Guy looked through the pile of records and took out the old Bix Beiderbecke record of Wistful and Blue. He didn't ask her if she liked to dance. He was probably too shy. He put on the record and put his arm around Elizabeth. As soon as they moved together she forgot everything, because it was beyond any thinking.

He stopped short halfway through the record, impatiently, and turned off the phonograph.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go dancing."

He said it both shyly and eagerly. It all seemed perfectly natural and foreordained to Elizabeth.

"Yes," she said.

She did not think of William or of anything except that she had to go dancing with Guy Galt. Although she did not notice anything at all at the time, afterward, all her life, she remembered with crystal clarity the moment: herself standing still in the middle of the room with her arms still out, in her long white satin dress; and Guy, thin and hard in his evening clothes, looking at her with his green eyes and smiling happily and shyly.

She went and got her long black velvet evening cape. Guy was waiting downstairs and they went out of the door and closed it behind them and walked down the street looking for a taxi.

IT HAD begun to snow. They walked arm in arm, and even that was more like dancing, they walked so rhythmically, so lightly, so delicately, so well together. They didn't talk. The exquisite snow fell lightly on their shoulders. It was about midnight.

They hailed a cab and drove in it in absolute silence to a night club on Seventh Avenue. But halfway there Elizabeth felt that Guy was looking at her, and she turned her head. He smiled, and she smiled back, and still they did not speak.

They were given a table by the wall in the night club. As soon as the music began they went out on the floor and began to dance. The place was only about half full.

They danced as long as there was music, and when the music began again they danced again. It was as if they were creating something magic, each movement they made was clear and beautiful and inventive; none of it had ever been done just that way before. The incredible in action was performed, the absolute in offbeat accent was exe-

**The love affair of two people who could dance much more eloquently than they could talk**

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

cuted. All they knew about was what they were doing with their bodies, with their feet and their inner sense of time. Guy was the creator, the motivator, who proposed the action; and instantaneously, not following but sharing, Elizabeth contributed to it, fulfilled it, and the action was dual, complete, elegant.

It grew late and there were only a few other couples left in the place, and these did not dance but sat and watched Guy and Elizabeth, and when their dancing stopped there was clapping. The men in the orchestra were their friends, and played strangely and inventively to give them motivation for new dancing.

But after a while there was no more music, and the waiters began to pile chairs upside down on the tables.

Like waking up out of a dream, Elizabeth looked around her and saw Guy taking a bill out of his billfold to pay the check. The billfold was very thin. They got up and went out of the night club into the street; that was late and lonely and sprayed over with the faint snow.

ELIZABETH took his arm and they began to walk east, still with that rhythm that was more dancing than walking. They walked very fast, and soon they had come to the East River on Fifty-seventh Street. They hung over the rail together and looked down at the black water and the scum of snow that drifted down with the current. Everything was utterly new and magical.

They were arm in arm, and they were very close, and neither of them felt any lack of understanding of the other. Although they had hardly said anything to each other all evening, it was as if everything had been said, that night.

After some time, they did not know how long, they turned from the river and walked back to Elizabeth's apartment. At the door of the made-over brownstone they stopped and looked at each other. Their faces were white and beautiful in the arc light.

"Will you have lunch with me tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, and told him where to meet her.

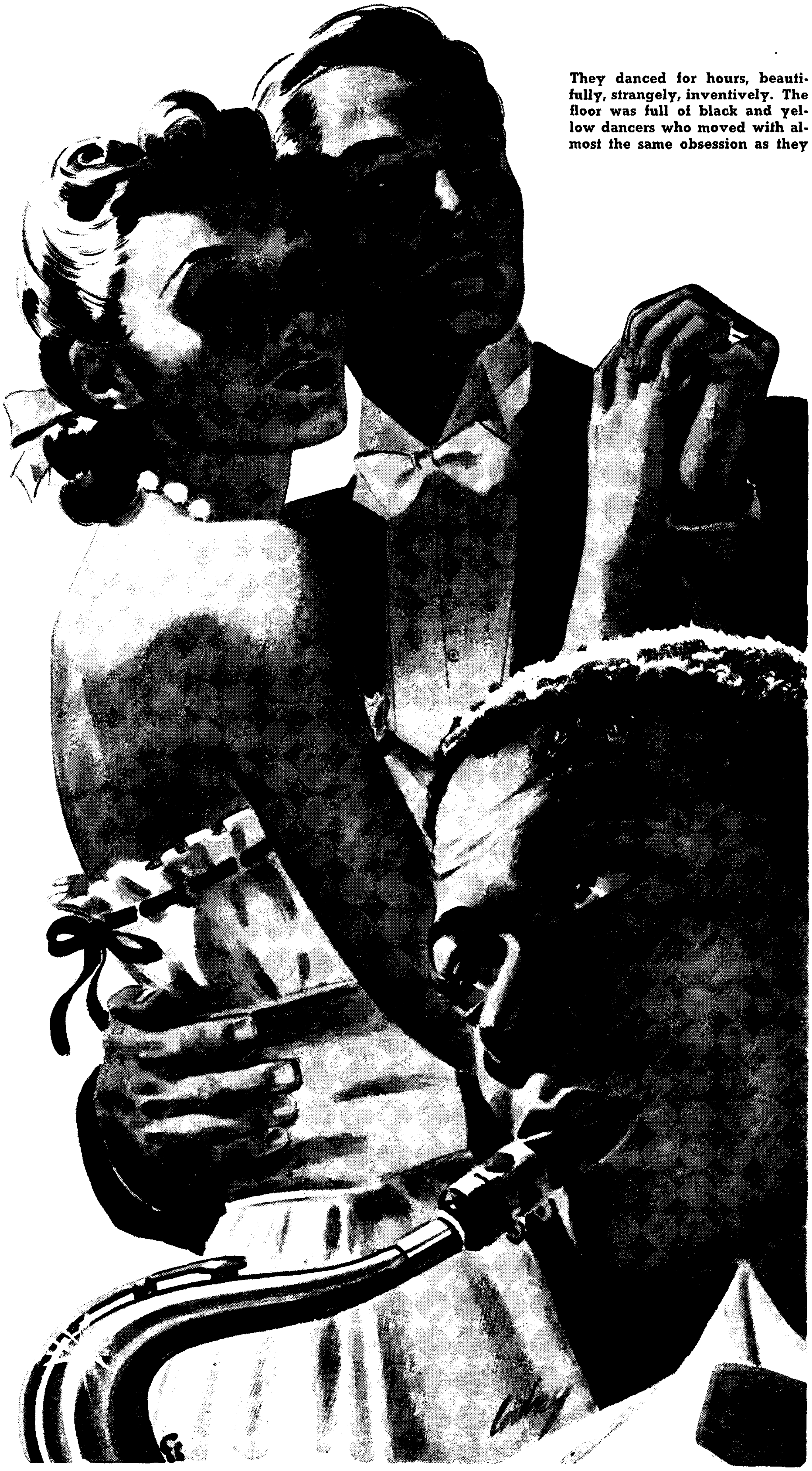
He leaned forward and, without putting his arms around her, kissed her lightly on the mouth. Then Elizabeth ran up the steps.

Of course the next morning was strange to her. She did not know who Guy was, what he did, anything about him. She pushed the questions back. She was still, all morning at the shop, in a daze. She would see him at one.

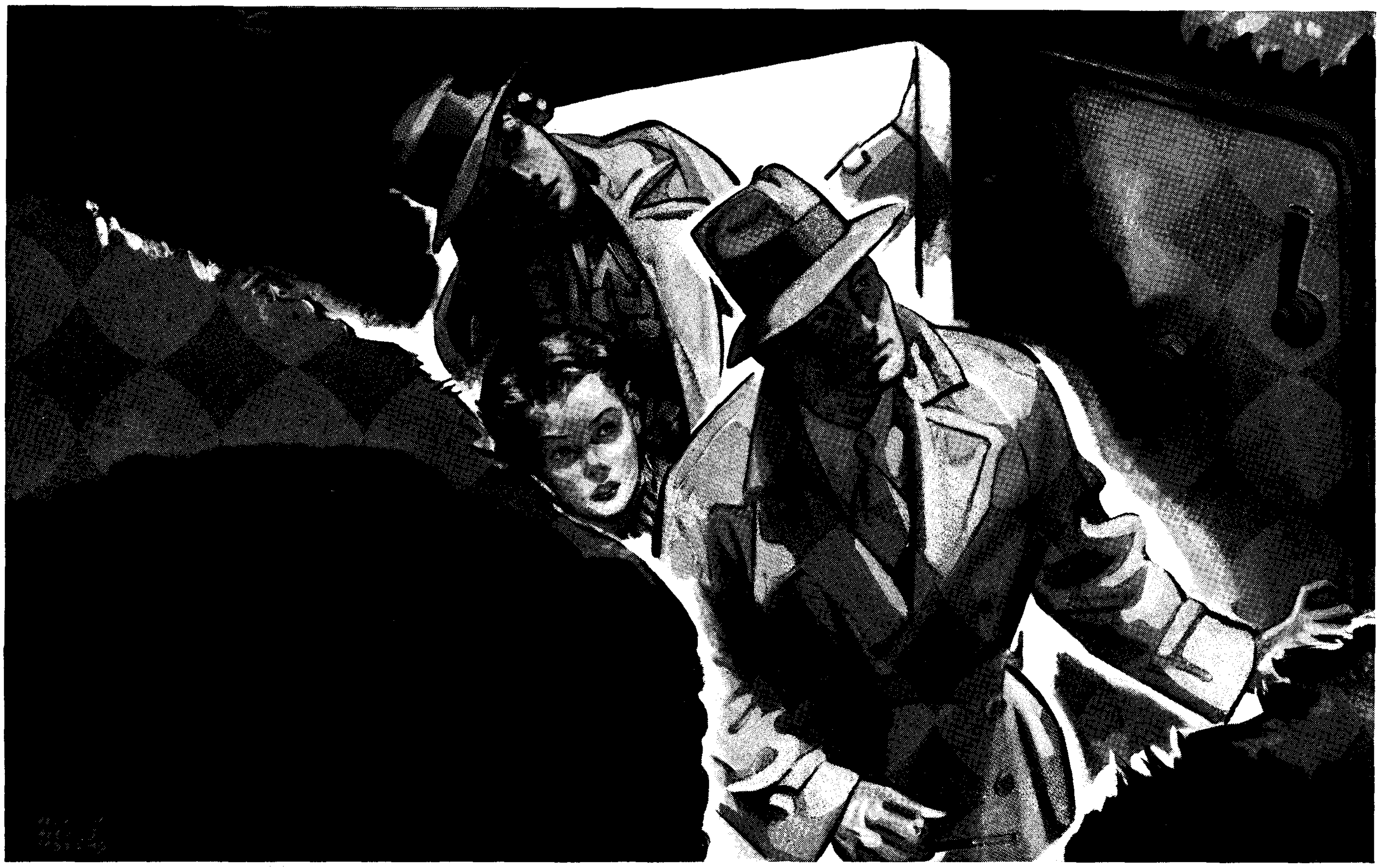
She knew one thing: she was certainly in love. It was simply a new and established verity. Once she thought of William, like someone she had known long, long ago. She did not even worry about him.

For out of an uncolored life, out of the purely ordinary, she had been catapulted into glamor. The existence of Guy in the world was like the sun; and all the rest of it was music, and dancing, and a heart standing still.

*(Continued on page 36)*



**They danced for hours, beautifully, strangely, inventively. The floor was full of black and yellow dancers who moved with almost the same obsession as they**



Before he left, he saw Mrs. Webley and Bobby safely in the bombproof

# Complete Protection

## By Pat Frank

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE steel roof," said the salesman, "is curved to give the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight, and therefore, a minimum of cost."

Mr. Webley thought, hazily, that the argument sounded familiar. A dream had set it in the back of his head? No. Then he realized the salesman from London was matter-of-fact, as if he were selling midget cars. Used the same technique.

"Complete protection," the salesman went on glibly, "against blast, splinters and gas. Sink it right in your garden, and in a few months you'll never know it was there."

It seemed a shame, Mr. Webley thought absently, to ruin the garden, which really was the prize garden of Essex Lane, Plimpshire, Hertford, for a bombproof shelter.

"What's blast?" asked Bobby, who was nine.

"Blast," Mr. Webley said, "is concussion caused by the detonation of a bomb."

"Is it bad?"

"Yes, Bobby, very dangerous. Rapid expansion of air. That's why you have to be underground, in a raid."

"Everything's complete inside," said the salesman. "Toilet facilities, electric light, benches and radio outlet. The Smythe-Mortons, three doors down, have theirs fitted out as a regular little den."

"Really," said Mrs. Webley nervously, "do you think it absolutely necessary that we have one of these—one of these things? Certainly they wouldn't pick little Plimpshire as a target. We're forty miles from London."

"Plimpshire," recited the salesman, "is a definite military objective, because of the plane factory."

Mr. Webley commuted to the city three days a week. Up until now, the nearness of the little suburban station always had been a distinct advantage.

"I understand," he asked cautiously, "that I can pay on tick, in installments?"

"Right, sir. Government underwrites it. Five pounds down, five a month. Hore-Belisha's idea."

"Nice of him," said Mr. Webley. "I'll write a check."

Installing the bombproof, as Mr. Webley suspected, ruined the garden. He had made three payments, and was considering replanting the tea roses, when That Man made his war speech. He spoke for twenty-three minutes before he mentioned that his bombers, by then, should be over London. Londoners didn't wait to hear what else he had to say. They couldn't hear, anyway, for the smash of the explosions, and finally because of the power failure.

The bombers visited Plimpshire the next night, and Mr. Webley, who pointed a searchlight for the Civilian Defense Volunteers, received his first taste of warfare. The mechanical ears picked them up as they hurtled across the coast line at Mundesley, Norfolk, so Mr. Webley had forty-five minutes to get to his post. Before he left, he saw Mrs. Webley and Bobby safely in the bombproof, with two jugs of water, sandwiches and an A. R. P. manual.

The battery was set up on the green back of the station. It seemed to Mr. Webley that the bombers came infernally fast and were flying much higher than he expected.

The first bomb struck quite far up the tracks, near the factory, but the shock knocked him to the ground. When he lifted himself to his knees there was a trickle out of his nose and ears, and he knew what "blast" was.

The explosions ended after eight minutes, but he had to keep his post all night.

HE WAS relieved at dawn, and with Smythe-Morton walked slowly back to Essex Lane. When they reached Smythe-Morton's house Mr. Webley was surprised to find his wife and Bobby waiting there, along with Mrs. Smythe-Morton and the young Smythe-Mortons.

"Why didn't you stay in our own bombproof?" he asked as they started home.

"It was small and dark and damp," Mrs. Webley explained, "like a tomb. And we were lonely, and so we ran over to stay with the Smythe-Mortons. They have table tennis," she added approvingly, "and those smart new chromium chairs, and an electric cooker, and magazines, and we were perfectly comfortable, even during the worst of it."

They were within fifty yards of his own cottage before he noticed that one wall was gone, the big sofa was hanging out of the naked side of the living room, and the bedrooms were shockingly exposed. Where the bombproof had been there was a deep, raw crater.

When the salesman came back the next week Mr. Webley showed him his crater. The salesman stared and said: "Phew! Must have been a five-hundred-pounder! Remember, I didn't say we guaranteed these minimum-price jobs against a direct hit."

Mr. Webley hesitated a moment and then went on: "We were wondering, in view of the enlarged excavation, whether you'd care to make a concession on a bigger shelter? Trade this one in, sort of."

"I think I could get it approved."

"With table tennis?" Bobby asked.

"And chrome furnishings?" asked Mrs. Webley.

"Yes," said Mr. Webley, "we'd like one like the Smythe-Mortons', more livable, you might say."

# Ivory Hunter

## By Quentin Reynolds

**Charley Graham raises young baseball buds for the big-league market—players like Joe DiMaggio, Lefty Gomez, Paul Waner, etc. In twenty years Graham has sold a million dollars' worth and the customer is always satisfied**

WE SAT there in the dugout and Lefty said to Dominick DiMaggio, "Go up and hit one, kid."

DiMaggio went up and slapped the first ball pitched for two bases, and a dreamy look came into O'Doul's eyes. "The kid's good," he said. "Right now he's almost as good as Joe. His arm isn't quite as powerful as Joe's arm but it's just as accurate. He never throws to the wrong base. He doesn't get fooled by the same pitcher twice."

Charley Graham, who owns the San Francisco Seals, chuckled, "I know about four major-league clubs who could use him right now. He's ready."

Lefty O'Doul growled, "Let me have him a while. Just when one of these kids starts to help me you sell him."

"The kid's ready." Charley Graham was peering out at the sun-baked diamond and he was peering out of two of the most baseball-wise eyes ever to look over a youngster. "The kid's ready," he repeated, "and he ought to have his chance. I'm sure he could help a lot in some major-league club."

Charley Graham started helping major-league ball clubs in 1918. Since then he's sold twenty-two ballplayers to the major leagues and every one made good. The cash Graham obtained for these ballplayers was just about a million dollars. In many deals major-league clubs threw ballplayers in with the cash and the estimated value of those players is $200,000, which makes quite a chunk of gold that Mr. Graham has taken from big-league owners.

### It Pays to Listen

Scouts have learned to value Graham's judgment. They remember how he pleaded with them to buy Lefty O'Doul back in 1921 and how they all passed him up and then looked at the papers one day to see that he was leading the National League in hitting. They remember how he had told them about a skinny kid named Gomez and how they had given him the go-by. There was also a lad named Paul Waner they didn't like much and a kid from San Francisco named Joe DiMaggio they might have picked up cheaply. They remember these things and then wince, because each time they failed to take Charley's advice it cost them money. Right now Graham is boosting Dominick DiMaggio and the scouts are out on the coast watching the kid. He'll end up in the big time, all right—if someone wants to lay something like $50,000 on the line.

Charley Graham learned his baseball the hard way. He played in small leagues in the West, he did a major-league stretch with the Red Sox back in 1906, and then he wound up owning the Sacramento club in the Western League.

The San Francisco Seals were in dire straits during the war days. Each month their price went down a few thousand dollars and Charley Graham felt a mounting excitement. He'd love to own a team in his own home town.

Charley had one pet newspaper syndicate writer, Frank H. Simonds, whose column appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle. He liked the way Simonds wrote about the war. He was always right.

One day in August, 1918, Simonds made the startling prediction that the war would be over within four months. Once the war was over things would return to normal and the Seals' franchise would be worth a great deal more than the $65,000 they were asking for it. Graham had a pal, George Putnam, a publicity man. One day they sat in Charley's office talking gloomily about their prospects of ever owning the Seals.

"I know baseball," Charley Graham said, "and you know publicity. Between us we have about forty thousand dollars. If only we could find a businessman who had twenty thousand the three of us could buy the Seals and make a lot of money."

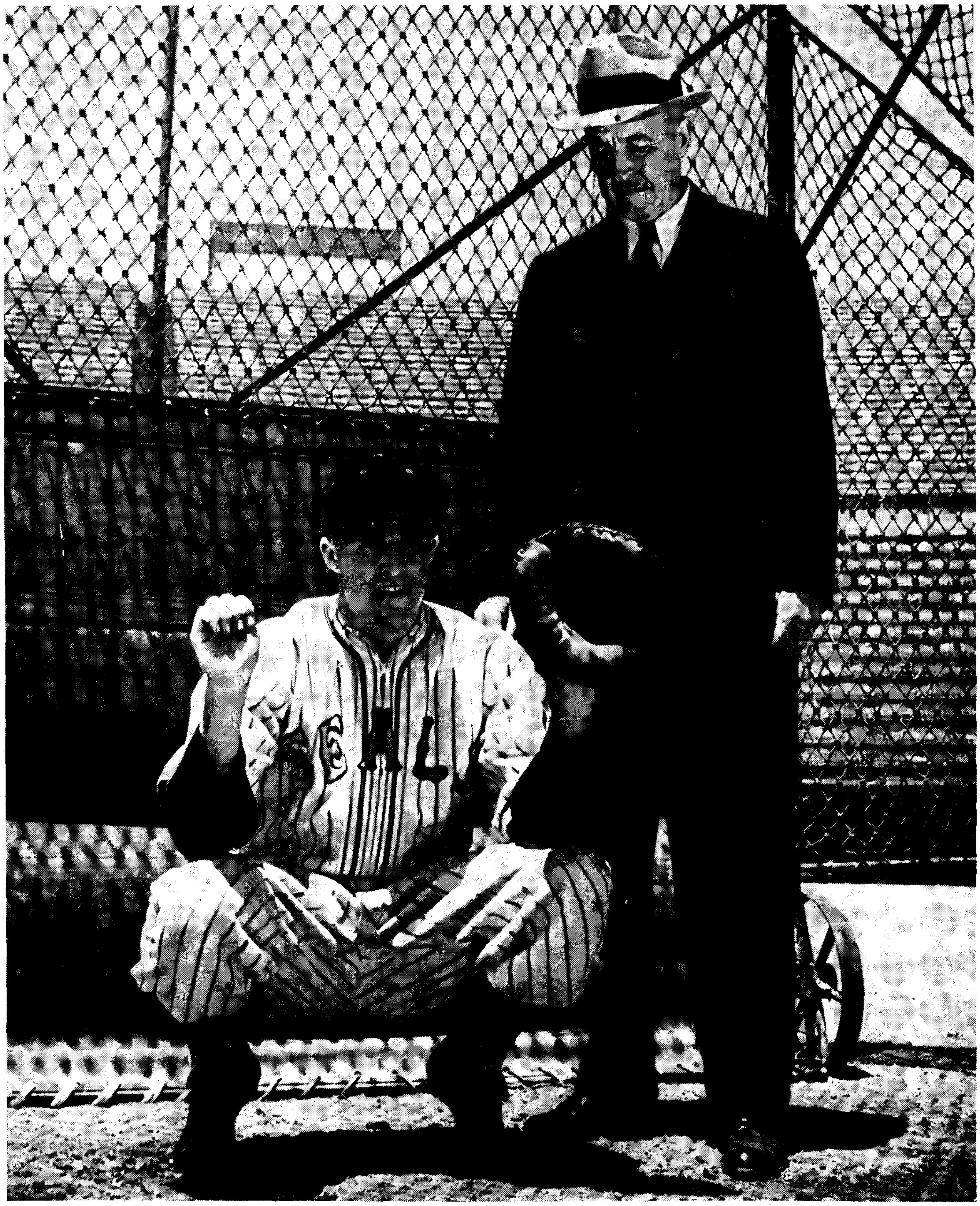
"That would be a great parlay, Charley," said Putnam. "That is, if you're sure the war is going to end within four months. But, Charley, neither of us knows a businessman who's got twenty thousand dollars and who likes baseball."

"The war will end all right. Frank Simonds said so." It was getting along toward twilight but Graham hadn't turned the lights on in his office. Every twenty seconds the office lit up brightly; there was a large electric sign across the street that kept blinking into the windows of Charley's office.

Graham walked over to the window. He looked out across the street. Then his eyes opened wide.

"Come here, George," he said. "Take a look at that sign."

Together they stood there and watched



GEORGE GRAU

Charley Graham, who has sent dozens of real stars up to the big leagues from his San Francisco Seals, with Prospect Wilfred Leonard, catcher the big sign blinking on and off. It read: "Dr. Charles Strub, Dentist."

"He's the one," Graham said. "He's a great dentist and a great businessman. He likes baseball too. He's got a few dollars, George. Maybe . . ."

But George Putnam was already thumbing through the telephone book. Ten minutes later "Doc" Strub was sitting in Graham's office listening to the eager voices of Graham and Putnam. Gradually their enthusiasm communicated itself to him. Finally, breathless, they stopped.

"Do we each put up the same amount?" Strub asked. "Does George handle the publicity end of it and Charley handle the baseball end and I handle the business end?"

Both nodded and then Strub reached for his checkbook and said, "Then what are we waiting for?"

Twenty-four hours later they bought the San Francisco Seals for $65,000. Four months later the war ended and they were offered twice that amount to resell the franchise.

Well, they owned a ball club. They had a lot of broken-down players and a lot of rookies and a few customers. Obviously the first thing to do was to get a good ball club together. That was Graham's job. It's been his job ever since.

His pet ballplayer of all time is his present manager, Francis Jeremiah O'Doul, who is known to the trade variously as "Lefty" or as "The Man in the Green Hat." Every now and then Lefty O'Doul turns down a major-league manager's job and his logic is irrefutable. "I like San Francisco," Lefty says, and that ends all further negotiations. But back in 1918 O'Doul was just another left-handed pitcher.

"I can close my eyes now," Charley Graham says, "and see O'Doul running those bases. He was a pitcher but he could hit too. On the bases he was a greyhound. Then he had a great competitive spirit. Lefty would give you his heart if you asked him for it."

## Up, Down and Up Again

O'Doul went to the Yankees in the draft and Huggins kept him sitting on the bench for two years. Oddly enough, the inactivity ruined his arm. They thought he was all done so they sent him back to the Seals. With a bad arm he won twenty-seven games for Graham. He went to the outfield then and was the best gardener in the West Coast League. He led the league in everything including stolen bases. Then McGraw drafted him and he was off on his sensational major-league career. Eventually he led the league in batting.

One day Charley heard about a young player at Omaha named George Grantham, so he sent Nick Williams, his club manager, over to see him. Grantham looked good but Nick found that the Detroit club had already bought him. While he was in the neighborhood Nick thought he'd look around. Eddie Palmer of the Omaha Club told him about a left-handed pitcher named Paul Waner, who was playing for Sioux City. Nick liked his looks and made a deal. He paid the Sioux City team $100 for a look and agreed to pay $2,400 more if the Seals decided to buy him.

The next spring Waner showed up looking fine. He pitched three innings in a spring exhibition game and then hurt his arm. He never pitched again. Graham thought he'd make an outfielder out of Waner. After all, he'd paid a hundred dollars to look at him and he might as well get his money's worth. Charley put him in an exhibition game and in the third inning the kid sprained his ankle. He didn't open the season and Graham had about decided to ship him back to Sioux City. The Seals went out of town and they took young Waner along with them just for the ride. They were playing a double-header on a Saturday and that morning in San Francisco Charley Graham got a wire from the Sioux City owner.

"Either pay for Waner," the wire read "or send him back. Incidentally, if you are dissatisfied with him we will send back the hundred you paid for a look."

Graham sat there looking at the wire. "Now there's a real sporting man," he said to himself. "Willing even to give us our hundred back. Well, we've picked a lemon in Waner. The kid is always getting hurt but that's a nice fellow at Sioux City. We'll take a chance and send him the additional $2,400."

He wrote the check, put it in the mail, and then the phone rang. It was Nick Williams and Nick was so excited he could hardly talk.

"You didn't decide to send Waner back, did you, Charley?" he asked.

When Charley said that he had bought him Williams tossed a huge sigh of relief into the phone. "We played a double-header today and I put Waner in," he told Charley. "He went up there ten times and got himself eight hits. Eight for ten, Charley; that boy is the best natural hitter I've ever seen."

**"Boy! Those billiard balls in the guest-room mattress worked faster than I thought!"** ROLAND COE

Paul Waner has been hitting major-league pitching ever since. Oh, yes, Charley Graham sold him. He sold him to Pittsburgh for $40,000.

Back a few years the Seals had one of the best outfields ever assembled. Those three fly-chasers cost the Seals exactly nothing at all and finally Charley sold them for $135,000. Earl Averill, Roy Johnson and Smead Jolly were the names of this trinity of swat that proved so profitable for Charley Graham.

Averill was playing up in Snohomish, Washington. A friend of Charley's named Tealey Raymond, who lived in near-by Bellingham, Washington, sent Averill to San Francisco. The Seals exercise a parental jurisdiction over a very minor-league winter circuit of four teams. They play at the Seals' stadium. When an untried youngster like Averill comes up they let him amble around with one of those kid teams. Averill looked surprisingly good and Charley opened the season with him. He was a sensation from the start.

Roy Johnson came from Puyallup, Washington. Bill Cunningham, the old Giant outfielder, recommended Roy to Charley. Johnson also played in the winter league.

## A $135,000 Trio

"He was the worst-looking outfielder I ever saw," Graham says now. "But within three months he was close to the best and we were using him regularly."

Then there was Smead Jolly. Another friend of Graham's (the guy has friends all over) named Johnny Vann wrote about a big thrower down in Texarkana and Charley told Johnny Vann to ship him along. Smead was a thrower but he wasn't a pitcher. However, he started dropping the ball over the short right-field Seals' wall and in no time at all he was in there playing every day.

Cy Slapnicka, looking for talent for Cleveland, took a gander at that trio and told Charley gloomily: "You've got a better outfield than we have. I'll swap you even."

Charley wouldn't do that but he did sell Averill to Slapnicka for $50,000; Johnson to Detroit for $50,000 and Jolly to the White Sox for $35,000, all of which added up to a tidy little profit for Mr. Graham and his partners.

A skinny kid named Vernon Gomez bobbed up from Pittsburg, California, one day. Charley was afraid those chill winds coming in from the Pacific would blow Gomez out of the ball park, so he shipped him to Salt Lake on option. During the winter Graham had contract trouble with Dutch Reuther, his star left-hander, a great pitcher but a temperamental laddie who wasn't easy to handle. Unable to bring Reuther into line he sold him to the Missions, much to the consternation of the San Francisco fans. But Charley told them that he had a great left-hander to take Reuther's place, a young phenomenon named Vernon Gomez. Of course he had his fingers crossed when he said it.

"Gomez came in to see us that winter," Charley says, "and Doc Strub took one look at him and winced. Gomez wasn't very impressive-looking. Why, he still looks like a high-school boy. Doc said that he was undernourished and he sent him to a sanitarium at Saratoga, that's Saratoga, California. In two weeks Gomez gained nine pounds. He opened the season for us and won twenty-nine games that year. We pitched him against Reuther five times and Lefty won four of the games."

Despite his record the scouts were a little cold on Gomez. He looked so frail. Cy Slapnica said, shaking his head, "The batter is always ahead of him."

Dick Kinsella, the Giant scout, tried to sell him to McGraw. McGraw was interested but he hesitated and while he was making up his mind Bill Essick, the Yankee scout, plunked $50,000 on the line and Gomez was a Yankee.

"Considering the fact that Gomez won three or four pennants for the Yanks," Graham chuckles, "that $50,000 wasn't a bad investment."

## A $250,000 Beauty

The next year Graham made another deal that was mutually profitable to him and the Yankees. Some friend of his had sent him a good-looking kid named Frank Crosetti. He was a cute one, this dark-haired lad who could play third, short or second. He never had to be told things, Graham says. Almost instinctively he knew which base to throw to in tough spots. Charley let him go to the Yanks for a mere $65,000.

Then of course there is the so-often-told tale of another native son called Joe DiMaggio. He was great from the start. Just when the scouts were beginning to bid for him Joe crashed against a concrete wall and broke his leg. That little break cost Graham about $75,000. No one except far-seeing Ed Barrow of the Yankees would gamble on a one-legged ballplayer. Barrow bought him for $25,000 and four ballplayers. Today DiMaggio is undoubtedly the best all-around outfielder in big-league baseball. The Yankees could (but wouldn't) sell him for $250,000. DiMaggio has drawn hundreds of thousands of dollars through the turnstiles of the Yankee Stadium.

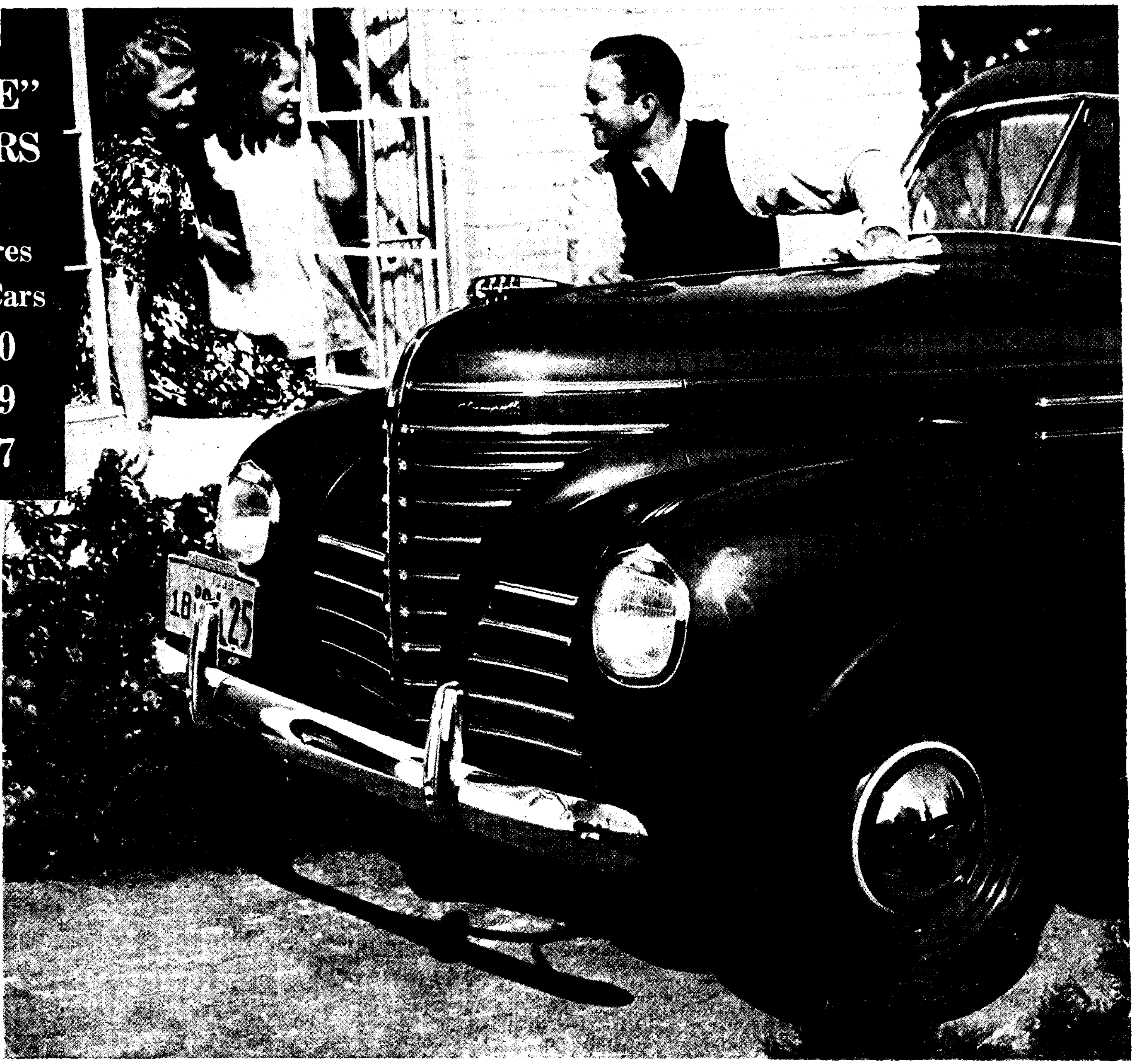
"Nevertheless," Graham says, "Barrow took a gamble and won. Barrow is smart but I like to do business with smart people."

Since 1918 Charley Graham has sold more than a million dollars' worth of ballplayers to the big leagues. Since then his Seals have finished first in their league six times; second twice; and third three times. No matter where they finish this year, Charley knows one thing. He knows that before the season is over the big boys will all be bidding for young Dominick DiMaggio and he feels sure that more than one major-league scout has been watching his right fielder, Brooks Holder, and he knows that sooner or later his eighteen-year-old third baseman, Ernest Ramondi, is going to be up there in the big show. And this, needless to say, gives Charley many a quiet chuckle. He loves to pick up kids like DiMaggio, Holder and Ramondi, train them well, and then watch them make good in the green pastures of the big leagues.

# Leads by 11 Features!

HOW "ALL THREE"
LOW-PRICED CARS
COMPARE
on 25 Important Features
Found in High-Priced Cars

PLYMOUTH ___ 20
CAR "2" ___ 9
CAR "3" ___ 7



PLYMOUTH GIVES YOU the smoothness of Floating Power engine mountings...the world-famous safety of time-proven Hydraulic Brakes!

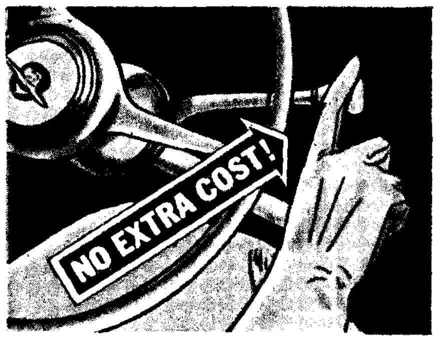
YOU EXPECT manufacturers to put the best engineering into their *high-priced* cars...and you'll find these costly cars *do* resemble each other on 25 big features.

But Plymouth alone of "All Three" *low-priced* cars has the majority of these 25 features! Here are a few:

ALL-SILENT TRANSMISSION
X-BRACED FRAME
FRONT COIL SPRINGS
"L-HEAD" ENGINE DESIGN
FOUR RINGS PER PISTON
HYPOID REAR AXLE

Your Plymouth dealer will gladly show you the complete list and explain their value. Of a total of 25, the Plymouth "Roadking" has 20...the De Luxe Plymouth 24!

And that's the kind of quality that explains why Plymouth has had the fastest growth of any car in history!



STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. Today's finest shifting.

☛ Of the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is roomiest, *biggest*—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!

☛ Plymouth is the only low-priced car with the matchless ride of independent coil springs as standard equipment *on all models.*

☛ The only low-priced car with a "safety signal" speedometer.

☛ The only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with the steering-post gear shift standard on De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*

☛ Plymouth is the only leading low-priced car with a completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.

☛ *All* Plymouth models have the same big, six-cylinder "L-head" engine for full power *plus* economy.

**COUPES** START AT $645

**SEDANS** START AT $685

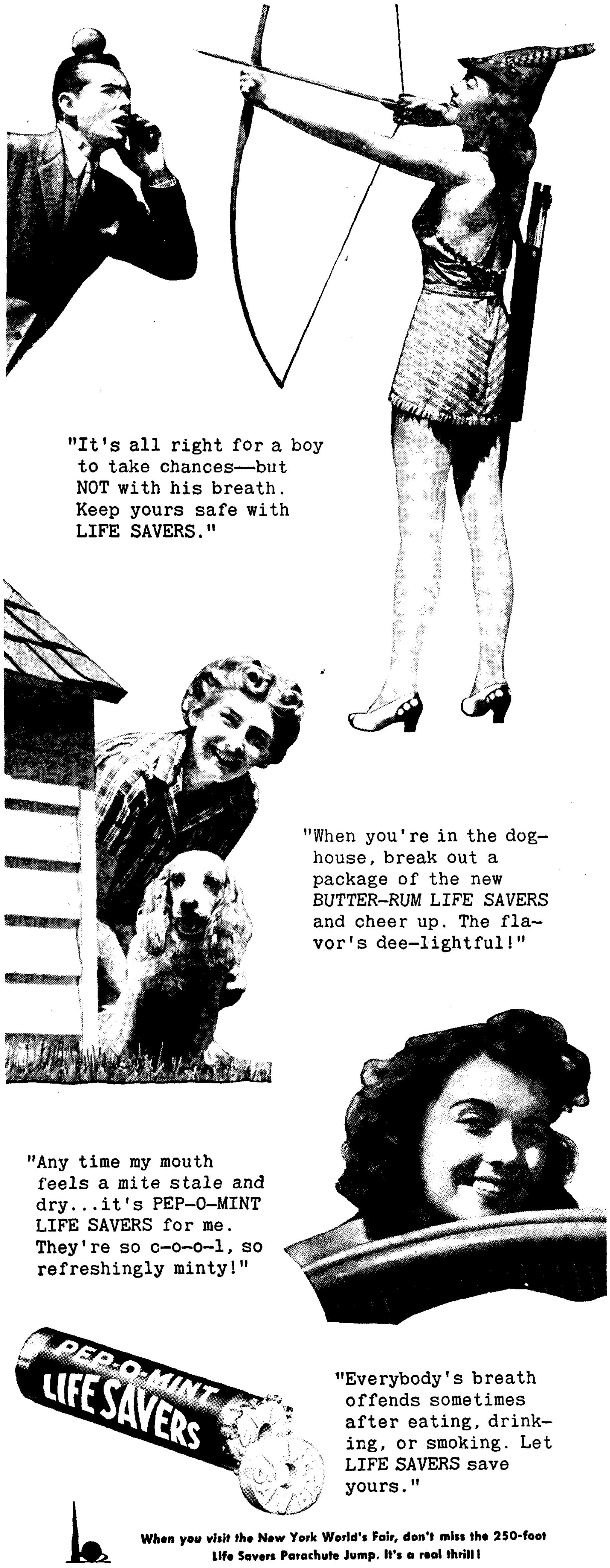
—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam, single windshield wiper, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

**TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.**

# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

*THE "ROADKING"*
*THE "DE LUXE"*

THIS YEAR PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR


"It's all right for a boy to take chances—but NOT with his breath. Keep yours safe with LIFE SAVERS."

"When you're in the doghouse, break out a package of the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS and cheer up. The flavor's dee-lightful!"

"Any time my mouth feels a mite stale and dry...it's PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS for me. They're so c-o-o-l, so refreshingly minty!"

"Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours."

When you visit the New York World's Fair, don't miss the 250-foot Life Savers Parachute Jump. It's a real thrill!

## Flotsam

Continued from page 17

especially after the tricks he had taught him in jail.

Steiner walked quickly through the warm evening. All the money he had was fifteen schillings and he wanted more; he didn't care how he got it. He still had a score to settle with the policeman who had hit him in the face. He wanted a passport. And he felt so full of life that he believed he might get almost anything.

The drinking place the pickpocket had told him about turned out to be a fairly low dive. Steiner examined it carefully from the outside. He wanted to see how he could get out of it and which way he would have to run; that was more important than how to get in.

At that moment the door opened and the pickpocket came out. He stopped short when he saw Steiner. "What a coincidence!"

He was elegantly dressed in a double-breasted tuxedo and pointed patent-leather shoes. "Going to try your luck?" he asked with a quick look in the direction of the café. "There're a couple of con men inside. Have you any money?"

"Fifteen schillings."

"Not enough. You'll have to show the boys more than that if you want them to bite."

HE PAUSED for a moment, then produced a Russian-leather wallet and selected a hundred-schilling note. "Here. Pay for your coffee with this. Then someone will come up and speak to you. Your best bet is not to play for long. In the first five or ten minutes they'll let you win. Watch your step the first time you get three queens. That means the little fellow with the black mustache has the kings. Pull the ace trick I showed you. They don't know that one here. They belong to the lower classes, really—with cards tucked up their sleeves and all that sort of thing," he said contemptuously. "After that get out quick. You can give the hundred schillings to the proprietor tomorrow at noon when none of the boys are around. Tell him it's for Fred. Goodby, I've got to be going. Theater opening—big crowd—Lotte Lehmann is singing—art always means business for us."

Steiner pocketed the money and went into the café. It made him laugh to think that no one else in the world would have loaned him even one quarter of what the pickpocket had carelessly handed over. He knew he would get it back.

In the front room a couple of tarot parties were in session. Steiner seated himself beside the window and ordered a drink. Ostentatiously he produced his wallet, which he had stuffed with paper to make it look fat, and paid with the pickpocket's hundred-schilling note. He left the wallet lying in front of him on the table.

A minute later a gaunt man came up and asked if he would be interested in a little game of poker. He waved him away indifferently. The man persisted.

"I haven't enough time," Steiner explained. "A half-hour at most. That's not enough for a game."

"Sure it is." The gaunt man smiled, showing a set of badly decayed teeth. "Many a man has made his fortune in a half-hour, friend."

Steiner looked at the two others at a near-by table. One of them had a fat baby face and a bald head, the other was dark and hairy with a nose several sizes too large. Both were casually looking his way. "If it's really only for half an hour," Steiner said in apparent hesitation, "I might have a go at it."

"Certainly, certainly," the gaunt man said heartily.

"And I can stop whenever I like?"

"Naturally, friend, whenever you like."

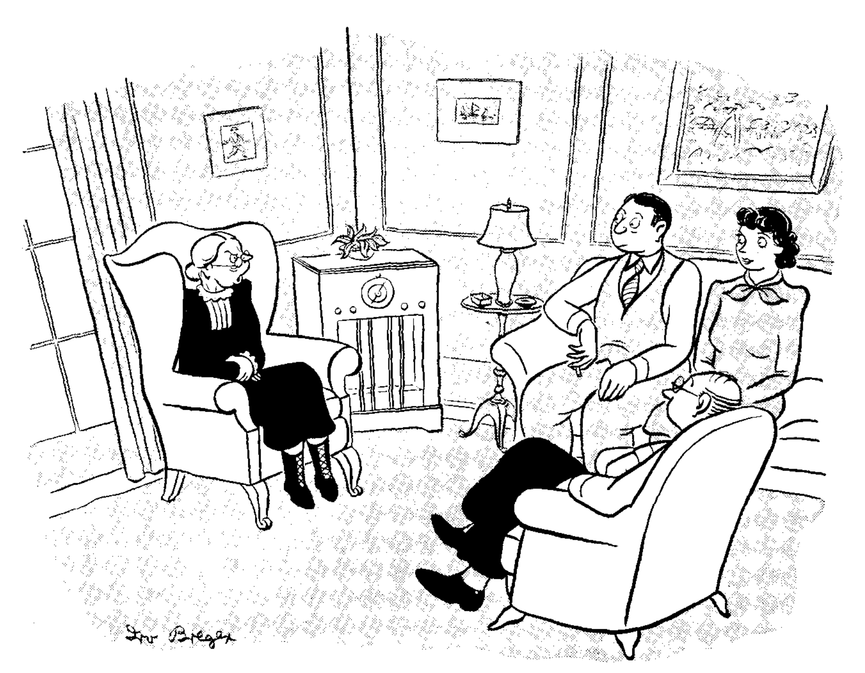
"Even if I've been winning?"

The fat man's lips twitched. He looked over at his partner: they seemed to have caught a perfect sucker. "Especially if you have won, friend, that's just the time to stop," the gaunt man bleated happily.

"All right."

Steiner seated himself at the table. The fat man shuffled and dealt. Steiner won a couple of schillings. When his turn came to deal he ran his fingers along the edges of the cards. Then he shuffled again, cut where he had felt a nick in one of the cards, ordered another drink and took the opportunity of glancing under the upper half of the deck. He saw it was the kings that had been marked. Then he dealt.

After a quarter of an hour he had won



"Those dictators causing so much trouble for the world . . . I could box their ears!"

IRV BREGER

about thirty schillings. "Nice going," bleated the gaunt man. "Let's push the stakes up a bit."

Steiner nodded. The next pot was larger and he won that too. Then the fat man dealt. He had moist, pink hands that were really too small for manipulating cards. Steiner saw, however, that he was adroit at it and guessed that he had slipped an ace to the bottom of the deck. He picked up his hand. It contained three queens.

"How many do you want?" asked the fat man, chewing on his cigar.

"Four," Steiner said. The fat man showed his surprise, for he should have drawn only two; he gave him the cards. Steiner saw that the first was the missing queen. He had no hand now and threw down his cards with an oath. The three others looked at one another and passed too.

Steiner knew that he could do nothing except when he himself dealt. And so his chances were one against three. The pickpocket had been right. He would have to act soon, before they became suspicious.

He tried the ace trick in its simplest form. Baby-face was bidding against him and lost. Steiner looked at his watch. "I've got to go. Last round."

"Come, come, friend," bleated the thin man. The other two said nothing.

ON THE next deal Steiner got four queens. He drew one card. A nine. The dark man drew two cards. Steiner saw that the thin man was dealing deftly from the bottom of the deck. He knew what was up, but raised the bid to twenty schillings and then dropped out. The dark man shot him a glance and raked in the pot. "What kind of cards did you have?" snarled the thin man, quickly turning up Steiner's hand. "Four queens! What the hell! You could have won a fortune. What did you have?" he asked the dark man.

"Three kings," he replied. His face twitched.

"There, you see, you see, you'd have won, friend. How high would you have bid with three kings?"

"The sky's the limit when I have three kings," the dark man answered irritably.

"I made a mistake," Steiner said. "Thought I had only three queens. Mistook one of them for a jack."

"What a way to play cards!"

The dark man dealt. Steiner got three kings and drew the fourth. He went along in the bidding up to fifteen schillings, then dropped out. Baby-face sucked in his breath. Steiner had won about ninety schillings and there were only two more deals.

"What did you have, friend?" The thin man made a quick grab for the cards but Steiner knocked his hand away.

"Is that the way you do things here?" he asked.

"Sorry, I was just curious."

On the next hand Steiner lost eight schillings. Then he picked up the cards and shuffled them. He was able to switch the kings to the bottom of the deck so that he could deal them to the fat man. It worked. The dark man stayed in for appearances' sake. The fat man drew one card. Steiner gave him the last king. The fat man coughed and exchanged a glance with the others. Steiner chose this moment for the ace trick. He discarded four of his cards and gave himself the four aces, which were now on the top of the deck.

The fat man opened the betting. Steiner placed his cards on the table in front of him and irresolutely threw in the money. The dark man stayed, but at a hundred and ten schillings he dropped out. The fat man went up to a hundred and fifty. Steiner went along. He wasn't entirely sure of his ground. He knew the fat man had four kings but he didn't know what the fifth card was. If it was the joker, Steiner was out of luck. The thin man began to wriggle. "Can I take a peek?" He reached for Steiner's cards.

"No." Steiner laid his hand on the cards. He was amazed at this barefaced impudence. The thin man would have signaled his partner immediately.

The fat man started to waver. Steiner had been so cautious hitherto, he must have a strong hand now. Steiner noticed it and increased his bets. At a hundred and eighty the fat man stopped. He saw the bet and laid his four kings on the table. Steiner took a deep breath and turned up his four aces.

The thin man whistled. Then it became very quiet while Steiner raked in the money.

"We'll play another round," the dark man said sharply.

"Sorry," Steiner said.

"We'll play another round," repeated the dark man, sticking out his chin.

Steiner got up. "Next time."

He went to the counter and paid. Then he slipped the proprietor a folded hundred-schilling note. "Please give this to Fred."

The proprietor lifted his eyebrows in surprise. "Fred?"

"Yes."

"All right." The proprietor grinned. "The boys slipped up that time. Went fishing for a haddock and caught a shark."

The three were standing by the door. "We'll play another round," said the dark man and blocked the way.

Steiner gave him a look.

"You can't walk out like that, friend," bleated the thin man. "Impossible, sir."

"Let's not pretend," Steiner said. "War is war. Someone has to lose."

"Not us," answered the dark man. "We'll play another round."

"Or give us back what you've won," added the fat man.

Steiner shook his head. "It was all square and aboveboard," he said with a grin. "You knew what you wanted and I knew what I wanted."

He tried to push his way through but the dark man blocked him with unexpected strength.

The proprietor hurried over. "No rough stuff in my place, gentlemen."

"It's the last thing I want," Steiner said. "I'm trying to get out."

"We'll go with you," said the dark man.

THE fat man and the dark man went in front, then came Steiner and behind him the thin man. The moment he was through the door Steiner kicked backward, catching the thin man in the stomach. At the same instant he struck the dark man with all his strength in the back of the neck and knocked him against the fat man. He had leaped past them and was racing down the street before they could recover themselves. He knew he had to get away, for in a street fight he would have no chance against three men. He heard shouts and looked around as he ran, but no one was following him. They had been taken too much by surprise.

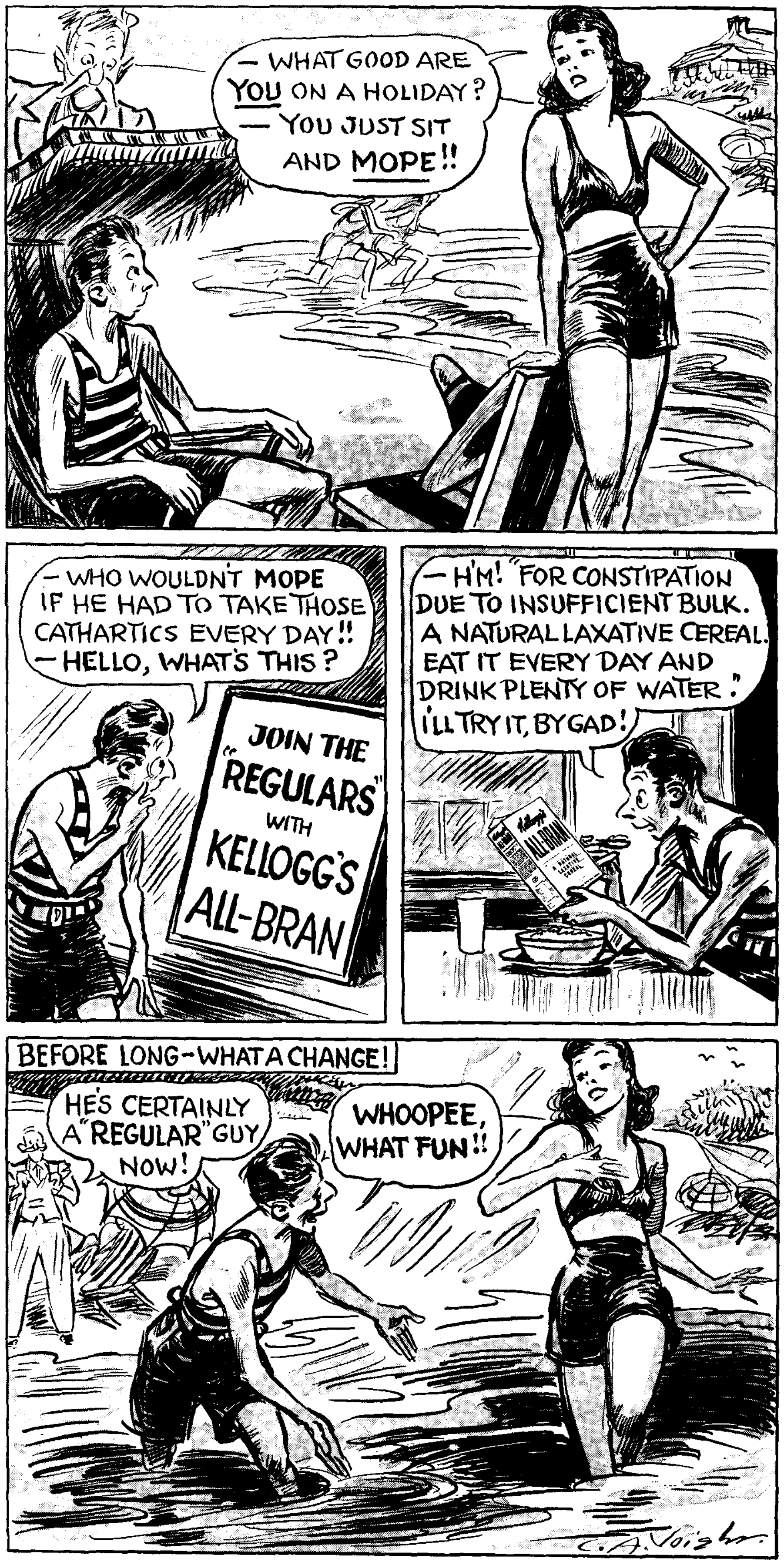
He slowed his pace as he came into a more crowded district. The night was warm and the stars glittered between the house fronts. The smell of lilacs drifted over to him from a near-by park.

"Marie, Marie," Steiner thought, "this can't go on forever."

Kern's money lasted only as far as Brünn. For two days he went hungry and slept outdoors. Finally there was nothing left to do but give himself up to the police. At least, he would be fed in jail.

A weary official received him and listened unsympathetically to his story,

LIFE OF THE BEACH! —by C. A. Voight


—WHAT GOOD ARE YOU ON A HOLIDAY? —YOU JUST SIT AND MOPE!!
—WHO WOULDN'T MOPE IF HE HAD TO TAKE THOSE CATHARTICS EVERY DAY!! —HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?
JOIN THE "REGULARS" WITH KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
—H'M! "FOR CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK. A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL. EAT IT EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER." I'LL TRY IT, BY GAD!
BEFORE LONG—WHAT A CHANGE!
HE'S CERTAINLY A "REGULAR" GUY NOW!
WHOOPEE, WHAT FUN!!
C. A. Voight

IS there a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it later? There is, if it's the common kind due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Get at the cause and prevent the trouble with that crisp, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it daily, drink plenty of water, and see if the world isn't brighter! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

*Copyright, 1939, Kellogg Company*

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

A CURIOUS PIPE SMOKER WANTS THE REAL FACTS

922 North St. Joe Ave.
Hastings, Nebr.
Jan. 19, 1938

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I am not in the habit of sending Orchids to products that please, but this little pat on the back will serve two purposes, for I wish a favor.

What do you do to Edgeworth to make it burn slower, and always last longer? I am curious about tobacco, and cannot resist a new brand, or some fancy label, but always return to Edgeworth.

Its flavor is mellow, yet satisfying; and when in the duck blind on a cold and windy day, I still know I am smoking for Edgeworth's subtle flavor lingers on, like the memories of the hunt.

Please set me right on this question of Edgeworth lasting qualities, and incidentally economy?

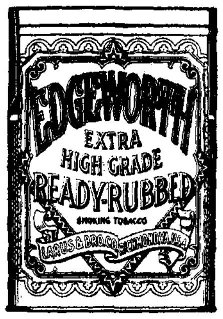
Yours truly,
W. F. BINDERUP

In answering this question—we'll try to be as fair as possible—and let the chips fall where they may.

The truth is, Edgeworth does burn a great deal longer than most other brands. This has been proved many times by actual tests. So naturally it burns cooler in your pipe, as well.

Now, as to WHY. We'll have to go back 35 years to get the real answer. Edgeworth was originally started on the theory that a man's pipe-tobacco had a great deal to do with his personal happiness.

So we spared no expense to buy the finest tobacco leaf that was grown. In processing that leaf, we took much longer than ordinary brands—just so it would hold its rich, natural flavor and its pleasing aroma.



The whole idea was to manufacture a tobacco that would honestly deserve to be called "America's Finest Pipe Tobacco".

It is not claimed by us that Edgeworth is the only good smoking tobacco in the world, but it does have a quality that makes friends very quickly.

Smoking your first pipe of Edgeworth is like shaking hands with the President; you realize that you are doing something out of the ordinary – and you are glad of the meeting.

If you have that "yearning" for the right tobacco, you are apt to find that Edgeworth is the answer. It's worth trying!

Or if you have tried pipe smoking without enjoying it as other men do, there is a plan by which you get veteran pipe smoking pleasure from the first puff. A postcard inquiry to Edgeworth, Dept. COL207, Richmond, Virginia, will bring you complete details of this plan.

meanwhile cleaning his nails. Kern was so weak and dispirited that he made no attempt to lie. He admitted he had been in the country for ten days without reporting. He knew what to expect: two weeks detention and deportation. He did not care.

The official closed his handsome pocketknife with a snap. It contained two blades, a nail file, a corkscrew and a screwdriver; the handle was of mother-of-pearl. This useful possession was clearly the pride and joy of its owner.

"I shall give you a permit for two days. Go to Prague and see what the interior department will do for you."

Kern could not have been more surprised if he had been struck by lightning. "But—you see—I—" he stammered. "I haven't any money. I'll have to walk."

"You will receive a free ticket, third class," the official replied in a bored tone.

Kern had got over being surprised. This, he decided, was not a police station; he had unexpectedly blundered into paradise.

With smooth, elegant gestures the official filled out the two forms. Kern watched him as though God himself were writing. "Thank you," he said, overcome. "Thank you very much. It's really more than I expected."

"That's all right."

OUTSIDE *the police station.* Kern paused. It was a strange experience to stand there without being congealed with terror. For the first time in years he felt no fear at the sight of a uniform.

He took the next train for Prague and went directly from the station to the Committee for the Aid of Refugees. The big waiting room was dim and bare and crowded with people standing and sitting around in the half darkness. There was little conversation and that only in whispers. Every few minutes the door that led to the office opened, someone came out and a voice called: "Next!"

About half of those present were Jews. One of them, a pale man, with a musician's head, had a violin case with him. A dark-haired girl of five who had been skipping about the room, stopped in front of him. "Is there a violin in that case?" she asked.

The man nodded.

"Show me."

"Why?"

"I just want to see."

The violinist hesitated an instant, then opened the case and took out an instrument wrapped in a violet silk cloth. The child in front of him was in strange contrast to the misery-crowded room—this dainty, gay, sun-tanned girl, untouched as yet by the cares of the world. Cautiously she extended her hand and touched the strings; a clear A resounded through the room.

"Play for me," she begged.

"But, my child—"

"Oh, do, go ahead and play. It's so tiresome here."

"Go ahead and play something," said an old man beside him. "The child is right. It will entertain us all and I don't think there is any rule against it."

THE violinist still hesitated. Then with a wan smile he took the bow out of the case, tightened it and raised the fiddle to his shoulder. Through the gray room floated the first clear notes.

Kern seemed to feel a caress, as though a hand were smoothing away something inside him. He tried to resist but could not. A shiver ran through him, then suddenly he was filled with a comforting sense of warmth.

After a few minutes the door to the office opened and the secretary looked out. He was one of the ugliest men Kern had ever seen. He had red hair, inflamed, watery eyes behind thick lenses, and puffy, shapeless lips. He squinted, opened his mouth as though to say something and then tilted his head and listened. He made a silly and repulsive figure standing there like a bewitched satyr, with gaps showing between his discolored teeth. And then, raising his eyes a little, he began to smile. That smile transformed him. It did not make him any handsomer but it revealed him as a man who had seen and suffered and withstood a great deal. It was just like the smile of the little girl who was crouching beside the violinist—a child's smile, which nature gives again only to those who are endowed with great gifts or to those who have courageously endured a great deal.

The music ceased. Kern, who could play the piano a little, knew enough about music to tell that the playing had been magnificent.

"Schumann?" asked the old man beside the violinist.

The latter nodded.

"Now play something gay," said the little girl. "It's so sad here."

"Miriam," called her mother.

"All right," said the violinist.

Lord, thought Kern, how much yearning *sweetness there can be in such* a little instrument! That's the way a nightingale must sound. I've never heard one, but it must be like that. There's no need to lose heart while such things still exist. No one can destroy them, for they are beyond the reach of iron fists. I will be brave because such melodies exist and violins and hands to make magic with them and transform the world.

He noticed that the music had stopped.

"What's that called?" whispered the child.

"German Dances by Franz Schubert," the violinist said huskily.

The old man looked at him. "Schumann, Schubert, we still love them, despite everything. German Dances! German Dances!" He got up and pressed his face against the window. "German Dances in this place!"

The secretary turned the light switch by the door. "Next," he said. "You," pointing to Kern.

Kern smiled at the old man. "Don't you want to go first?" he asked. "I have plenty of time."

KERN was given an order entitling him to a sleeping place in the Hotel Bristol and ten tickets for meals at the dining hall on Wencelaus Square. When he had the tickets in his hand he suddenly realized that he was terrifically hungry and rushed through the streets for fear he would get there too late.

He was wrong about that, however, and had to wait; for all the places were taken. Presently he saw the violinist come in, looking about in bewilderment. He motioned to him; the violinist appeared surprised but came over.

"I beg your pardon," Kern said, flushing, "but I heard you playing a while ago and it occurred to me you might not know your way around here."

"As a matter of fact I don't. Do you?"

"This is the third time I have been in this city. I have been in Austria twice and once in Hungary. Now I have just come from Vienna. Shoved over the border." He smiled and went on talking in hope of cheering the violinist and because he was glad to have someone to converse with: "I have been out of the country a long time. You haven't, I suppose."

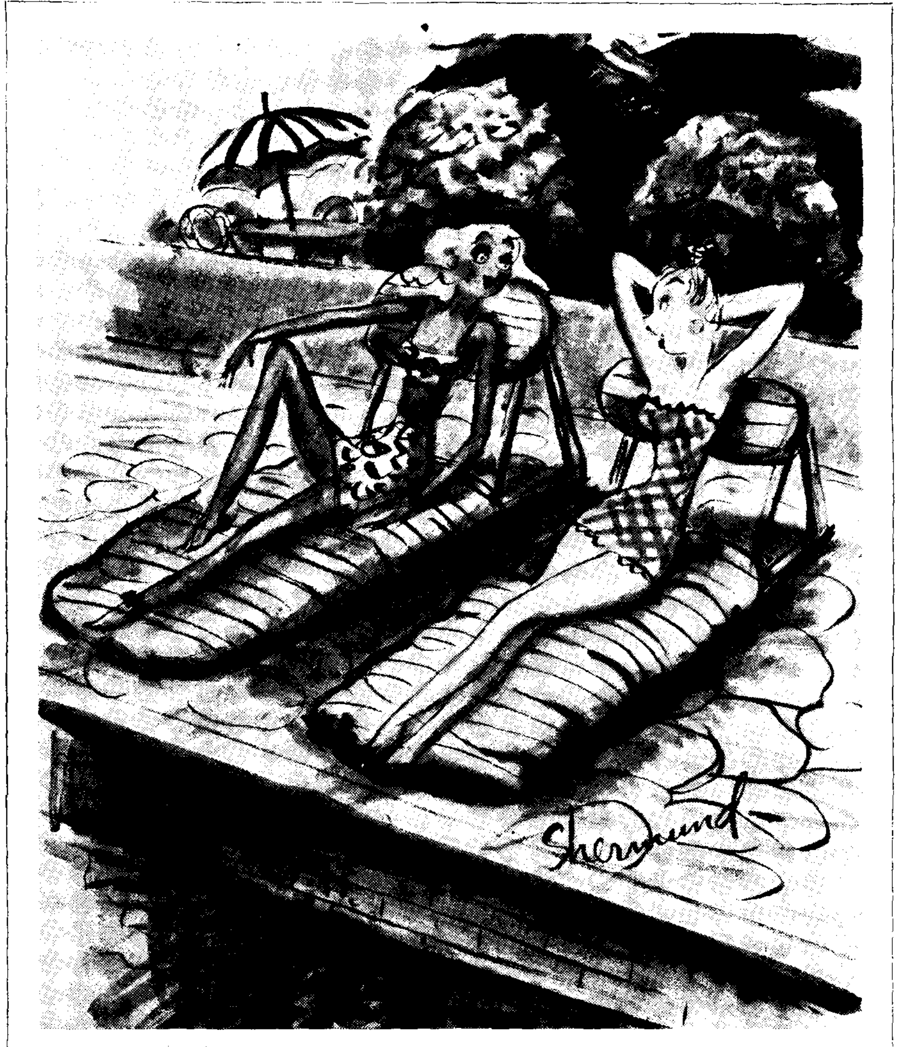
"Two weeks."

"Compared to you I'm a veteran. Maybe I can be of some help to you. My name is Ludwig Kern."

The violinist smiled sadly. "My name is Isaac Diamond, not that it's ever done me any good."

Kern missed the irony. "There are two seats now," he said eagerly. "Come along."

They were served barley soup with



**"She lost no time showing him how things stood—she carried *him* across the threshold"** BARBARA SHERMUND boiled beef. Kern emptied his plate ravenously. When he looked up the violinist was sitting beside him with his hands on the table. "I cannot eat a thing," he said.

"Are you sick?"

"No. It's always like this after I have played. I can't eat here."

"You'll learn to eat any time you have the chance when you have been on the road long enough."

"You think so?" said the violinist.

"Yes. At first we couldn't either, my father and I. But in time you learn. Nothing's any good if you don't eat."

The violinist looked at him and pursed his lips. "I suppose you're right." He laughed derisively. "At least that's a point of view."

Kern was silent for a moment, then he said: "It's the only one that will get you through."

"Think so?"

"Yes, aren't you really going to eat your soup?"

"I told you I can't."

"Then give it to me," Kern said calmly. "I'm still hungry."

The violinist pushed it toward him and Kern ate it deliberately. He knew there was strength in every spoonful and he was determined not to lose a drop. The violinist, who was at least ten years his senior, seemed to him like a spoiled and headstrong child. The first phase of exile, he thought. He'll quiet down.

He stood up. "Thank you for the soup. Now you can despise me all you like."

The violinist stared at him. "I don't despise you. I only despise myself."

"You don't despise yourself. You are just unhappy, that's all."

"All?"

"That's not much," Kern said. "You'll find that out when you have been on the outside a while longer—unhappiness is the commonest thing in the world."

He made his way, between the tables, to the exit. It's funny, he thought with a feeling of disillusionment, that a man can play the fiddle so well and think so badly.

THE Hotel Bristol was less than its name promised. It was a dilapidated little frame building that had been leased by the Fugitives' Aid. Kern was assigned to bed in a room in which two other fugitives were staying. He felt very sleepy after the meal he had eaten and went to bed at once. He would have liked to look for his father but sleep was not to be denied.

In the middle of the night he was wakened by screams. He leaped out of bed and, without pausing for thought, seized his bag and dashed through the door and into the hall. Outside everything was quiet. Kern stopped, put down his valise and rubbed his eyes with his hand. Where was he? What was up? Where were the police?

Slowly memory came back to him. He looked down at himself and smiled. He was in Prague, in the Hotel Bristol and had a permit that was still good for a day and a half. Silly to get in such a fright. Probably he had had a nightmare.

He turned around, opened a door and groped in the dark for his bed. It was to the right, beside the wall. Just as he was about to drop into it, his hand encountered something soft and warm. He shot bolt upright.

"Who's that?" a girl asked sleepily.

Kern held his breath. He had got into the wrong room.

"Is someone there?" the voice asked again.

Kern heard a sigh and the sound of a person turning over. He waited a few moments, then slipped cautiously out of the room. In the corridor he saw a man standing in front of the door of the room that he now recognized was his. The man had on a shirt and was wearing a pair of spectacles. He stared curiously at Kern as the latter came out of the next room. Dressed as he was only in his shirt and carrying his valise and clothes, Kern felt too confused to give an explanation. He went silently past the man, put away his things and got into bed. But before he did so he took the precaution of running his hand over the cover. There was no one under it.

The man stood for a while in the doorway, with the light from the hall glittering on his eyeglasses. Then he came in and closed the door with a snap.

AT THAT instant the screaming began again. Kern could tell now that it came from close by. "Don't hit me! Don't hit me! For Christ's sake don't hit me! Please, please! Oh—"

The screaming died to a hair-raising gurgle. Kern sat up. "What's the matter anyway?" he inquired of the darkness.

A switch clicked and the light went on. The man with the eyeglasses got up and went to the third bed where lay a gasping, sweat-drenched fellow with wild eyes. The other brought a glass of water and held it to his mouth. "Drink this. You're safe. You've just been dreaming."

The man drank thirstily, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down in his thin throat. Then he fell back exhausted, shut his eyes and gave a deep sigh.

"What's it all about?" Kern asked again.

The man with the eyeglasses came over to his bed. "It's a horror story from real life. This impudent hysteric dreams that he's in a concentration camp and is being beaten. Of course everyone knows that that's just a low Jewish-Bolshevistic lie. In the concentration camp every prisoner has an S.A. man as his personal attendant whose sole duty it is to keep him in good humor. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Kern said. "I understand."

"Are you staying here?" asked the man with the eyeglasses.

Kern nodded. "I'm a bit hysterical myself. When he began to scream a while ago I cleared out. Thought the police were raiding the place. After that I got into the wrong room."

"So that was it."

"Please excuse me," said the third man. "I'll stay awake now. Excuse me."

"Oh, nonsense," said the man with the eyeglasses, going back to his bed. "Anyone can have nightmares; it didn't bother us a bit. Did it, young man?"

"Not a bit," Kern repeated.

There was a click and the room became dark. Kern lay down, but for a long time he could not go to sleep. A man needs a friend, he thought. Someone in whom he can confide. He wondered where his father was; he hadn't seen him in a long time. And that business in the next room, that had been strange. The soft breast under the thin sheet. He could still feel it, and it seemed to him as if his hand were no longer the same.

Later he heard someone get up and move to the window. It was the man from the third bed. His bowed head was revealed against the brightening gray of the dawn like the somber statue of a slave. Kern watched him for a time and then fell asleep.

STEINER was sitting in Café Hellebarde. "Black coffee—and there's something else," he said to the waiter and handed him a five-schilling coin.

The waiter took the money and half closed one eye. "Yes, that's what I mean," Steiner said and quickly showed him a hundred-schilling note.

The waiter nodded. "But it may be an hour before those people come. Do

HEINZ
BAKED BEANS
GUARANTEED F
H.J. HEINZ C
MADE FROM FRESH RIPE TOMATOES, SPICES, GRANULATED SUGAR, DISTILLED VINEGAR, ONIONS AND SALT.
FREE FROM ALL ARTIFICIAL PRESERVATIVES AND COLORING MATTER
H.J. HEINZ COMPANY
HEINZ
ESTD 1869
TOMATO KETCHUP
HEINZ
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY H.J. HEINZ COMPANY
HEINZ SAUCE
HEINZ 57 BEEFSTEAK SAUCE

Something in Red for a Man!

*Wise wives give their meals zest and distinction with Heinz Tomato Ketchup, the favorite flavor of men everywhere*

THE LARGEST-SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

TO MEN the world over, Heinz Tomato Ketchup spells *good eating!* They like its piquant, perky tang on steaks, chops and beans. And you'll find just a *dash* of this ruddy condiment lifts stews and hash to new heights! For Heinz Tomato Ketchup, made of Heinz "aristocrat" tomatoes, Heinz Vinegar and rare spices, is so rich it goes *much* further. Keep a bottle on the table—another in the kitchen—to flatter your cooking with a flavor your husband loves!

**Come and see** the gigantic Heinz Dome at the New York World's Fair and be sure to visit the Heinz Period Kitchens at the San Francisco Exposition.

TOMATO Ketchup

# Other tires "GROW" wh
# this new "G-100" tire

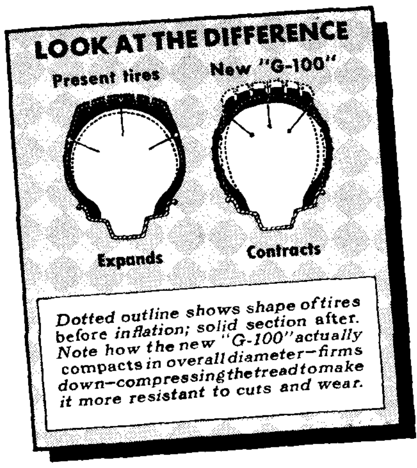
WE want to give you the low-down on something really NEW in engineering that endows tires with longer wear than you've known before.

To picture what we've accomplished in our remarkable Centennial tire—the new streamlined "G-100" All-Weather—you must keep in mind this elemental fact about rubber: STRETCH *rubber and it becomes easier to cut—more susceptible to wear*—just as a rubber band breaks quicker under tension.

So what? Well, in all tires up to now the tread has been stretched by inflation. When the air goes in they expand—actually "grow" in size as the rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s under pressure.

The point is—*stretch accelerates tread wear!*

But not in our new "G-100" All-Weather. Believe it or not, this amazing tire literally *compacts* vertically with inflation—firms down instead of expanding.



*Dotted outline shows shape of tires before inflation; solid section after. Note how the new "G-100" actually compacts in overall diameter—firms down—compressing the tread to make it more resistant to cuts and wear.*

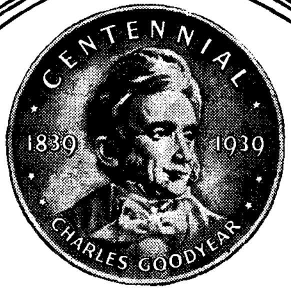
In other words the "G-100" tread is *compressed.* It "makes a muscle"—becomes denser, more resistant to cutting, scuffing and wear.

We achieve this magic by a combination of new tire shape, a new type low stretch Supertwist* cord and a new method of ply construction that contracts the tread as the tire is inflated.

The net to you is just this—by actual test on today's fast-gunning, quick-braking cars this new "G-100" *averages 33% longer tread mileage* than even our previous mile-eating tires!

And mark this: you get this big jump-up in mileage in a lighter, more flexible tire that runs silent as a shadow and rides like a dream—a firmer, more stable tire with less sway on turns—a safe, sure-footed tire with 11% more rubber on the road.

Naturally, this tougher, more compact tire with its more durable low stretch Supertwist cord in every ply is far more resistant to bruises and blowouts. It's built for hard going—and plenty of it.



## READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

*Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:*

- ★ **The new Goodyear Centennial "G-100" tire**—the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% more tread mileage.
- ★ **The new Double Eagle* tire**—built with Rayotwist*—revolutionary in design, material and performance, the finest luxury tire money can buy.
- ★ **The new YKL* truck and bus tire**—built with Rayotwist for high-speed, long-distance, any-hard-duty—phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.
- ★ **The LifeGuard***—a safety tire within a tire which takes the place of the conventional inner tube and makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak. You can't get better protection to save your life.
- ★ **The new "G-3" All-Weather* tire**—favorite of millions; gives you full center traction — blowout protection in every ply — tough, long-wearing tread — at new low price.
- ★ **The new Pathfinder* tire**—sets a new standard of Quality with Economy—husky, durable, good-looking; a tough, sturdy performer in the lowest price class.

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND**

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

**GO**

# en inflated, but

# “FIRMS” down!

Now that you know its story, cast your eye over the “G-100’s” clean-cut sculptured lines styled to match modern cars. It looks just as handsome as it performs.

All Goodyear dealers have this great Centennial tire built to star rubber’s One Hundredth Anniversary. If you want something standout – at no extra cost – it’s the tire to buy this year.

*It’s a grand new sensation having this light-footed, smooth-rolling “G-100” under you.*

GOODYEAR’S CENTENNIAL TIRE – THE NEW STREAMLINED “G-100”

**ONLY THIS TIRE GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES**

**1**—New tire engineering provides a *compressed* tread—greater resistance to cuts and bruises—up to 33% more tread mileage.

**2**—Flatter, sure-footed tread with 11% more road contact.

**3**—New protection against bursts and bruises from more durable cords.

**4**—Improved, modernized center traction All-Weather tread with diamonds closer nested for traction and safety.

**5**—Greater strength and endurance from new longer-lived low stretch cords.

**6**—Smart new beauty—fluted sidewalls to match streamlines of modern motor cars.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

**ODYEAR**

you want to look at the papers now?"

"Yes."

This was the second time Steiner had come to the Hellebarde. His luck had stayed good and he now had four hundred schillings. For that sum they had offered him a passport that had belonged to a dead Austrian, still good for a year.

Steiner picked up the newspaper and began to read, but he soon tossed it away. What interest could he expect to find in the news? For someone swimming under water only one thing matters: to get to the surface again; the color of the fishes isn't important.

The waiter put a cup of coffee and a glass of water in front of him. "Nice weather we're having," he said.

Steiner nodded and stared at the wall on which hung an invitation to prolong your life by drinking malt beer.

"Well, at least there's something always happening," the waiter remarked.

Steiner made no reply.

THE waiter shuffled back behind the counter. But presently he was back again, bringing a second glass of water on a tray.

"I don't want that," Steiner said. "Bring me a Kirsch."

"Yes, sir, at once."

"Have one yourself."

The waiter bowed. "Thank you, sir. You have some feeling for people like us. That's rare nowadays."

"Nonsense," Steiner said. "I'm bored, that's all."

"I've known people to hit on worse ideas than that when they were bored," the waiter said.

"Here's how." The waiter tossed off his drink and began to scratch his throat. "I know why you're here, sir," he confided, "and if you'll let me give you some advice, I'd like to recommend the dead Austrian. There are dead Rumanians, too, and they're cheaper—but who knows how to speak Rumanian?"

Steiner looked at him narrowly.

The waiter stopped scratching his throat and began massaging the back of his neck. Simultaneously he scratched the ground with one foot like a dog. "Of course the best of all would be an American or an Englishman," he said thoughtfully. "But when do you find an American dying in Austria? And if that should happen, in an automobile accident, for instance, how are you going to get hold of his passport?"

"I think a German passport is better than an Austrian," Steiner said. "Harder to check on."

"That's true. But all you can get with it is a permit for residence, not for work. But if you take the dead Austrian you can work anywhere in the country."

"Till you're caught."

"Yes, and that means the penitentiary. But who is ever caught in Austria? Unless he's unlucky—"

Steiner laughed. "Just the same it's dangerous. I might be unlucky."

"As for that, sir," the waiter said, "they say that it's even dangerous to pick your nose."

"Very likely."

The waiter began cautiously rubbing his nose but he didn't pick it. "I mean it all for the best, sir," he said, "and I've had a lot of experience here. A dead Austrian is much the best buy."

IT WAS about ten o'clock when the two dealers in passports arrived. The conversation was carried on by one only, a lively, birdlike fellow. The other sat there, large and bloated, saying nothing.

The spokesman brought out a German passport. "We have talked this over with our associates. You can have your own name put on it. The personal description will be washed out and your own substituted. Except, of course, the place of birth. You will have to accept Augsburg for that, because that's where the stamp is from. All this will come to two hundred schillings more."

"I haven't that much money," Steiner said, "and I don't attach any importance to my name."

"Then take it the way it is. We'll just change the photograph and we'll make you a present of the raised lettering that runs along the edge of the picture."

"No sale. I want to work and with this passport I won't be able to get a permit."

The spokesman shrugged his shoulders. "In that case there's only the Austrian. With that you can work."

"And suppose someone makes inquiries at the office where it was issued?"

"Who's going to? Unless you get into trouble."

"Three hundred schillings," Steiner said.

The spokesman looked hurt. "We have a fixed price—five hundred, not a groschen less."

Steiner was silent.

"Now if it had been the German pass, we might have made a deal, but an Austrian pass is very rare. When does an Austrian need a pass? Not when he's at home and when does he ever go abroad? Especially now with the embargo on currency! It's a gift at five hundred."

"Three hundred and fifty is my last word."

The spokesman became excited. "Three hundred and fifty is what I myself paid to the bereaved family. You have no idea how much work this sort of thing requires. Commissions and expenses, too. Conscience comes very high, my friend. To snatch something like this, fresh from the grave, you have to lay down cold cash and lots of it. Money's the only thing that dries tears and assuages grief. You can have it for four hundred and fifty. We're losing money, but we like you."

They agreed at four hundred. Steiner brought out a photograph that he had had made for a schilling. The two took it away and came back in an hour with the passport in order.

STEINER started for the station. He had left the boardinghouse the day before, checked his knapsack at the station and spent the night on a bench in the park. In the morning he shaved off his mustache in the station washroom and after that had had his picture taken. Now he was the workman Johann Huber from Grâz.

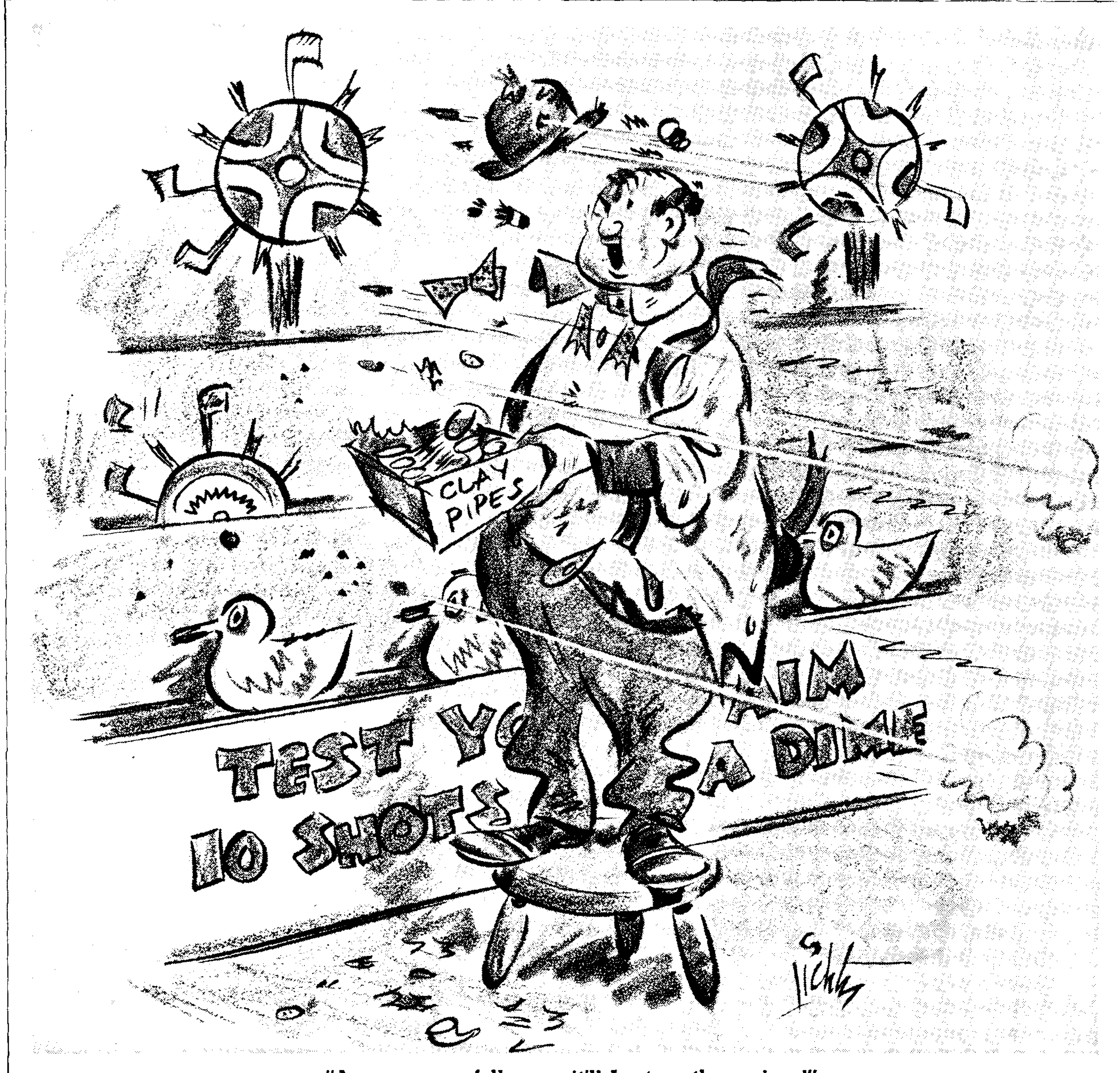
On the way he stopped suddenly. There was still one score to be settled from the time when his name had been Steiner. He went to a telephone and looked up a number. "Officer Schaefer?" he said into the instrument. "This is the station house. About eleven o'clock extensive rioting broke out in the neighborhood of Elisabeth Avenue. Report there at once. Yes. Good."

Schaefer was the policeman who had hit him in the face. Steiner had made a note of his name and address and had found out the times when he was likely to be at home. Now as he hurried through the streets, with the oily voice on the telephone still ringing in his ears, all the old anger boiled up inside him. He felt as though he had just received the blow and he could hardly wait to pay it back. Near Schaefer's apartment he hid in a doorway that smelled of rotting vegetables and dog dirt.

A few minutes later Schaefer came puffing out of the house. Steiner stepped out of the doorway and gave him a powerful kick from behind. Schaefer turned staggering, only to be met by a blow on the chin that felled him like a log. Steiner wondered for a moment whether he oughtn't to knock out his teeth as an object lesson. But just then he heard voices and strolled on as though he were simply out for a walk.

He crossed a few streets and presently felt safe. It made him uncomfortable that he had not been able to stand eye-to-eye with Schaefer and beat him to bits, but in doing that he would have run the risk of being recognized. Nevertheless, he felt happier than he had for a long time. Revenge is a wonderful thing, he thought. Even a little of it helps make up for a year of submission and flight. He stopped under a street light and got out his passport. Johann Huber! Workman! You are dead and moldering somewhere in the soil of Grâz, but your passport is still alive and valid in the eyes of the authorities. I, Josef Steiner, am alive; but without a passport I am dead so far as the authorities are concerned. He laughed aloud. Fair exchange, Johann Huber! Give me your paper life and take my paperless death. If the living won't help us, it's up to the dead.

*(To be continued next week)*



"Aw, come on, fellas—wait'll I set up these pipes!"

GEORGE LICHTY

## Small Fly

Continued from page 14

of a jewel. The spark plug looks like an infant's little finger, the carburetor is nothing more than a hollow tube the size of half a cigarette, you could slip a wedding ring over the piston and the whole power plant can be held in the hollow of your hand; but it develops about one-seventh horsepower at 5,000 revolutions a minute and sounds like a hornet with the hot foot when it gets going. Appropriately called the Atom, the newest and smallest of the dozen makes of motors weighs less than one and three-quarters ounces and will fire so fast that you can't tell it from the amplified whine of a bloodthirsty mosquito.

When a gasoleer has spent twenty to fifty dollars and four to twenty weeks building a midget plane, he's a little apprehensive when he pushes her out of the nest. He hopes she'll behave but he won't know what he's got until the maiden voyage is ended. While praying gently, he puts his pride and joy on a smooth ten-foot runway, starts the motor on "booster" batteries to conserve the strength of the smaller ones in the fuselage, adjusts the spark and gas controls, sets the timer to buzzing, yanks away the booster connections, gives the whole contraption a gentle shove and lets her follow her nose. He's still praying.

If everything is hunky-dory, the plane will (1) take off before it leaves the runway, climb a hundred feet or so, level out when the motor stops, do some fancy and unpredictable wing work and, finally, make a safe if bumpy landing anywhere from ten feet to half a mile away. Or she may (2) catch a few thermals and fool around for several minutes before disappearing in the general direction of the next county. On the other hand, she may (3) jump up like a scared rabbit and do a swan dive into the ground, in which case the unlucky (and probably careless) builder picks up the pieces and goes patiently back to work.

### Don't Neglect Your Insurance

But no candid-camera fiend ever had more fun in his darkroom than a gas modeler has at his workbench littered with balsa, pots of cement, knives, pliers, files and soldering iron, so don't get the idea that crack-ups spoil his appetite. That is, unless the motor gets wrecked. A "Knuckle Buster" laughs off broken spars and ripped covering, because a complete knockdown kit, less air wheels and timer, costs only three or four dollars, but a good motor costs as much as a competent radio, and head-on collisions with rocks do it no good whatever.

What a gas job blasting along at forty miles an hour can do to other peoples' possessions is something, and a plan is now under way by which N.A.A. members will be able to buy, for a dollar a year, $1,000 worth of liability insurance. Half of this is calculated to pay for broken windshields and bedroom windows and oil-soaked upholstery of all types, and the other half will, if necessary, be used to soothe ruffled bystanders.

At any meet, crashes are frequent and quite satisfactory, if you feel that way about it. Sometimes a plane goes into loops that tear off the wings; once in a while a beautiful job will crash and burn; and every now and then one will wind itself into tighter and tighter spirals, its motor howling, until it can't go anywhere except straight down. All of which means that (a) spectators have to learn to duck at the right time, (b) many a potential champion flyer ends up looking like a Japanese lantern after a typhoon.

A flight of less than forty seconds' total elapsed time, or an engine run of more than twenty seconds, is considered a delayed flight and the contestant has to try again. The average time of three successful flights constitutes a bid for a record, but new records have to be two per cent greater than the old ones or the cups stay on the same mantelpieces for another year.

### The Big Windup

The gas modelers are just one slightly complicated step ahead of the rubber model fans, whose ships are powered by long rubber strands wound up to 1,200 times by ordinary egg beaters adapted to the purpose. Lacking the weight of gas jobs and pulled by larger balsa props which turn lazily, these ships saunter around as quietly as butterflies but less erratically. When they "meet obstructions" there is practically no impact—and hence no rending and crunching—so the rubber-model fans experience only half the worries, but, by the same token, only half the thrills of the gasoleers.

Lord Wakefield of England gave the rubber-model builders added impetus in 1927 when he donated a trophy won in Paris last year by an American lad named Jim Cahill. Cahill's 47½-inch model flew thirteen miles in three flights, averaging 654 seconds for each, but others may do better at the Wakefield International Contest to be held early next month in New York City. Incidentally, the first gas model sneaked into competition with rubber jobs in 1932, winning most of the trophies, and the following year it ran away with everything but the kitchen sink, after which the rules committee went into a frantic huddle and decided gas versus rubber wasn't cricket.

There will be some funny-looking planes in the national meet at Detroit this week end. Some will be of original design, a few will have been built from prefabricated kits but modified to suit the whims and theories of the modelers, and a great many will be the rebuilt remains of a score of crack-ups, patched with every sort of material, streaked with oil, held together with knotted rubber bands and resembling aircraft only because they have wings and propellers. But the boys know how to get their crates up, and they'll be competing for more than cash prizes, technical-school scholarships and trophies. Airplane builders will be on hand to watch the goings-on, and this year, as in the past, some of the gasoleers will land their championship jobs and jobs in aircraft factories at the same time.

The government, too, is interested in these ingenious gadgets. Right now they're closely watching the development of radio control by means of which a miniature plane could take pictures and drop bombs without risking a pilot's life. So a lot of the model builders will end up by getting paid for puttering around with their hobby. In the meantime, they're having fun. "It's better than collecting stamps," one of them asserted, "because stamps don't do anything."

They may be only small fly now but your gasoleers are the boys who, before the next President has served his full term, will design, build and pilot the planes that will take a couple of hundred people to Europe overnight.

SCHENLEY'S
RED LABEL
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY'S
BLACK LABEL
Blended Whiskey

*When it's a date . . . Remember*

"LIGHT" IS RIGHT

One minute, sir... before you start off for that wonderful evening... let us tell you of two ways we think Schenley can add to your enjoyment...

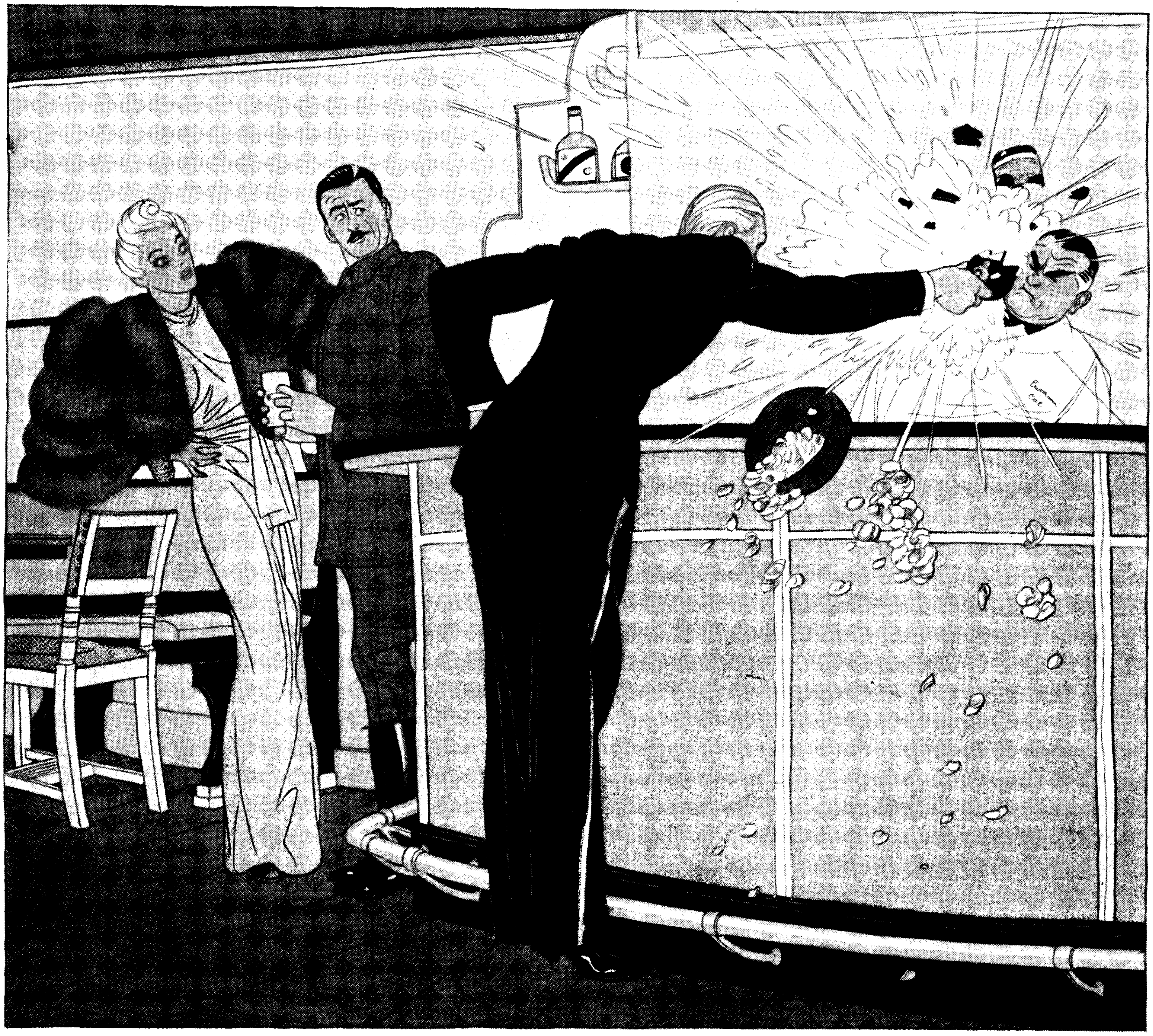
1. Schenley research has developed an exclusive method—"melding." This gives the whiskies blended in Schenley's Black Label and Red Label, a smooth, rich flavor which remains intact, when lightness is added.

2. Hence our experts perceived the possibility of a second Schenley method. This is a way to reduce the heavy elements, naturally present in all whiskies, while still retaining the flavor just the way you like it.

Try Schenley's Light Whiskies today . . . Schenley's Black Label for those who like a slightly richer flavor . . . Schenley's Red Label if you prefer your whiskey dry. Both have the right lightness, yet are full 90 proof!

SCHENLEY'S
*Light Whiskies*
BLACK LABEL - RED LABEL

*Schenley's Black Label 65% grain neutral spirits—Schenley's Red Label 70% grain neutral spirits—both Blended Whiskey—Copr. 1939, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.*



**Bill tapped the bartender on the head with the bottle. It wasn't a hard blow, but the bottle broke**

# Red Gardenias

## By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

SUSPECTING that his son, John, and his nephew, Richard—both killed by gas fumes—were murdered, Simeon March employs two detectives—William Crane and Ann Fortune—to look into the matter. Posing as husband and wife, Crane and Ann (who are presently joined by a third operative: Doc Williams) learn that at the time of his death Richard March had been involved in affairs with two women: Delia Young, night-spot entertainer, *and John's wife, Carmel!*

Assisted by Simeon, Crane and his "wife" are able to meet various persons who may throw light on the case: Dr. Paul Woodrin, an old friend of the Marches; Peter March, Simeon's son; Talmadge March, Richard's brother; Alice March (who, engaged to Talmadge, had married Richard) and Carmel (named by Simeon as the most likely suspect).

Everyone contributes some item of importance. Carmel, for instance, tells Crane that John had killed Richard after hearing him imploring her to run away with him. She says that John, remorseful, had committed suicide. . . . Believing that Delia Young holds the key to the mystery, Crane scrapes an acquaintance with her. She will, however, tell him almost nothing; and when "Slats" Donovan, the girl's hard-boiled lover, surprises them together, *Crane is lucky to escape with his life.*

*If Richard and John were murdered,* in all probability carbon monoxide had been pumped through a hose into their cars. Realizing this, Crane examines their cars—there is rubber on both exhaust pipes! . . . Someone phones Crane and informs him that something will happen to his wife if he doesn't leave town. A few hours later, Crane and Ann prepare to leave a gathering of their new friends at the Crimson Cat, where Delia Young has been singing. Peter March promises to join them, later, for a drink. Carmel, also, says she will drop in.

### VI

"WE CAN'T go," Alice March said, speaking for Talmadge. "I'm sorry you didn't find your Delia, Mr. Crane."

"Oh, I'll find her," Bill said.

Ann slipped on her evening cape and they said good night to the others. They found Williams in the bar. He was drinking Scotch and soda. The bartender with the gold teeth was surprised to see Bill. "Hello, pal," he said.

"Don't pal me, pal," Bill said.

Williams said, "Donovan took it on the lam a minute after you got here, Bill." He took a long drink of the whisky. "Talmadge March tipped him off."

"The hell!" Ann saw Bill was surprised. "They're still friends, then."

Ann asked, "Did you come out here to find Delia?"

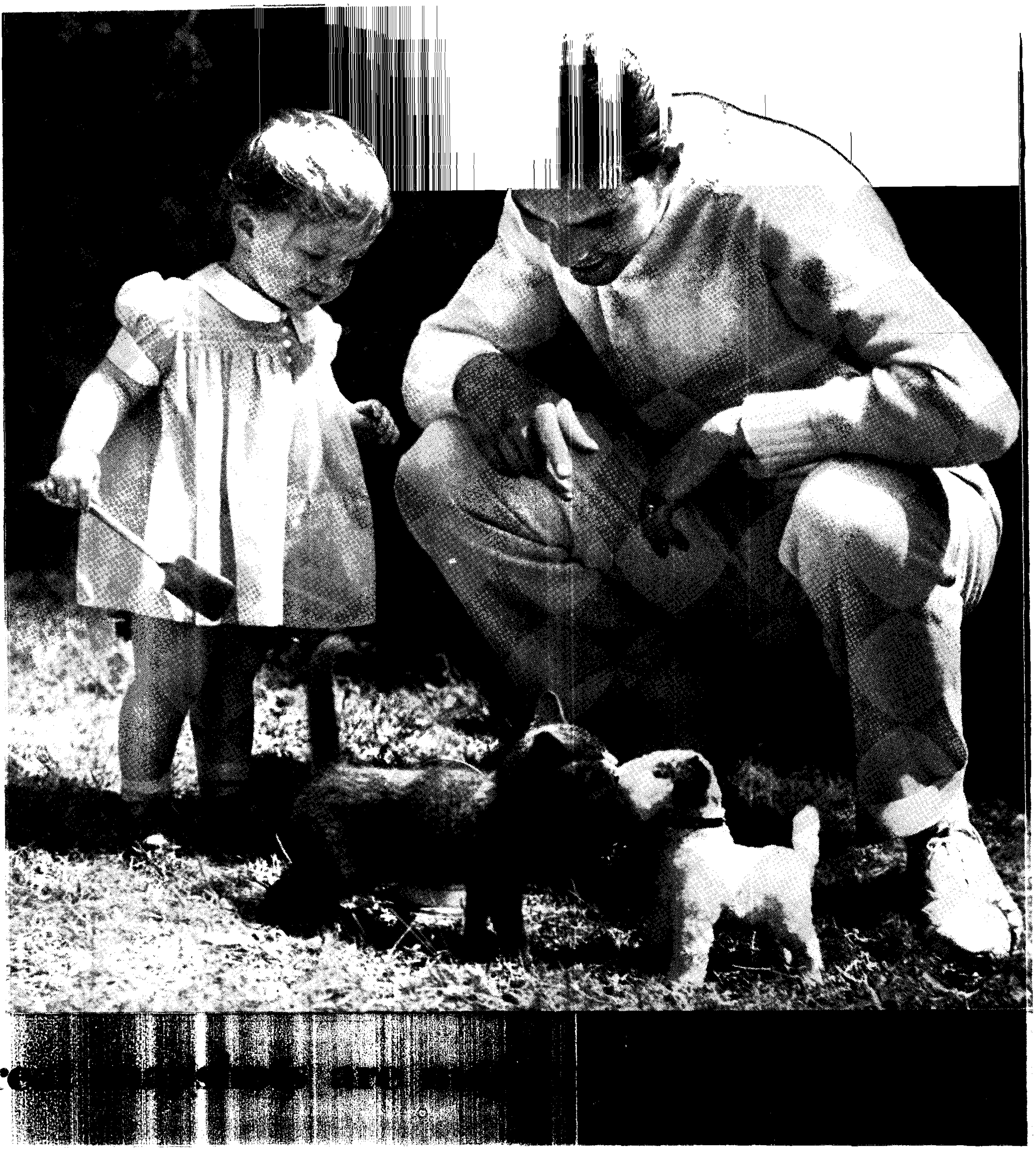
"Yeah. I think she's dead." He told her about Lefty and the phone call. "And I looked in Delia's room. It's been cleaned out."

She was shocked about Lefty. "The poor man with the funny voice!" She added, "But Delia's still alive." She told him Dolly had had a note from her. "She's all right."

"You're pretty smart," Bill said.

"Somebody has to be."

(*Continued on page* 49)



# The gre[illegible] are [illegible]

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box — Kodak Film — which only Eastman makes.

KODAK FILM
VERICHROME
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM
8 EX.
2¼ x 3¼ IN
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

### NEW LOW PRICES ON KODAKS

Picture making has grown beyond all experience. To meet the unparalleled demand for cameras, Eastman is now building an extensive addition to the world's largest camera works. This great plant will cut manufacturing costs. In a sweeping reduction, Kodak prices are now brought in line with these lower costs to come. You save, beginning right now. Get the good news at your dealer's.

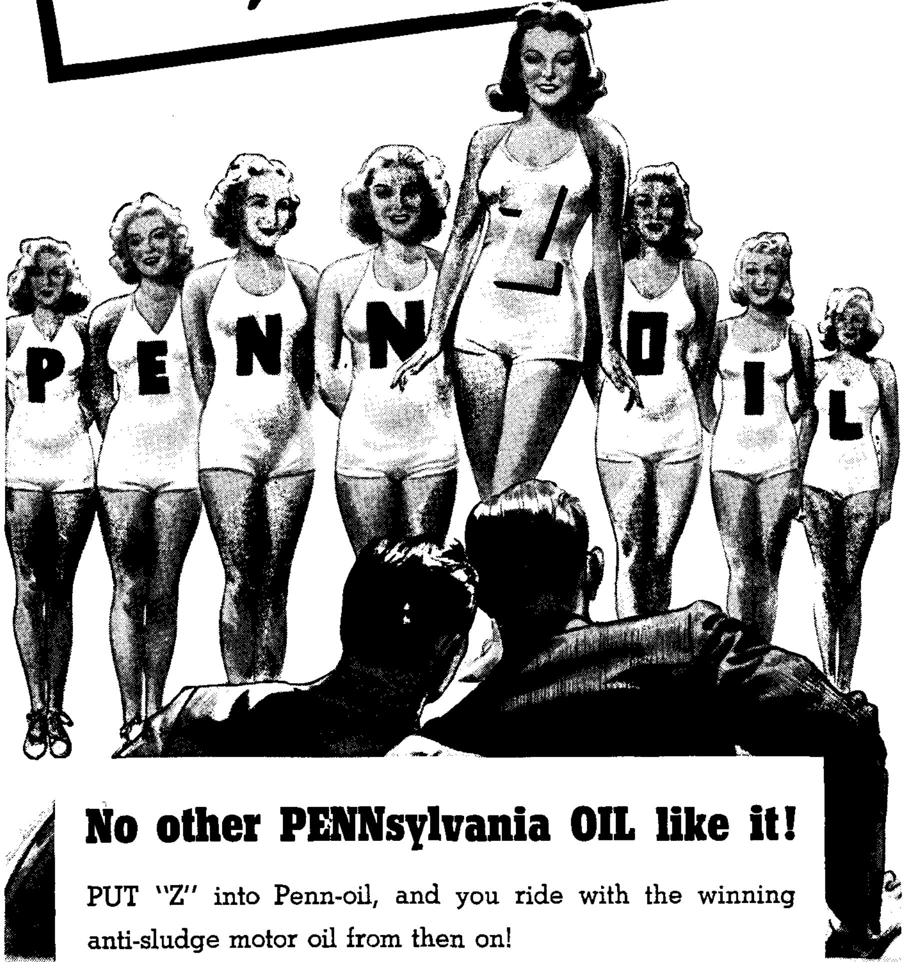
TO THE BABY, think how mysterious and awe-inspiring any animal must seem—even the family pets. And in fact—all life is full of surprises and adventures for a baby. Snap a baby any time, anywhere—and you're almost sure to get a dramatic situation.

All over the country today—parents are getting wonderful pictures of their children, just by loading their cameras with Kodak Film and going out and shooting. You can do it, too. You don't need anything but a baby with a kitten or a puppy . . . you don't have to go any farther than your own front yard . . . to get a great snapshot.

If you're using an average camera, Kodak Verichrome Film will give you best results day in and day out. It takes care of reasonable exposure errors. It performs brilliantly even when the weather isn't just right. Call for "Verichrome"—the film that gets the picture . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

**GOING TO THE NEW YORK FAIR?** Be sure to take your Kodak. Stop at the Kodak Building, where Eastman experts will advise you what to take and how to take it. And there you'll see the unique and gorgeous Cavalcade of Color—the *Greatest Photographic Show on Earth.* Nothing like it has ever been seen before. Don't miss it.

Sound your "Z" - and judge for yourself



No other PENNsylvania OIL like it!

PUT "Z" into Penn-oil, and you ride with the winning anti-sludge motor oil from then on!

Mirror-like piston rings and valve stems stay that way when PennZoil sees them through searing heat and grinding friction. Your motor runs smoother, easier. Keep using PennZoil, and you'll notice better gas and oil mileage, fewer repair bills!

Specify PennZoil motor oil and lubricants where you see the yellow oval sign displayed — and sound the "Z"!

*A leading automotive magazine tested 7 popular oils. Found PennZoil had 27 to 67 times the greater sludge resistance. That's vital today, when motors are tighter, run hotter than ever!*

GIVE YOUR CAR AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY!
These 3 extra steps make Pennzoil.
Others stop here.
Refining of plain oils ends here.

PennZoil's 3 extra refining steps remove sludge-forming elements other methods couldn't reach. PennZoil stays tough despite heat—gives motor protection a new meaning!

Member Pa.-Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

Be oil-wise specify PennZoil

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER

100% Pure Pennsylvania

PENNZOIL

Safe Lubrication

# Music Without Words

Continued from page 21

She met him at one at the door and they walked down the street together smiling and not talking. Again it was like dancing. They went quickly into a restaurant and Guy called a waiter.

"Two glasses of sherry," he said. He named a brand. He smiled shyly at her and cleared his throat and said, "That's supposed to be the best sherry there is." He looked so pleased about it. The sherry was rich and delicate, and then they had a hot lunch. After the soup they had he reached over and took her hand, and they held hands between them for the rest of the lunch.

"What do you do?" she asked finally. They hadn't been talking. There was no feeling of stiffness or of long silences; they simply didn't talk.

"I want to be a tap dancer. I mean, I am a tap dancer, but nobody ever heard of me."

She felt no surprise. Of course he was a dancer.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty-five. How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

Talking wasn't as good as just sitting and looking at each other.

"We'll go dancing tonight," he said, when he took her back to the shop.

JUST before Guy came for her that night William telephoned. He asked her where she had gone to the night before, in an outraged voice.

"Dancing," she said, in a faraway voice. She felt far away.

"I'm coming round to talk to you," he said.

"No. . . . I'm going out."

"Where?"

"Dancing," she said. She hung up, with her mind drifting. The conversation made no mark on her at all. In a little while Guy came, and they went out. Elizabeth wore her other evening dress, made of light blue chiffon and as full-skirted as the white one.

They took a cab to Harlem, to the Savoy Ballroom. Elizabeth noticed again, when Guy paid the taxi, how thin his billfold was.

They danced for hours, beautifully, strangely, inventively. The floor was full of black and yellow dancers who moved almost with the same obsession as they. Between dances they went to a table and drank lemonade.

When they left, it was bitterly cold, and they began to walk arm in arm. They walked all the way downtown, down to the park and through involved paths that led through the snow-dusted spaces that were so empty and alone and wild at this hour. They did not talk, they were as if enchanted with the harmony of walking together. The very cold itself was part of their exaltation, the sharp, high, thrilling perfection that was so precise and so still.

At the door to Elizabeth's apartment they paused again, as they had last night.

"I'm sailing for England at twelve o'clock tomorrow noon," Guy said. "I don't want to go now. I have a friend in London who says he can get me a job dancing, and I can't get a job here, anywhere. I've been trying for months. I've got to go." It was the longest speech he had ever made.

"You're going away . . ."

"Listen. I love you. You know. I'll get this job and be somebody. I'll come back and then I'll never go away any more."

"Oh, Guy! I love you."

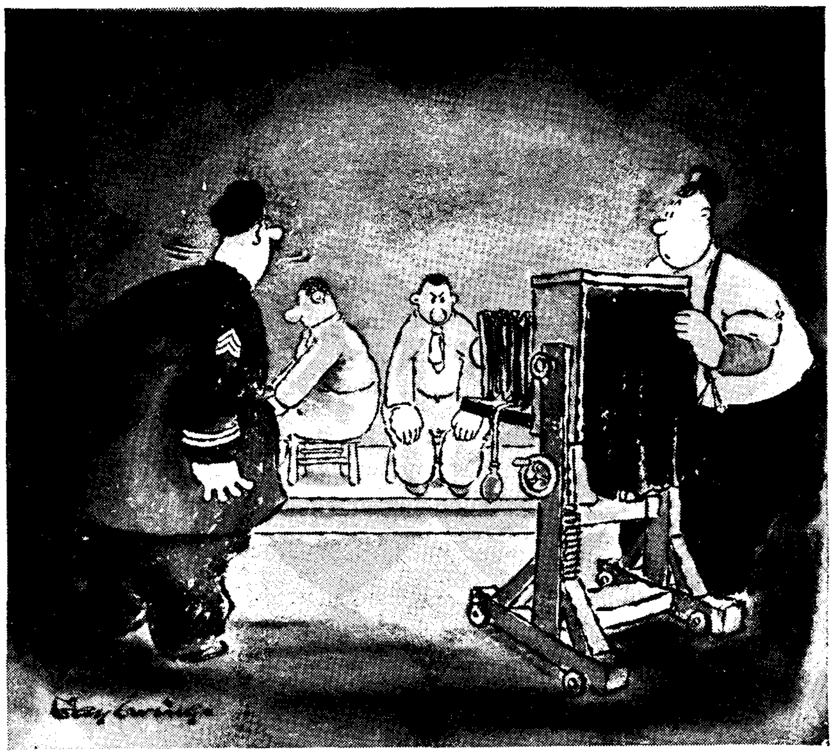
"Do you have to work in the morning? Can't you stay with me?"

"Yes. Come and get me in the morning."

They looked at each other, almost overwhelmed by all this talking, and then they kissed. Then he went away down the cold street, and she went up to bed.

In the morning she thought not at all of the shop. Guy came and they went to the same restaurant, now queer and empty, and sat holding hands at the same table. She looked at him, thinking that she must remember just how he looked. The hard, broad shoulders, the thin hands. He looked back at her with the same tranced stare. They had to leave at length, and ride in a taxi to the pier.

The last that they had together was walking down the windy, bleak dock;



"What's th' difference? They're twins . . ." JAY IRVING they were in a dream together. He turned and put his arms around her and kissed her, and she kissed him.

"I'll come back," he said in her ear.

Then she walked alone back down the long pier, into the lonely, ugly reality that Guy had left behind him.

THE atmosphere of the dream lasted for a long time. The whole world had been colored by those two days of magic she had lived through. But gradually there was doubt, first to be fought, then to be faced, at length to be given in to.

There was William. He presented himself at once, demanding explanations.

"I can't marry you. I'm in love with somebody else," Elizabeth said.

"You idiot. You little fool. You let a fellow who's just sailing for Europe play you for a sucker."

"I'm in love," she said again.

"I'll wait for you to get organized and forget this nonsense. You're going to marry me and live like a sensible human being."

"No. I didn't know before. . . . I didn't know there could be anything like this. . . . I know what I want now."

"I don't think you do. What?"

"A different world," she said, and could express herself no further.

She resisted coming out of the dream, but come she had to. She felt miserable, lonely and depressed. Guy had gone, and with him all assurance that he, and all the perfection they had had together, was real, not a figment of her imagination. More and more she felt forlorn. She had fought with William. She saw herself, a wan little figure, creeping about the streets alone, longing for something that had perhaps never happened. She went to the shop; she came home; she thought of Guy.

Those two days with him were as if made of crystal with the sun shining on them. She took it for granted that Guy, in London, lived perpetually in that crystal world. She thought of him dancing somewhere—oh, *with some girl?*—and having a job dancing, and she could not bear it that he had gone. She watched the mails for a letter.

After a while one came:

"Dear Elizabeth:

"How are you? It seems a hundred years since I saw you walking down the dock. Do you ever think of me?

"I've got a job dancing in a revue. It doesn't pay but I am working hard and learning a lot. I'm not coming back till I amount to something.

"I live at a terrible hotel and it is cold, so I practice all the time to keep warm.

"Love from GUY."

When she had read it four times, Elizabeth put her head down and cried. The two days hadn't meant to him what they'd meant to her. She had to face it. She wrote to him in the same busy, forgetful vein in which he had written:

"Dear Guy:

"I'm so glad you've got a job and I hope you do well. I suppose when you come back you'll be famous.

"Life is about as usual here. Of course I am very busy. Is London fun? New York is really a wonderful place.

"Love from ELIZABETH."

She hoped it would hurt him as much as his had hurt her, but even as she wished it she knew he wouldn't care. After she had written it she cried again.

There didn't seem to be anything left. But even so, she could not return to her old, comfortably jelled life. One day on her way home from work she passed a building that bore a sign—"Senia Barakoff, School of Ballet," and she went in and made arrangements to take lessons every afternoon late.

She didn't know anything about dancing technique, and she didn't know why she took these lessons, exactly, but something inside her made her want to know things that Guy knew, and to perpetuate as long as possible that atmosphere of rhythm she had felt with him.

Senia Barakoff taught her the ballet positions, and began a long course of limbering. Her body was stretched so that it was perfectly supple. She could do back bends, kick the back of her head, do a split, and kick straight up by the side of her face, and all with a technical ease.

Even though she was unhappy, she threw herself into her lessons. There was no special use in her taking them. But they meant Guy to her.

The months went by in a slow procession. The winter passed, and the bright, heartbreaking spring. Summer came.

William took her out to a roadhouse for dinner one night. Late in the evening, she went out on the terrace with him. The sky was full of nostalgic summer stars. Elizabeth stared into the darkness, feeling the sweet night around her. "Guy," she thought, "Guy . . . Guy. Where are you now?"

"How about getting some sense into your head?" William asked. "I take it you're still brooding about that hoofer of yours. Do you write to him?"

"No."

"You know you're being pretty adolescent, don't you? I'm willing to overlook the fact that you lost your head over this fellow. Let's get married."

"I can't marry you," she said.

Because, and this was what had kept her going for all those months, there was a dream, a sort of crazy romantic hope. She couldn't, in the deepest part of her heart, believe that those two days had meant nothing to Guy. She was sustained by her imagination: she saw them meeting again, somewhere, when Guy came back, and the old enchantment turning on like a light. And she subsisted on the hope, the wild belief, that somehow, some day, he would come back.

AUTUMN came, and she wondered what was going to become of her. Would she live in a dream like this all her life? Or would she marry William and return to the comfortable resignation to age and flatness that had been hers before she met Guy?

She wasn't ready to give up yet.

She used to read the theatrical columns in the papers, hoping that she would find Guy's name. And one day in January she did.

"Guy Galt, who has been panicking London in Ranlet's Revue, has signed a contract to dance in New York at the Knickerbocker for six weeks beginning February eighth."

So he was a success.

All her old visions and hopes turned lustrous again. He'd said he had to succeed before he would come back, hadn't he? Perhaps all her despair had been silly. But why hadn't he written to her?

She called up William.

"I want to go to the Knickerbocker Friday night," she said. "Guy Galt's going to dance there."

"Well," William said, "you are the damnedest girl. I'm to take you to the Knickerbocker so you can see this fellow dance, huh?"

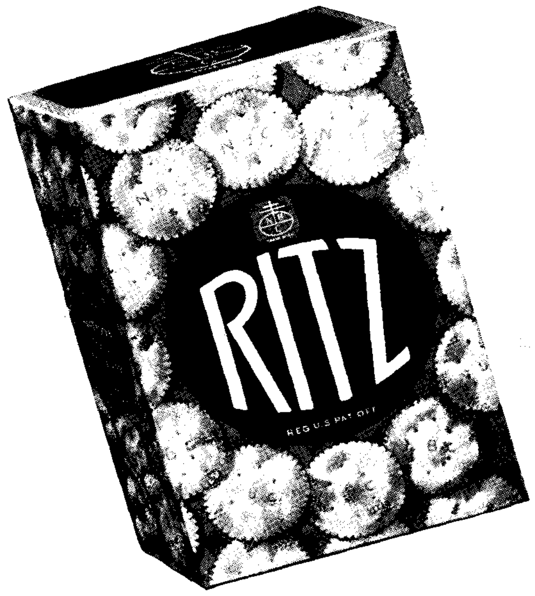
"Will you take me?"

"It puts me in a lovely position. I'm to sit and twiddle my thumbs while you feast your eyes or something. All right, I will."

By the time the eighth came all Elizabeth's doubts had been drowned in excitement. She bought a new dress—another white satin one—and had her hair done. She spent all evening dress-

RITZ
Schucker

"Dad must 'a
come home early!"



*Don't Hold Back* when it comes to ordering Ritz Crackers. Remember, *everybody* likes 'em! Ritz' glorious flavor is something to rush home to. It has made this golden cracker America's favorite and kept it in *first place.* You can't beat the nut-like goodness of Ritz . . . or the *sealed-in* crispness . . . or the dependable *freshness.* Ritz Crackers are baked in nearby National Biscuit Company ovens and rushed to your food dealer in moisture-proof packages. They're fresh when you buy them—and they *stay* fresh until the last one is eaten! Order *plenty* of Ritz today!

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

ing. She was sure that some miracle would be performed, and then— Somehow she would find herself alone with Guy, and suddenly everything would be once more the way it had been, long ago.

They got there at a little after eleven, and were given a table rather far from the floor. She had not thought of that; but she was too excited to worry. William ordered a bottle of champagne, not too expensive, and they sat talking and sipping the champagne. She hardly dared look toward the floor, where presently Guy would appear. . . . She smoked innumerable cigarettes and appeared to be listening to William. The orchestra played, and people danced.

At last—

"Ladies and gentlemen. It is my honor to introduce the man whose feet have brains in them—the dancer New York has been waiting for—that London is crying for—ladies and gentlemen—Guy Galt!"

The room, now jammed, went crazy with applause.

GUY came on the floor. Thin. Hard. Beautiful. Magical, with his quality of restrained tension.

Alone, beating unknown and impossible meters with his feet, he created the same magic, the illusion, that Elizabeth had felt dancing with him months ago. But this was a spectacle. This was not anyone she had ever known or touched, this was a brilliant being clothed in *glamor. She felt the startled worship* that people feel in watching any artist in superb control of his art. He danced two more numbers, and as an encore, a fantastically beautiful dance to Roses of the South, and then it was all over.

She was almost blind. Everything was *shaken. This was not anyone she had* ever known, this was a great artist. As he was bowing, and the room full of people were clapping their hands off, Elizabeth stared at him as if she were seeing a god. He disappeared, and he had not seen her, and it was all over.

"Don't you want to speak to him?" William asked. She jumped when he spoke.

"No. No. No, I don't," she managed to say.

"Well, I guess you aren't so crazy about him after all," he said cheerfully. "Do you want to stay longer or have you had enough?"

"Call a waiter," she said. "I guess I *will* send him a note."

She did it with all the courage she possessed. She had had everything all wrong, but now that she knew it, she might as well see him and speak to him once. She asked him to come around and have some champagne with them.

He appeared in a few minutes, walked up to their table. Elizabeth introduced William in a faint voice and asked Guy to sit down and have a drink. He said he was not really supposed to sit at tables, laughed, and sat down; he ordered a bottle of much superior champagne for them, and drank a little.

IT WAS terrible. She could say nothing. William was the only one who talked. Guy simply sat still and looked around the room and drank his champagne. Elizabeth had never felt such a fool, such a bore.

Out of the corner of her eyes she glanced at him. He looked older, and his clothes fitted superbly, and he looked important, brilliant. How had she ever dreamed of having him back with her? He was not the same person that had kissed her on the dock and said he would come back to her. He had probably forgotten he had ever said such a thing. He was a celebrity; a great dancer.

"I guess we'd better go," she said *quietly.*

"I'm all through for the night. Let me drive you home," Guy said. He said it politely.

William had a sudden and misplaced burst of tact.

"I've got to stop by Mother's for a moment," he said. "You take her home, Galt."

"No," Elizabeth said. "No, no, let's all go, William, you don't have to go by your mother's, let's all . . ."

William stayed with her while Guy dressed.

"What did you do that for?" she demanded.

"Sometimes I think you're crazy," he said. "You've been wanting nothing but to see him. . . . I think I'll let you get your stomach full."

"Please go with us."

"No. I'll call you up tomorrow and see if you've had enough tap dancer."

**"These pretzels certainly make one thirsty. May I have another glass of water?"** ROLAND COE

Guy returned in a brown suit. He looked so strange to her. . . . William left them in the hotel lobby.

"My car's parked down the block," Guy said.

She tried *frantically to make conver*sation, to break this stiffness that was all her fault and meant that she was boring.

It was a huge, low foreign car parked under a glaring arc light. They got in, and Guy started it with a terrific roar. He drove out *into the park, and began* to tear along the park drives.

"You were terribly good tonight," she said.

"Thank you."

It was a horrible drive. Once in a while Elizabeth would glance quickly at *his face.* It was hard and strong and beautiful, and unmoved. If he would only say something, pass the time of day! . . .

"Would you like to hear some good music?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, and her voice sounded prim and unaffected.

He drove to a side street and they got out. The huge car lay like a monster beside the curb. They went, in that terrible silence, into a small, smoky place where a colored orchestra of four or five men was playing very hot music. There was no dance floor. She couldn't even have that, dancing with him, she must endure this awful, absolute estrangement; no point of contact anywhere.

He sipped his drink, and with his finger tips beat out strange rhythms on the tablecloth.

"I don't see how you do that," she said idiotically.

"Oh . . . sometimes I work out routines that way," he said.

It only got worse. She knew the music was good, but she could not listen to it. She could not think of one thing to say to Guy. The silence got grimmer, and grimmer, and grimmer.

"I've got to go home," she said at last.

And so he drove her home, in the great thundering car, and took her up to the door.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night. . . . I wish you all sorts of success. . . ."

"Thank you." And he had gone.

THE next morning she got up feeling as bruised as if she had been in an accident. She did not know how to begin *her life over, for now everything was* different. Guy was forever out of her life. She would never see him again, unless some day at a distance, viewing the mighty. She had been a pretentious fool to have dreamed those dreams. She was just a girl that Guy had danced with. It was like a body blow to *think it. Her* life, she thought, was over.

Automatically she went to the shop, did her work, while her mind called her a fool and a romantic imbecile.

By lunchtime she was as tired as if she had not slept. She felt a little weepy now, and nostalgic, not so much for the imagined beauty of those faraway two days, as for her own lonely longings that were now over forever. She would have to turn to William and his mother and the jelling process for the rest of her life. She did not care. She did not care about anything in the future any more. There was no future.

An idea occurred to her, and she was sentimental enough to carry it out. It did not matter now, what she did. She went to the restaurant where long ago she had gone with Guy, where she had held his hand.

At least she could indulge herself in nostalgia, since all the present was pain. She sat down at a table and ordered a glass of sherry. She remembered the two days when she had really lived, for the first and last time in her life. It was hard to know whether she was glad or sorry that they had happened to her, she had felt so much happiness then, she was so wretched now.

"Hello."

It was Guy. He stood before her table, with a sherry glass in his hand looking rather white.

"Can I bring my sherry to your table?" he asked.

HE SAT down. Her heart was beating *like a bass drum. She couldn't think* at all.

"What . . . kind of sherry is that?" he asked.

"Oh . . . you know."

"So is mine. Darling, you *mean* you're not through with me?"

"*With you? You . . . you didn't* say one thing last night, you've outgrown me. . . ."

"Like hell you say," he said furiously, suddenly. "Oh, Elizabeth, what do you think I've been doing but wanting to get back to you, trying to amount to something so that I could . . . you know."

"No, I don't know," she said, as furiously. "You never say anything. . . . You never wrote to me . . . You didn't say even that you were glad to see me last night. How do I know what you think, what you've ever thought about anything?"

"I was so scared. I couldn't believe you felt the way I felt. You were a beautiful girl that got around. I can't talk, I never could. I haven't stopped thinking of you and remembering you for one minute since I left you at the dock."

"Why didn't you *say* so?"

"I *can't* say things."

"You've *got* to, or how can I know anything?"

"Have you missed me?"

"Terribly."

"But then why didn't you write me—you aren't a tongue-tied fool like I am. You wrote such an awful letter—I thought you hated me. . . ."

"I thought . . ."

"But why . . . when I met you, those two days—we never said anything. We didn't need to."

"But you went away . . . how did I know what you were thinking about, way off with other people—you never wrote and how did I know. . . ."

"I heard you had this guy who wants to marry you. . . ."

"Oh, *William.* . . . Of course not, not after I met you."

"But how did I know? . . . *Last night* you were so distant and he was with you and you seemed so sorry to have him leave."

"It was you. You were so far away from me; you just drove and didn't look at me."

"You mean you thought I didn't love you all this time?"

"Yes. Didn't you know I love you?"

"Of course not. You don't talk any more than I do."

"If you'd just *told* me. . . ."

"Elizabeth."

"Yes, Guy."

"We've got so much to talk about."

# "OUR 8th DODGE IS THE GREATEST MONEY SAVER OF THEM ALL!"

**Say Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Daniels,**
**San Francisco, California**

## "Yet it's the biggest, finest Dodge we've ever owned!"

**TAKE A LOOK!** New Dodge *invisible* luggage compartment, although completely concealed beneath windstreamed rear ensemble, is actually 27% larger! Actually 23 cubic feet of storage space in addition to the space for the spare tire and wheel!

•

**TAKE A LOOK!** New gearshift near the steering wheel—yours at no extra cost! Nothing new to learn! Floor is clear for real comfort for three adults in front seat!

"MANY years ago we joined the great Dodge family, and every time we have traded in our car on the latest model, it's been another Dodge. No other car has appealed to us as having the dependability, safety, and economy of gas, oil and upkeep equal to the Dodge. And, although this year's Luxury Liner is the biggest, finest Dodge we've ever owned, it's the greatest money-saver of them all!"

### Decide for Yourself!

Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Daniels! You are only one of the many Dodge families who have told us of purchasing their 5th, 10th and, in some cases, their 20th Dodge car!

If we could possibly add anything to what these delighted Dodge owners say, it would be this: before you buy any car, go to your Dodge dealer and take a look at the new Luxury Liner from every standpoint—beauty, new ideas, dependability, economy. Then decide for yourself!

For your pocketbook's sake, take a look at the famous Dodge engine. It's called "Scotch Dynamite" because it's so thrifty—gives you all the proven Dodge economy features, plus even more money-saving advantages for 1939! And remember, Dodge Dependability means longer life, lower upkeep!

Last, but not least, take a look at the price tag! Here's where you'll get your biggest surprise—for this big Luxury Liner is priced *even lower* than last year's Dodge!

**Tune in on the Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9:00 to 10:00 P. M., E. D. S. T.**

**TAKE A LOOK AT THESE LOW PRICES**

| COUPES | SEDANS |
|---|---|
| $756 and up | $815 and up |

**ALL FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED**

These are Detroit delivered prices and include all standard equipment. State and local taxes (if any), not included. Transportation extra.

**VISIT YOUR DODGE DEALER FOR DELIVERED PRICES IN YOUR LOCALITY**

# NEW 1939 DODGE *LUXURY LINER*

# Showboat 'round the Bend

Continued from page 19

Of all these streams Captain Reynolds likes the Green River best.

"Doggone narrowest and deepest river in the world, that Green River," reports the captain, admiringly. "Kin throw a rock acrost it anywheres and can't hardly find bottom any place. Got to back and fill as many as four times to get around some of them bends."

In the larger towns along the Ohio there is a tendency to take Cap Reynolds' show as a lark, hissing the villain, cheering the heroine and giving forth fake sobs at the more tender passages, but down in the Green River region they like their drama straight. The spectators who have arrived in silence perk up immediately upon sight of Tobey, the comedian, not only prepared to laugh with him but ready to sniffle piteously at the death scenes. Their faces light up, they lean forward in their seats and become engrossed in the faintly corny action on the stage.

When the play ends, there is a brief intermission and the curtain rises for the afterpiece, a series of vaudeville acts coming under the general heading of amusement. First, however, the master of ceremonies indulges in a bit of restrained candy selling, "a prize in every box."

The stage is covered with gaudy blankets, fancy lamps and assorted gewgaws, these to be the rewards for the lucky purchasers. In the old-time burlesque shows this was a raucous interlude with large-lunged individuals galloping up and down the aisles in quest of their prey; but with Captain Reynolds it is a gentle affair, with the gentleman on the stage pointing out the virtues of the candy and the prizes and with Mrs. Reynolds, Jackie Reynolds (aged six) and Margaret Reynolds (aged sixteen) passing quietly among the customers, selling candy.

When that is completed, the vaudeville starts. There is a monologue, a soft-shoe dance, a magic act, a fake mind-reading act, a tap-dance number by Miss Margaret Reynolds, a female impersonation bit. By 10:15 the whole thing is finished. The customers are hard-working people who rise early in the morning and by that time of night they have had enough. The cast files onto the stage and bows; the audience gets up and starts winding its way out.

By ten-thirty the last customer has gone down the landing plank and disappeared into the darkness. Within a few minutes the lights on the Majestic suddenly go out and the boat sits silently and darkly on the river, with the water gently lapping against its sides. From the upper deck come murmurs of the actors preparing for bed; from the shore there is an isolated and muffled shout of somebody departing for home. Finally there is absolute silence; the Majestic is at peace with the world; it has done its part toward the world's pleasures for another day.

### Twilight of the River Shows

Although it is painful to record it, the day of the showboat seems about over. Billy Bryant has had his boat in the Hudson at New York, but for the most part he covers such towns as Huntington and Charleston, West Virginia, and then plays out the rest of the year at Cincinnati. The Golden Rod stays at St. Louis; the Dixie Queen is a new boat which plays Kansas City and the surrounding territory. Captain Reynolds' Majestic is the only one still playing one-night stands, which he prefers. "Git nervous as a cat when I stay around the same place a week," says the captain.

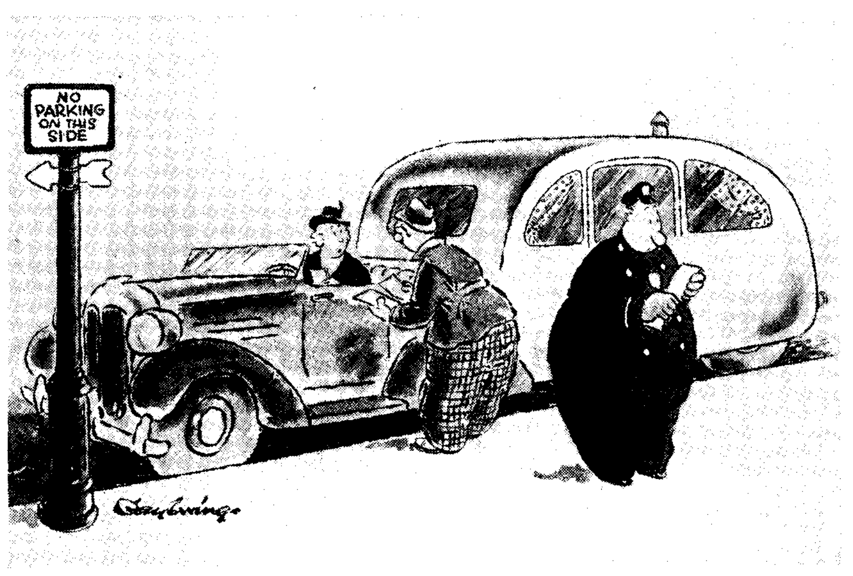
But the captain is saddened most by the passing of the famous old river boats.

"Used to be twelve or fifteen big ones. Some of them seated as many as a thousand people and charged seventy-five cents and a dollar. People used to row out and buy tickets before we could get tied up. Many's a time the reserved seats were all gone before we even hit the landing. The depression got all but a few of us and almost got me. Some nights we only took in two, three dollars. The people would come down and stand on the riverbank and listen to the calliope and then just fade away when the show was agoin' to start. Didn't have no cash money at all in them days. The big boats just couldn't make it. When they got leakin', they couldn't afford to fix 'em, so some sank and some burned up."

Captain Reynolds was fortunate in having a boat that he can run with the help of his family. The Majestic is pushed by a little boat called the Attaboy, which is run by kerosene and not required to meet federal regulations in the matter of carrying a full crew. The other showboats had steamers to push them and that meant they had to carry a captain, a pilot and a crew of deckhands and engineers. On the Majestic, one of the Reynolds boys is the engineer, and the captain, being a riverman from birth, does his own piloting. He is also something of a carpenter and built the Majestic himself sixteen years ago with the aid of his brother and brother-in-law. Four years ago he put a new bottom on her.

"Looky in there," he says, pointing to the region below and behind the orchestra pit. "Dry as a bone." It was.

The Reynolds family of nine children have been born and reared on the Majestic and the boat that preceded it. The family quarters are on the top deck of the Majestic just above the entrance to the theater and they live in it winter and summer. They have always tied up at Point Pleasant for the winter and the children have gone to school there. The captain is a riverman and only incidentally a showman. He started fishing for mussels, graduated from that into running a junk boat and got into show business by accident.


NO PARKING ON THIS SIDE

"The ticket for speeding goes under traveling expenses . . . but this one for parking should go under household expenses, dear"

JAY IRVING

"Used to buy and trade all up and down the Ohio," says the captain. "Bought junk and eggs and butter and sold glassware and tinware. Then I ran across a man who had a little moving-picture outfit and that seemed like the easiest money of all, so we took that up. We put benches in our boat and charged ten cents and filled it every night. Two hundred seats. During the day we'd go out huckstering and trading and buying all over the place. At night we had the show. To get to it the people had to go through the store where we had the glassware. The women'd buy pretty near every time."

### No River's Too Shallow

That boat had a tragic end, however, for defective wiring in the projection booth started a fire and the youngest Reynolds child was burned to death, having fallen asleep on one of the front benches while the show was going on. It almost finished the show business for the captain, but after a year or two he began work on his present boat, which cost him about $30,000 to build.

The Majestic has a draft of only one foot, which means it can go up practically every trickle of water in the land. On the upper deck of the Attaboy is a kitchen and dining room where the whole outfit eats. The engine on the pusher boat furnishes lights and heat for the theater but not for the rest of the boat. The actors have cabins on the upper deck of the Majestic but no lights, steam heat or running water—and neither does the captain and his brood. Each cabin has a stove and if you insist on washing you can easily do it by throwing a bucket from the upper deck and dragging it back filled with river water.

The captain puts an advertisement in Billboard, the showman's magazine, every spring and takes a chance on the actors he will get. A serious-minded critic would be forced to admit that the captain does not land the best actors in the world.

"Fifteen dollars a week for a team," says the captain. "We used to pay thirty."

The actors regard it as a vacation and don't worry too greatly about their professional standing.

"Even at fifteen bucks for two of us," said one of the thespians, "we can save a couple of hundred during the summer. At most of those places we tie up you couldn't spend a dime if you tried. Sometimes we don't go off the boat for weeks."

The acting, however, could be better. When we saw them doing Ten Nights in a Barroom, the timing and pace were a bit off and practically nobody knew the lines. Ernest Vevea, who has played the yokel in the red wig so long on the river that he is known as "Tobey" Vevea, seems to have things in hand, but his support is wobbly. When the actor opposite him in one scene stood blankly looking at him, Tobey let out a stage whisper loud enough to be heard out on the riverbank: "That's your cue. If you don't want it, to hell with it."

The drunkard was having his troubles not the least of them being an injury to his little girl who had been beaned with a bottle by the bartender when she came to take her papa home. It was clear to the audience that she was dying but papa would not have it.

"You ain't agoin' ta die, honey," said papa, leaning over the bed.

"Yes, I am too, Pappy!" cried Miss Margaret Reynolds, obviously exasperated at this attempt to keep her from departing.

Papa took it so hard he decided to reform. In the last act not only is he again clear-eyed and sober but he is attired in a nifty evening suit, replete with black tie and almost immaculate white bosom. As for the evil saloonkeeper and his leering associates, fate has dealt roughly with them. The kindly author has not had the fortitude to present them to us in all their agony; he sends us news of them through a third party. Says the third party with a shudder: "It was a horrible scene. When I looked at them I was shocked. It was enough to turn the stomach of an aching heart!"

### Newfangled Plays Not Wanted

But if the acting is placed upon a level that can reach every audience, it is also based upon fundamental emotions.

"They don't want no newfangled plays," says Captain Reynolds sadly. "We had one called The Push and people almost died laughin' if they ever came in to see it, but they wouldn't come in. They want Ten Nights and Honest Hearts and Saintly Sinners."

The captain pays on an average of fifteen dollars a year for each play he uses and operates on a modest scale throughout. His capacity is four hundred seats and he can do a business of $110 a night and has done as much as $150, counting the candy sales, which average around $1,600 a year. While the first half of the show is going on, Captain and Mrs. Reynolds, who is also the ticket seller, estimate the size of the audience and carefully insert the prize coupons in the candy boxes, thus assuring that there will be the proper percentage of prizes and no more.

What has been worrying the captain most this year is the absence of his daughter Catherine, who got married in the spring and didn't go out with the boat. She was his pride and joy, a fine-looking girl who played the calliope and the piano, acted in the plays, danced and sang in the afterpiece, sold candy, took tickets, acted as usherette. Before her his daughter Hazel played the clarinet, danced and acted in the shows, as well as looking after the younger babies. The present Mrs. Reynolds is a second wife and there is a two-year-old youngster, but that doesn't keep her from handling the box office and selling candy during intermission. The other older boy, Marion, runs the engine and makes most of the repairs and is general handyman around the boat.

So Cap Reynolds can go on until death or a lack of offspring overtakes him, but the great days are over. Captain Price and French and Isingbarth and Emerson are no longer on the river. They were the czars in the older days and none was more imperious than old Captain Price. There was the occasion during a storm when he hollered down from the bridge to throw the blasted anchor over. The anchor happened to be a showpiece in front of the theater entrance and not meant at all for use.

"It ain't got no rope to 'er!" yelled back one of the deckhands, sensibly enough.

"Throw her over anyhow!" bellowed the irate captain, not to be thwarted in this impertinent manner.

Which was done and the thing never was recovered, but the captain had his way.

In the depression days most of the old boats were hung together by pieces of baling wire, with the bottom leaking like a cheap raincoat and with the top offering a beautiful look at the stars through gaps in the upper deck. There was the night in lower Kentucky when a colored audience was all but being washed into the orchestra pit during a storm. They sat in the theater with their umbrellas up but it was too much for one kindly old lady when the hero, who had been dying, suddenly found himself hit flush on the map by a stream from a new hole in the roof. She got out of her box, lifted herself onto the stage and held an umbrella over the poor man.

"Lessen I can't he'p it," she said righteously, "I ain't goin' to see no poor boy dyin' wif his neck all wet."

### First of All, a Riverman

We got a definite idea of what the river means to the captain one time when we visited him at Parkersburg. The conversation seemed rather interesting but we suddenly realized that the captain was paying no attention. His eyes were on the river where a big boat was pushing up a barge filled with scrap iron. It was just at dusk and the sun was big and red across on the Ohio shore and there was a haze coming off the river. The boat seemed to swim bravely uphill out from the middle of a ball of fire. Mrs. Reynolds was also watching it and couldn't restrain her admiration.

"Ain't she pretty," she said in an awed voice.

The captain just kept looking.

"Yes, sir," he said finally, "that is sure a right nice boat." He spat a stream of his chawing tobacco over the side, shifted his position as he stood the rail, but never took his eyes off the scene.

## Bootleg Birth Control

Continued from page 13

lating on the future of our armed forces. War is a young man's game. Messrs. Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin will, I think, admit this. And warmongers well may worry.

Russia has closed many of her birth-control clinics. Moscow's abortionists no longer operate with official sanction next door to the marriage license bureaus. In spite of Mussolini's exhortations, Italy's birth rate is falling. To Hitler's growing concern, Germany's child production is leveling off after a three-year rise, with a noticeable tendency toward the down side.

### Fifty Millions to Fight

We may regard all this as ill tidings for the militarists. There are those who shout that if we continue on the present road the day will soon come when we may have no more than a few million men and women in the United States between the ages of 20 and 45, and that the raising of armies and the manning of navies and high-speed war industries will be impossible. Don't let them fool you, though. Conservative estimates give us over 50,000,000 in that group at least until 1990—more than we ever had in the past. We shall not be soon left naked in the presence of our enemies.

But the trend is there and it is fairly common to the rest of the so-called civilized world. And it is possible that laborsaving devices can more than compensate for any likely depletion of the labor market. So let us continue to deal in known facts and stay away from wishful thinking.

There is a more real, more immediate peril. With voting starting at 21, and with a large relief vote, obviously the oldsters and the reliefers could outvote the workers and give themselves anything they want in the way of pensions and handouts. That can happen here and it is definitely a danger.

It cannot be met by getting excited about the birth rate and urging our submerged third who are now having the most babies to have more babies. We have too long let breeding take the place of thinking. If our thinkers won't breed and our breeders won't or can't think, we may well say, with all the fervor we can muster, "God save America."

To hear some of the big-birth-rate boys talk, you get the idea that the womb and the brain are interchangeable organs. You can think yourself out of a tight place, but it's going to be harder and harder to breed yourself out of one in a world already well peopled. It seems to be a part of growing up as a nation to realize this, and to take a breathing spell and find out who we are and where we are going before we try any scheme that might make our states human rabbit warrens like China and India.

A million half-wits won't take the place of one genius in advancing human welfare. Which means that if we put our brains in too many skulls, we are betting against ourselves. Mistakes in getting people born are worse than mistakes in taxes or expenditures because, bad as repudiating a debt may be, repudiating a million people is worse—it's impossible.

If one admits that mere numbers are not crucially important, the outlook appears much less sad. In the tapering-off of our population we give ourselves a chance to adjust our numbers to our natural resources.

### We'll Have to Balance Up

The difficulty is that our tapering has been uneven. We have tapered a lot at the top and little, if any, at the bottom. There is a danger that this may turn us away from our traditional democratic ideal. Too many of our children are reared in the hopeless outlook of our "ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed third." That is not good for any of us. It may breed programs of desperate remedies—dictatorships of one kind or another. So in our tapering we need balancing too.

While it is hardly news to me, I have just put into the "technical record" an article that reports a survey of 2,347 Wellesley College graduates who are old

You may worry about your golf

but here is one worry you can avoid

**Peace of mind is a wonderful thing.** Life has enough problems without your worrying about chassis lubrication.

Let us worry about that!

Let us Marfak your car every thousand miles. You'll never have to give a thought to grease cups and shackle bolts.

Because in Texaco's 40-Point Lubrication Service we use Marfak, the tough lubricant that lasts twice as long as ordinary grease.

It gives the right kind of protection at every friction point on the chassis and keeps your car in apple pie condition all the time.

Stop where you see the Marfak sign. Then you'll stop worrying about chassis lubrication.

TEXACO
Let us MARFAK your car
TEXACO'S 40-POINT LUBRICATION SERVICE

AT ALL TEXACO AND OTHER GOOD DEALERS

Copyright 1939, The Texas Company

enough to have borne all the children they can ever bear. The report confirms every study made of the size of families of college graduates, so it may be taken as typical. It tells us that these estimable ladies and their husbands, all members of what we are wont to regard as the upper and refined stratum of society, are the parents of 2,958 children of whom about 100 died before maturity—2,855 adult children—an average of one and one fifth child per family.

This is scarcely enough for balance. It may be expedient, but it's scarcely patriotic of the ladies. This report has it that these unproductive mothers are endowed with reasonable health and beauty. They enjoy better-than-average economic security. Their cultural background and their educational equipment add to their fitness to bear and rear children. The experts assure us that the power to beget children knows no class distinction. Your college professor is not necessarily less fertile than yonder longshoreman, nor than the relief client with nine children.

It is easy enough to fall into the error of saying that were economic conditions more propitious, that if Mr. Wellesley had not suffered an almost mortal wound in Wall Street, Mrs. Wellesley might have borne him a couple of daughters and a whole son or even two or three to watch the stock market, take over his medical or legal practice, or *even become a geneticist.*

### A Privilege of Wealth

But it is not demonstrable that the depression had much to do with Mrs. Wellesley's self-willed loss of fertility, for this group graduated between 1879 and 1913, and these children were born before there were depressions, New Deals or SEC's. She is of that upper class that for one reason and another—economic, social or mere convenience—is reproducing at the depleting rate of seventy-five per cent of itself and apparently aiming at fifty per cent.

These are not the mothers who make the abortionist rich. You will not find the names of many upper-class women in the abortionists' hideous casualty lists. Their medical advice is superior and expensive. The contraceptives they use are harmless and scientific. Our vaunted democratic institutions do not include similar contraceptive privileges for the poor and ignorant.

The mother in the less-privileged class, except in the few communities that permit the operation of public clinics, deprived by law of birth-control education and by isolation of superior medical advice, must trust herself to the charlatan, the ill-equipped and the cheap fraud. She suffers the fate of a little knowledge picked up from uninformed sources. In the last resort, she is the abortionist's fortune.

A thousand Wellesley-class mothers contribute 600 adult daughters to our population. The mothers in what the economists like to call the marginals or submarginals produce 1,730 adult daughters per thousand.

There is nothing snobbish in deploring this, for an unbalanced population can come to nothing desirable.

We discover in research financed and published by the Milbank Memorial Fund that recipients of relief produce more children than the general nonrelief population. "Marital fertility rates seem to be generally higher among illiterates than among literates in this country, and among common-school groups than among high-school groups."

This is due in part to the readier extension of public support to large families and to those families with newborn children and to the expectant mother. There is no evidence that these children *are born to mothers on relief* because of a fundamental and irresistible yearning of those mothers for more children.

Were there no immediate material benefits in the form of larger doles, perhaps such mothers would be less inclined to bear more children. But the kindly government, which will not permit you to starve, will not openly advise you how safely and scientifically to thwart conception.

The government may face bankruptcy, as our friends on Capitol Hill declare, but it will not face birth control. It will punish you, perhaps, for practicing birth control (at least declare you a *lawbreaker) and at the same time* pay job-holders to inspect the products of factories turning out contraceptive devices that you may not legally buy or use for contraceptive purposes without a doctor's *prescription.*

All our evidence in all classes of our population clearly indicates that voluntary control of family size has been the principal factor in trends and differentials of population change. Legal or illegal, women will seek contraceptives; they have rightly sought them for ages. Why make birth control the boon of the abortionist?

Since we still live in a democracy, as the present upper class decimates itself, the abler, more gifted members of the lower stratum will presently be siphoned up the social scale, repairing the upper crust. But like their new neighbors, they *will immediately cease to have children.*

This siphoning-up has always obtained in our country, and with birth rates in balance it is not a danger. The places left vacant at the top were promptly filled with equally fit. Our present tendency is not so hopeful because our siphon skims off the cream of ability, and what is left to breed from cannot be improved by this process. Thus there is the danger that the upper ranks will be filled through an indiscriminate scramble, in the same way that the crowded bleacherites at a ball game will, when the opportunity affords, rush to the vacant grandstand seats.

Unless we restore order in our birth rates we may very readily reduce our lower or basic stratum to dregs—who can produce only dregs. Our average intelligence will decline. We will become *a stupid race.*

We shall create (or revive) the golden age of the quack, the charlatan, the adventurer, the impostor, the crackpot and the demagogue. Democracy's menace is not in legislation nor court interpretations; it is in an unbalanced population.

### What Birth Control Really Is

Birth control is a much-abused term. In its true sense it is not, as too many of us assume, the mere prevention of conception. It should not be a mere matter of personal convenience. Birth control must become a means to population balance. As it has operated so far it has dangerously reduced births in groups of higher intelligence and better economic background. For a balanced population it must do precisely the opposite; cut down births among the least intelligent, least trained and least capable groups.

Whatever the prohibitions against contraception, it will be practiced. Unregulated, kept in its present bootleg status, made shameful instead of a wise measure for the preservation of our institutions and standards, it can ruin us. Humanely administered it can preserve us and deliver us from evil.

*Election-minded* Congresses will hasten to appropriate billions of dollars to succor the farmer. Later they shake their begloomed heads, saying that this sort of thing may not and certainly *should not go on indefinitely.* And yet these congressmen profess to see no *contributing factor in the fact that our* needy farm population, very much like our relief population, is supplying sixty per cent more births than are necessary for replacement.

They should recognize this because Congress has appropriated the money necessary for the National Resources Committee to gather these facts and publish them for all to read. The population surveys of the same government agency demonstrate that this excess is not uniformly distributed throughout our farm population, either. The highest fertility rates are to be found in the worst farm areas. Moreover, the farm owners produce fewer children than the farm renters and very many less than the farm laborers. The sharecropper is far and away the most fertile.

In our nonfarm population we find that the professional class produces the fewest children, the unskilled laborer the most. The professional and business rates of child production range from twenty to thirty per cent lower than the necessary replacement numbers. The unskilled reproduces himself at a rate of from 125 per cent to 150 per cent. And even so, the unskilled average is mercifully on the decline.

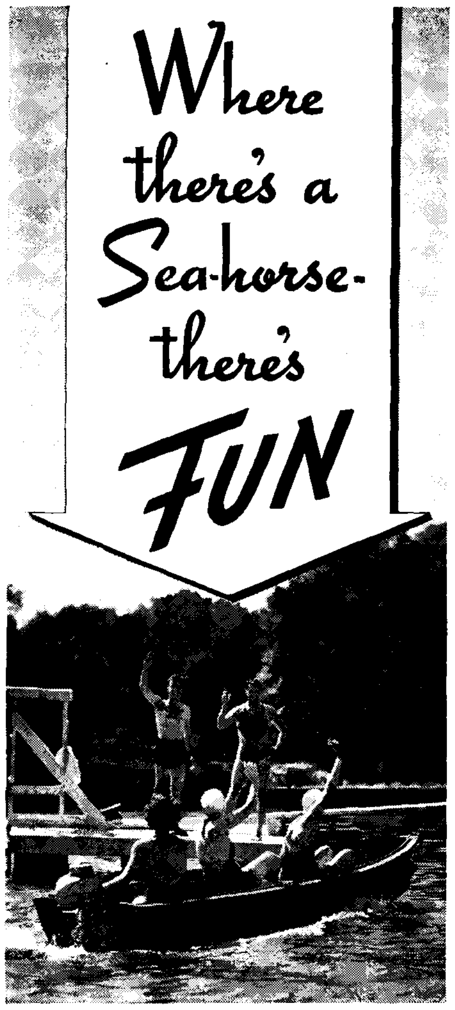
### Let's Have the Facts

One may readily understand that the government published these findings with considerable awe and that it was *more than eager to do nothing about it.* Actually one wonders why reports that call in question so many things we are doing and seem determined to do were published at all. When they were compiled, the committee, headed by the Honorable Harold L. Ickes, appears to have had quite a case of the shudders. It withheld publication of the report for over a year, and the report finally appeared without the main part of the chapter demonstrating that "group differences in fertility rise largely through differences in the acceptance and practice of contraception."

This material was suppressed without conference with the Milbank Foundation, from which it came, and which was specifically invited to contribute. But other contributing bodies and individuals raised such an outcry about the omission that the committee included it (in a much condensed version) in the second printing of the report. The apprehensions of the committee seem to have been groundless, for nothing happened. Among the others serving with Mr. Ickes on the committee are Secretaries Woodring, Wallace, Perkins and Hopkins. As chairman, Mr. Ickes, who must assume the responsibility for the work of his committee and subcommittees, does not appear to be as fearlessly outspoken as he would prefer to have us think.

The solution of the problem we are setting for our children is not immigration. We might do quite well for ourselves, economically and socially, if immigration were shut off completely. No harm and perhaps much good can come of a leveling-off of our population. A sharp drop in numbers might be disastrous, but nobody expects that. What we need is not more babies, but better babies, properly distributed, brought into the world to recreate and perpetuate a balanced population smart enough to make a democracy work. We're going to need them.

Our spread-eagle orators like to call us a young, vigorous nation. We definitely do not yet need a wheel chair. But we must *think* like adults, without regard for politicians and demagogues, about ourselves; we must use facts we have, facts no other people have had, to keep ourselves from going to the dregs. A nation is no younger than its arteries, and no smarter than its brains.


Where there's a Sea-horse—there's FUN

The modern youngster gets around! He's motorized in the city. And the lake can be awfully dull if he is not motorized there!

Give *your* family the thrill of a modern outboard motor. Swimming. Picnicking. Evening rides. And (for yourself) new fishing experiences!

You'll want a Sea-Horse, of course. The motor that gives you *perfected* Alternate Firing for silken smoothness; built-in Underwater Exhaust for peaceful quiet; and 360° Steering with REVERSE. These are the "big three" of outboard motoring and

**ONLY JOHNSON HAS ALL THREE!**

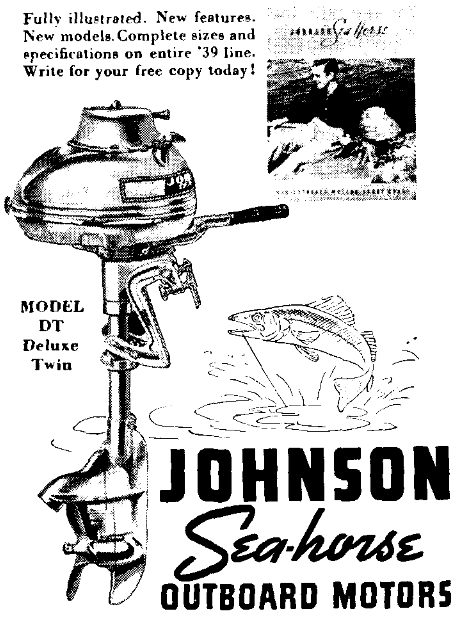
JOHNSON DEPENDABILITY AS LOW AS $49.50 F.O.B. FACTORY

There are 10 great, new Sea-Horse models to choose from—a model for every purpose. See your Johnson Dealer for a demonstration. You'll find his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory. Prices are low and ***many Johnson dealers sell on easy time payments.***

JOHNSON MOTORS, 4700 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
*Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada*

**FREE!** THIS HANDY CHART

Fully illustrated. New features. New models. Complete sizes and specifications on entire '39 line. Write for your free copy today!



# The Long Years

Continued from page 18

But, riding the ambulance wagon back across the bitter flare of the desert to Camp Grant, with a file of troopers behind, she had her moment's unreasoning hatred of time, its cruelty, its indifference. She thought of the heat through which little Bill would be passing, the savagery of the Indians along that route; she had a mother's foreboding picture of little Bill leaning perilously over the rail of the steamer, she saw his small shape standing on the dangerous open platform of the railroad coaches while the train rushed on; she remembered that he always had trouble with the buttons of his clothes, she remembered a thousand small things.

ARIZONA in the seventies was the farthest corner of the country, as remote from the East as Asia. It was more than a month before she had word from her sister of little Bill's arrival, with little Bill's heavy-penciled note enclosed: "Dear Mother, I got here fine. Captain Towson combed my hair once. I fixed it the rest of the time. This is a big town. I don't see any snakes or Indians. I will be a big boy when you come back."

Millar read it, smiling in a pleased, proud way. "A relief to know he's settled. We have nothing to worry about now. I think we're going out on scout in the morning, so I believe I'll just join a poker game for a few hours."

She said: "Next May, Tom. Next May, I'll start back."

"Next May," he said. "Don't worry, old girl," and went down the walk, a long and robust man.

This was the year the Apaches broke out, leaving their trace of ruin and murder all through Arizona, from the Dragoons to Mogollon Rim in the north. Crook was campaigning in the country and Tom Millar's company was out on scout through that summer and fall and winter. Standing at the edge of the parade, Sarah Millar watched her husband ride away, a confident and soldierly man, pleased with his work; and watched him ride back, dusty and unshaven and gaunt from the long chase. May was the time she meant to go east; but when May came she knew she couldn't go, being heavy with a new child. It was born dead later in the summer.

Lying on her bed, too weak to find interest in life, she listened to Millar's reassuring voice: "We've got nothing to worry about, old girl. The boy is getting along fine with your sister. You're in no shape to travel till winter—and that's not a good time. Spring, then."

She said: "Do you remember the way he looked, Tom?"

He said: "Why, of course. What a question. Of course," but she saw his face change a little, and he sat still beside the bed, with his eyes faintly set, remembering. Presently he said in a softer voice: "Tough on you. But spring, without fail."

She had her first fear, her dark intimations that winter; it was like a tide pushing against her, and feeling it she began to hold little Bill's face in image before her mind, with a desperate effort to keep it clear, with always the dread that time would dim it for her. Each month she sent board money to her sister and each month she received back her sister's letter, with little Bill's note enclosed. Reading these notes, studying the slowly forming script of a growing boy, she put them away in the drawer of the old camp bureau, those white slips making a thickening pile. Sometimes, looking at that pile, a wave of fright washed through her.

In early spring of that year the rumble of bad times in the East came faintly to the frontier and one night Millar crossed the parade to quarters, walking like an old man, all the snap gone from his stride. He held a letter in his fist and she noticed that his hand trembled. He gave her the news quickly, throwing it out all at once, quick and blunt: "Harris and Son are bankrupt. Whatever money we had was with them. We're broke, old girl. Worse than broke. I probably owe a thousand dollars around this command."

She could not go east; that was her first thought, and for a moment a kind of gladness went through her from thinking that if they were so poor they could not afford to keep little Bill in school, he could come back. Then all this went out of her head. "You've got your pay. We will set aside fifty dollars of that every month, for Bill. St. Paul's is not a cheap school and we can't afford to burden my sister. The rest we will live on, somehow, and pay off the debts as best we can."

He stood over her, dead-beat with discouragement, hurt by her disappointment. She put her hand on his arm, softly and sweetly. "It will be all right, Tom."

All he said was, "It is a hard world, old girl."

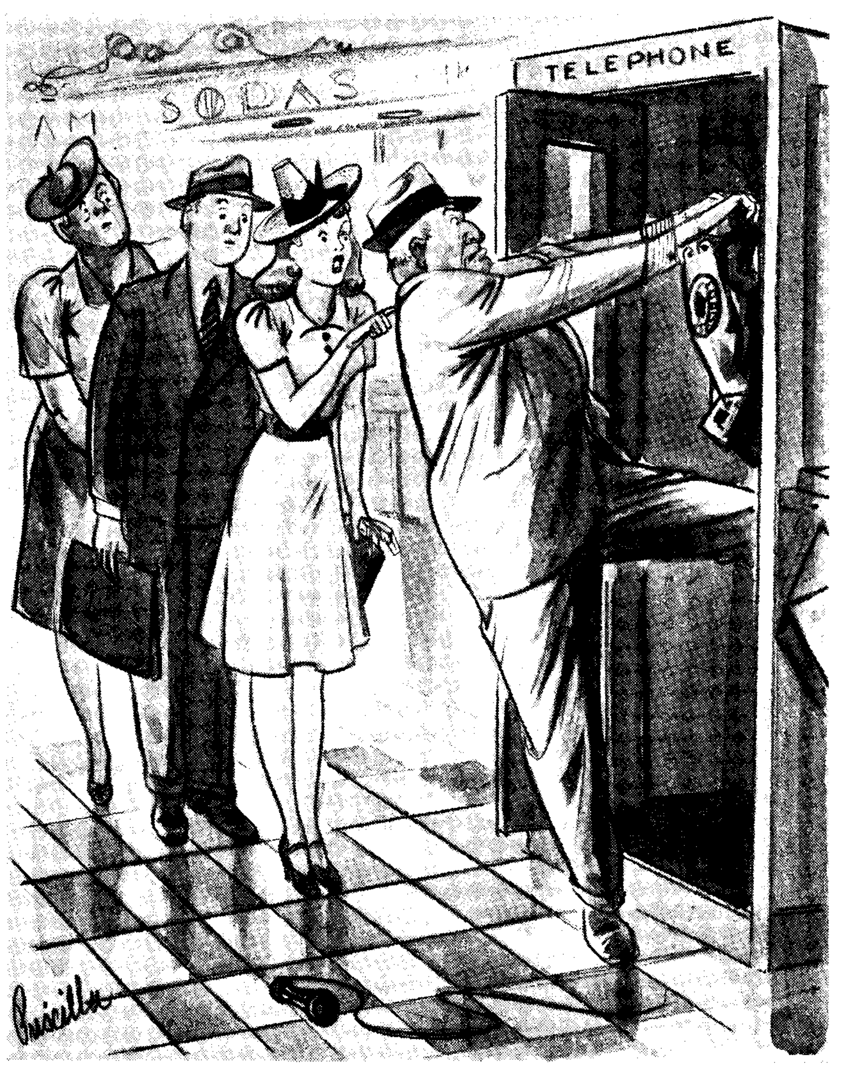
It was the little things that most mattered, until they grew used to them. Millar, loving his poker, no longer played; and he gave up his cigars and turned to a pipe, which he hated. These were the little things. In a way there was relief—the relief of no longer being keyed up to anticipation; for she knew she could not afford a trip east, and when she knew it a kind of hard calm came over her.

IN 1875 the regiment moved from Arizona to Dakota for the Sioux campaigns. They spent a year at Cheyenne, the troops constantly in the field. Near the end of that campaign, Millar took a bullet through his leg and lay three months in a frontier hospital; convalescing, they were transferred to Fort Halleck, a barren post on the windy and remote high desert of Nevada. There was nothing here—nothing but the gray walls of the post buildings facing the sea of sage, battered by the endless sweep of wind. This was monotony, this was loneliness; it touched even Tom Millar whose bullet wound had left a faint limp. She had seldom heard him speak a depressed thought but here, one day walking with her in the teeth of a cold wind, beneath a slate-colored sky, he stopped to turn toward her and she saw a puzzled, doubting expression in his eyes, and heard the uncertainty of his voice:

"A far call from the things we planned on, long ago. Mighty odd things happen to people. Bill must be a big codger now."

It revived the old hurts in her and he saw it and was quick to cover it with something of his old jaunty manner: "Well, pshaw, it is the best thing. We'll see him soon. One more year. As soon as we get caught up."

These were the days, with nothing to occupy her time, that she went back through little Bill's letters, back to the beginning when they had showed the outspoken imagination of a small boy,

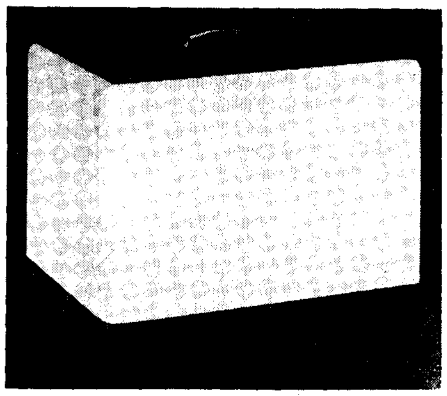


**"May I use the phone before you lose your temper, sir?"**

LOUIS PRISCILLA

MEN WANT ICE AND PLENTY OF IT!

●Nothing can make a male stand up and howl like a shortage of ice cubes! Luke-warm beverages are the short road to hot tempers and sulky dispositions. But not in the homes where the cleverest women live. They see to it that one of the handy new Ice Chests is on duty—modern Chests that keep a flock of sparkling, hard-frozen cubes on hand at all times—and do relief-duty for crowded refrigerators, too!



The new Ice Chests cost little—hold a lot! They assure you ice cubes galore—cracked ice, too, for dressing up cocktails and garnishing foods. And when party-time overtaxes the refrigerator with food and beverage bottles—presto—here's the perfect "annex" to your refrigerator.

The new Ice Chests can hold a "capacity crowd" of beverage bottles—take care of food overflow, too! Prices range from $8.50 to $31.00 f.o.b. factory. Call your local Ice Company or write National Association of Ice Industries, 228 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, for free illustrated folder.

•

*Ice is one of the finest products that enters your home. It contains no chemicals and is even purer than the water you drink.*

In many communities, Ice Companies are now delivering "Sized Ice"—ice in just the form you can use it best: sparkling, taste-free cubes . . . crushed ice in a variety of sizes.

Be sure to visit the Ice Industries' Exhibits at the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs

In all the world no finer RUM.. TRY IT!

Make your favorite rum drink with Don Q—light, fragrant triumph of Puerto Rico's famous Destileria Serralles. Superb in a Daiquiri, Rum Collins, Rum Highball or Cuba Libre. Try it!

[White Label for cocktails]
[Gold Label for tall drinks]

Product
of
DESTILERIA
SERRALLES, INC
Ponce,
Puerto Rico

Don Q
PUERTO RICAN
Rum

Your Guide to Good Liquors
Copyright 1939
National Distillers Prod. Corp., Import Div., N.Y. • 86 Proof

The Spirit of Puerto Rico
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Next TO THE WORLD'S FAIR IN GRANDEUR AND LOCATION

The Isle Romantic in the Blue Atlantic . . for an interlude of glamorous delight! Ocean breezes, refreshingly cool . . beautiful blue skies . . thrilling sunsets . . starlit heavens . . moonlit waves . . mellow sunshine for healthy tans . . ocean bathing and broad sandy beaches. Dancing far out over the sea . . strolling the Boardwalk, gliding in a roller chair . . relaxing in luxury at a hospitable hotel. Romance . . along eight charming miles of sea . . is calling you this summer!

*Piers, Theatres, Supper Clubs, Restaurants. Palatial and modest Hotels. Cottages and Apartments. Endless entertainment—all land and water sports.*

*World's Fair-Atlantic City stop-over ticket via Penna. R. R. $2. Pullman $3.*

ATLANTIC CITY

Mail Coupon or postcard for FREE Pictorial Booklet
Room 220, Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.
NAME __________
ADDRESS __________
CITY __________ STATE __________

and on through the years to his growing reticence, to the dutiful, almost stilted phrases—as though he were a stranger, writing to a stranger.

There was a second outbreak of the Apaches in '80, and once more they returned to Arizona. These were trips that always cut deep into their resources, for the government made no compensation for the traveling of officers' families, or for their living expenses while away from garrison. Geronimo was once more at war and again the Army moved into the territory. From her quarters at Fort Grant—a new Grant in the cooler Grahams—she watched Tom Millar go out on campaign, cheerful at his prospects, and watched him return deadbeat and gray and still.

That was the summer she had set her mind to return east, but there was a slow change in Millar, hard to watch and hard to bear: there was a pessimism, a restlessness, a kind of fear. The Army list was clogged, there were no promotions, and he had spent ten years as a first lieutenant, ten forgotten frontier years. The old lightness went out of him and though he was by nature an uncomplaining man, she heard his occasional fretfulness, his oncoming realization of failure:

"We're a forgotten crowd, out here. If I were near Washington, on gold braid and easy staff duty, it would be different. Here I sit, waiting for my seniors to die. I watch the death notices like a damned ghoul. It is grim business, old girl. I've not led you very far toward comfort or pleasant living, have I?"

SHE saw him out of wifely eyes, affectionate but discerning.

She had noticed the coming edge of silver at his temples long ago; but he had not seen it until now. It was a thing he took harder than any other—the oncreep of age—and then she knew she could not leave him alone. For there was a woman in the post he liked, Captain Hanley's young wife fresh from Boston, and it grew to be post gossip. Sometimes, by day, she saw them walking together beyond the guard line; sometimes at night she saw them side by side in the shadows of the parade. There was a good deal of beauty in the woman, and Tom Millar was still a tall, hard-waisted man with a reputation for gallantry in action. Seated in the small bare room that was their quarters, Sarah Millar thought about it with a deep and desperate coolness, and found her answer. She went to the post commander:

"Whenever there is a change of command at Ehrenburg, put in a word for Tom."

They went to Ehrenburg, which was nothing more than a huge government warehouse and a few scattered dobe houses on a bluff of the Colorado. In all the West there was no more hated assignment, for here were no other white women, and only a handful of white men surrounded by Mexicans and degraded Indians. On this bare bluff the sun beat down and loneliness crept in.

It put Millar away from Captain Hanley's wife, but it turned him silent and sullen. By day, when the routine work was done, he rode out into the hot light, too irritable to remain still; and otherwise he sat under the shadows of the ramada, staring into the eastern blackness of the desert. This was the low point of their lives. They were far apart, they were two still people living together only by the compulsion of a few old ties. She could not reach him, she had nothing to say that he could hear, she had no words that would help. Alone, more alone than she had ever been, she listened to his restless turning on the bed and had her own small, helpless thoughts, and remembered little Bill then only as something that happened to her long ago.

When the break came, it was without warning. She woke one morning to find her husband standing by the bed. He was dressed and there was a sleepless look in his eyes, as though he had spent the night walking. But he dropped beside the bed and put his heavy arms on her. There was never any small talk in him, never much gift for explaining. All he said was, "I've been a big fool, old girl. What have you thought about me?" Pulling him to her so that he might not see her tears, she said, "It is all right, Tom. It is all right."

It was all right, but her dream of going east had died, starved out at last by hopelessness. Time had done this to her. Time, which she so feared and hated, had broken her at last. Therefore, that fall, when a courier came over the desert, she watched the man turn before Millar and dismount and felt no interest; but when Millar came into the dobe she saw the strange set of his face. All she could think of was bad news and held her breath, fearing to ask. Millar said:

"I have been transferred to Army staff, in Washington. We're going east, old girl."

They crossed the desert under escort to Tucson. When they had entered Arizona, eight years before, there had been nothing but a few faint settlements and a few trails made by trappers and scouts. When they left, it was by the newly completed railroad. Standing on the platform of the last car, Millar and his wife watched Tucson fade behind the haze and Millar spoke in the slow and odd way of a man caught in reactions he could not wholly explain:

"The best years of our lives are here, old girl—the best years. We're saying goodby to a lot of things. Yet, dammit, I hate to leave."

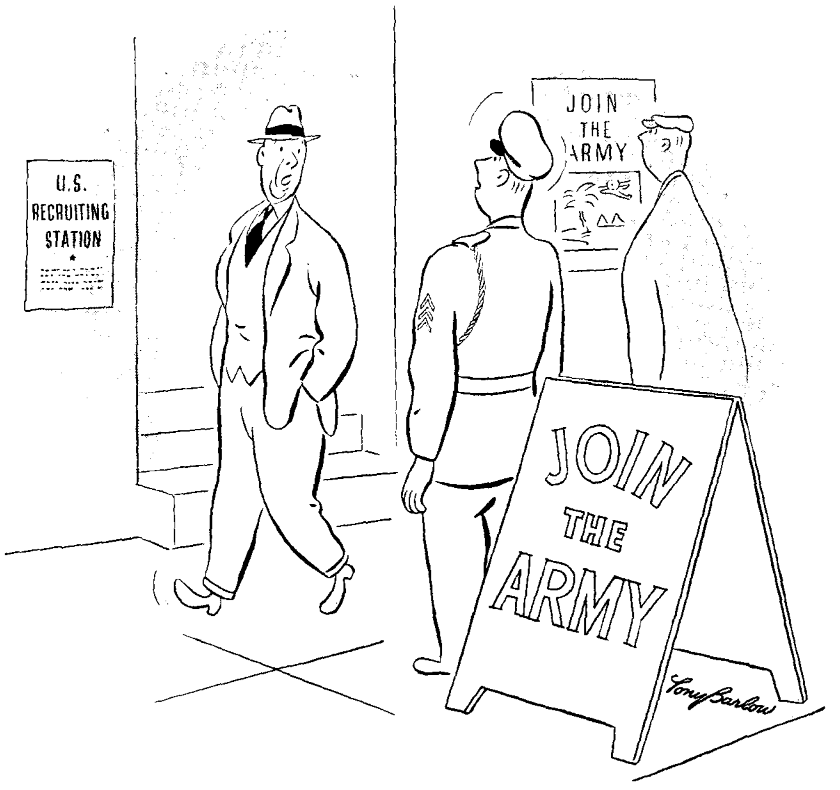
While she watched the long miles of the Southwestern wastes run by she felt still dull and slow; whenever the train stopped along the line, she had a swift, breathless fear that their orders to Washington would be canceled. But at Chicago, changing to the red plush elegance of an Eastern train, she knew she was at last returning home and suddenly in her reviving emotions was something near to complete bitterness. Around her were the well-dressed women of another world, making her worn and shabby and old-fashioned by contrast. Her mirror showed her a face tanned by the years of hard weather, a face whose features were established in a gravity nothing could change.

Millar, young and pleased again, roamed the train, his long years of action not permitting him to sit still. But silent in her seat, Sarah Millar saw the gentle landscape of the East with indifferent eyes; for in her head was a terrible clarity. Little Bill had been nine when he stepped into the Butterfield stage; he was seventeen now. Those were years out of her life, they made an empty place that could not be filled. When she stepped off the train she would be a stranger to little Bill.

WHEN she did step off the train in Philadelphia her heart labored hard and her knees were weak. And it was strange that although she knew little Bill would now be near man's height, nevertheless it was something she forgot, and her eyes went along the dark station runway, searching for a boy nine years old, dressed in long trousers and a close-lapeled coat, with a forage cap raked back on his head and a grave, sun-darkened face. She could not help this; she had forgotten and, not seeing this boy, the old dead feeling returned to her. And then a figure came before her, making her lift her eyes and she saw a tall youth, long-armed and awkward from growth, standing in front of her.

This was little Bill, grown and changed. He wasn't smiling and his face had the fixed, tight graveness that might have been embarrassment, or shyness—as though he looked upon a stranger and did not know how to act. She had no words at that moment. Then little Bill said: "It's been a long time, Mother."

He came nearer and at once she reached out her arms, drawing him in so that he might not see her tears—the fresh, hot, heartfelt tears of relief and gratitude and happiness. For in his voice was that same tone she had heard eight years before when she had stood by the Butterfield stage—the uncertain and deeply moved dear tone he was trying so hard to hide. This was her son and he still needed her. This was what she heard—that boyish need—and all the bitterness and loneliness and sacrifices of the long years went away, making her young and humble. It was as though all that time had never been.



"Not me—with all this war talk going 'round" TONY BARLOW

# Ill Wind

Continued from page 11

front lawn, carrying away the mailbox, he bore her down to breakfast. While he bolted his corn flakes and coffee, she sat opposite him, enlarging upon the theory that any man of adult years who would play golf in such a typhoon deserved to die with a beech tree on his bosom.

Henry retorted again that he had no choice. He was Rocky Wellman's official partner in the tournament. Together, they composed a two-man team. They had fought their way valiantly into the finals, defeating team after team. Rocky Wellman had bought and owned the Calcutta ticket on them, bidding it up to three hundred and seven dollars. One more win and Rocky Wellman would draw down the Calcutta winning prize, or the sum of two thousand nine hundred dollars. . . . They would, in addition, win a very neat and useless gold mug containing an inscription in some foreign tongue. Now could she see and comprehend why he had to play golf?

"Yes, but it's freezing cold and blowing hard," Jean protested, "and you can't play golf when you're freezing."

"I have to play anyhow, Jeanie darling, and I hereby wish to thank you for this wifely help and encouragement. How can any man lose with an angel wife to spur him on?"

THERE were five reasons why Henry Kresk had to play golf that Saturday. One of them was Mr. Rockmore Wellman and the other four didn't matter. Rockmore was executive head of the Wellman Studios, where Henry did his acting and hoped to continue his name on the pay roll. His employer, who was also a fellow member in the club, had welcomed him as a partner in the beginning, simply because Henry was a sterling and reliable golfer, a good putter and fearless under fire. It wasn't because Mr. Wellman loved Henry or regarded him as a good actor. Matter of fact, he said Henry was a rather dull actor and ought to play more golf.

Both had belonged for years to the Hacienda Club, which abounds with movie people, and Rocky Wellman urgently yearned to crush the last two golfers standing between him and the two thousand nine hundred bucks. These were the matters Henry patiently explained to young Jean, who continued to prophesy he would perish of either a chill or a tree.

"I love you anyhow," he assured her. "You have a darkened mind, but I married you and will stick to the end." He finished his coffee presently and, a moment later, he was backing out of the tree-threatened garage. Jean climbed on the running board and forced him to take along two extra sweaters.

"And please don't bet any money," she beseeched.

"You know me, baby. Old play-for-fun Kresk." And he drove away.

Henry drove cautiously down Craven Street, avoiding fallen trees, and headed for Hacienda, realizing as he proceeded that Jeanie was right and that this was not a proper day for contesting at golf.

As he moved onward among fallen branches and dead wires, he reviewed recent matters and saw where they could be improved. His golfing affairs were clear enough, although being Rocky's partner was not an unmixed joy. That was Rocky's own doing. On the business side, the outlook was foggy.

At the studio, he and Mr. Wellman were in definite disagreement and that was due to the fact that Henry had a dumb agent. All actors must have agents even if they, the actors, are obscure, and at the moment, Henry Kresk was no Gable.

True, he was doing all right, for a young fellow. But he required experience, and if he could hang onto his job, experience would come.

His agent was that Hollywood High School graduate and basketball player, Mr. Nat Hollis, of Hollis & King, who had known Henry since the days when Hollywood Boulevard was a goat run. The Kresk contract with Wellman Studios was running out and, like a dutiful agent, Nat sent Mr. Wellman a letter, stating that Henry could go on working for him on a fresh contract at two hundred a week, and not one hundred.

When that information arrived, Rocky Wellman sent down for Henry, who was playing second mate in a thing about prison ships, and there followed a brief conference in Wellman's office. It was not a discussion of golf or their chances in the Calcutta at Hacienda, nor was it one golfer chatting with another. It was studio executive grinding down a wage slave, and Henry leaned against a door, smiling uneasily. Rocky fixed him with an icy eye.

"This sophomore agent of yours is yelping for a new contract at two hundred. Bungling amateur attempts studio holdup?"

"No," said Henry gravely. "It's no holdup. I'm a pretty good actor, and I'm getting better every day. You'll be glad to pay me two thousand some time. Besides, Mr. Wellman, if a man has an agent, he ought to do as the agent says."

"So you string with Nat Hollis?"

"To the last ditch," Henry said stoutly. "I like working for you, but you know I'm worth two hundred."

"Well, you and your agent better sit down somewhere and have a sensible talk."

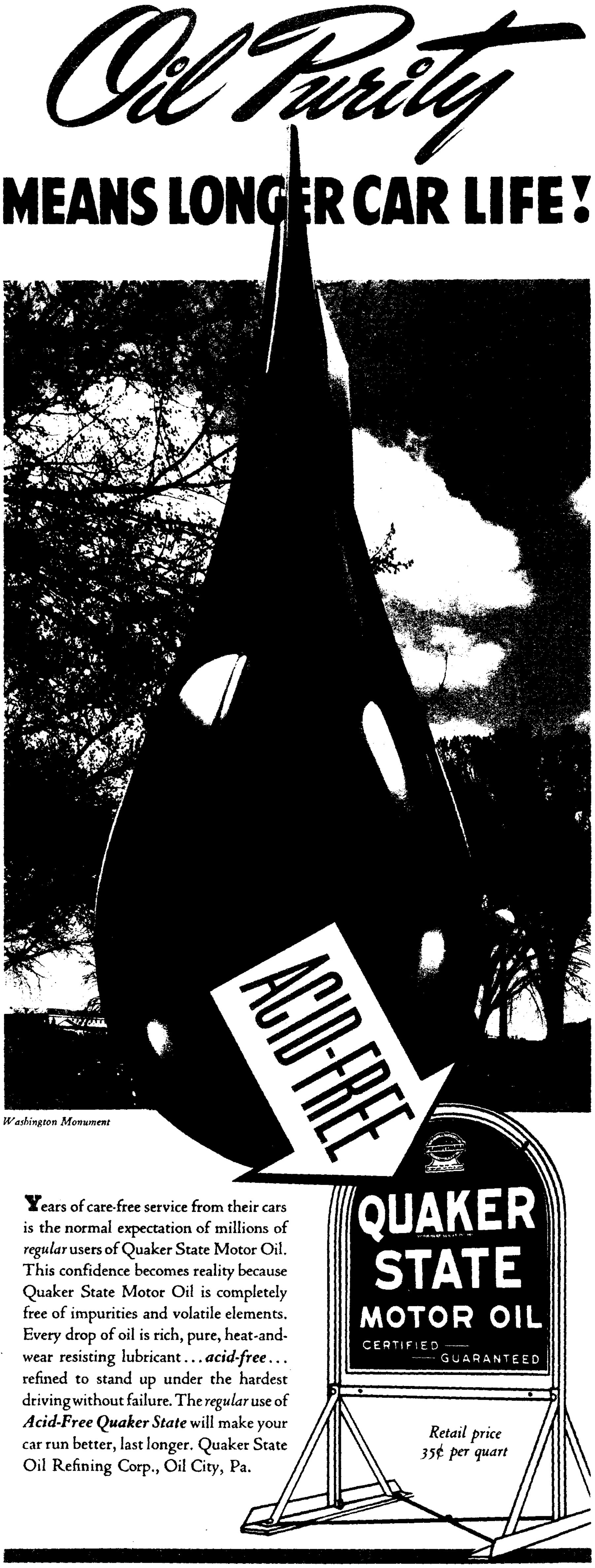
THAT'S the way they left it. And now it was the fateful morning of the finals, with Henry Kresk driving slowly out to his club, avoiding fallen trees and wishing it would quit blowing.

At the Hacienda Club, Rocky Wellman was waiting in the bar, and with him were Mr. Duke Pittman and Mr. Alonzo Weed, who stood firmly between him and two thousand nine hundred in cash. They were all enjoying a friendly beaker, with never a sign of bitter rivalry or concealed loathing. Alonzo Weed was a stoutish movie producer, who made short subjects, bought race horses, flew his own plane and would wager fantastic sums on anything.

Mr. Duke Pittman was a well-known local playboy of great wealth, who was married every even year and divorced every odd, and while Rocky stood beside them and bought them old-fashioneds, still that didn't mean he liked either man. He disliked them intensely and in particular he abhorred Mr. Alonzo Weed and wished he would fall over in a corner and never arise.

On the other hand, Mr. Alonzo Weed had often remarked that Rocky Wellman was a standard fathead with plenty of luck and just enough brains to slide a zipper, and that made things friendly for the day, as Weed and Pittman were the other team.

They, too, had come up smoothly to the finals and owned their own ticket between them, which, if they won, would this day earn them the two thousand nine hundred bucks. In a golf Calcutta, you have the right to buy in on your team ticket, if you think you have a chance. Henry Kresk had refrained



Years of care-free service from their cars is the normal expectation of millions of *regular* users of Quaker State Motor Oil. This confidence becomes reality because Quaker State Motor Oil is completely free of impurities and volatile elements. Every drop of oil is rich, pure, heat-and-wear resisting lubricant... *acid-free*... refined to stand up under the hardest driving without failure. The *regular* use of *Acid-Free Quaker State* will make your car run better, last longer. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

# *Complete Novel and 38 other features*

# IN THE BIG AUGUST AMERICAN MAGAZINE

**SHALL WE SEND OUR YOUTH TO WAR?**

A hard hitting article by Ex-President Hoover on the danger of playing Europe's game at the chess table of war. And many other vital articles.

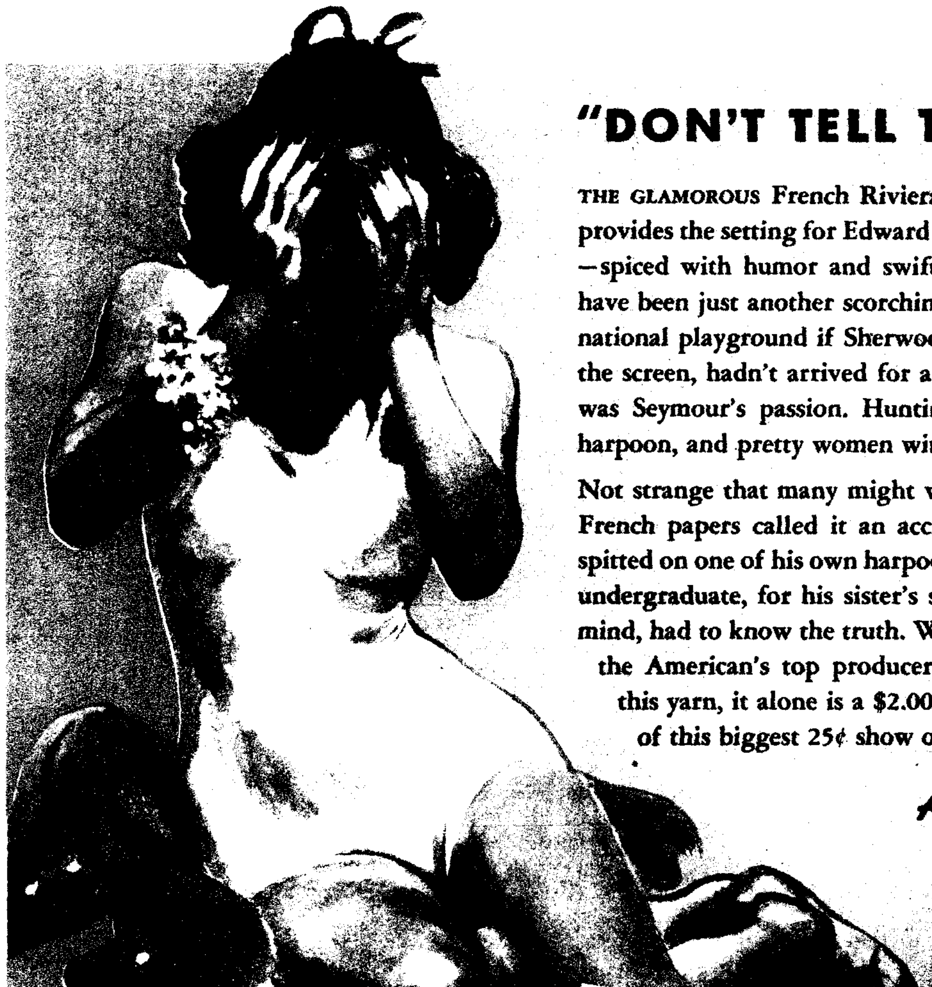
**THEY LEARNED ABOUT LOVE**

When the screen's most romantic hero was brought to the hospital, even the strongest-minded nurses got out their lipsticks. One of eleven fiction treats.

**BIG RED**—Other pitchers get headlines and headaches, but Ruffing the Silent keeps right on mowing 'em down. Here's how he does it. Don't miss this seven star special or the one on fishing.

**WHAT KIND OF WIFE ARE YOU?**

In some families (not yours!) that's a debatable question. Hence, this quiz-test that will delight your friends and keep any party merry 'way into the night.



## "DON'T TELL THE POLICE"

THE GLAMOROUS French Riviera, hot and bright and gay, provides the setting for Edward Hope's short mystery novel—spiced with humor and swift, chilling action. It might have been just another scorching August day in this international playground if Sherwood Seymour, great lover of the screen, hadn't arrived for a holiday of sport. Hunting was Seymour's passion. Hunting fish with an under-sea harpoon, and pretty women with his classic profile.

Not strange that many might want him dead, though the French papers called it an accident when he was found, spitted on one of his own harpoons. But, a young American undergraduate, for his sister's sake and his own peace of mind, had to know the truth. When Edward Hope, one of the American's top producers of thrilling fiction spins this yarn, it alone is a $2.00 entertainment value—part of this biggest 25¢ show of the month.

*A complete short* **NOVEL** *in this issue*

**162** *thrilling* **PAGES OUT TODAY**

**CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND'S** latest Scattergood story. Serial novels by Faith Baldwin and Barrett Willoughby. Plenty of happy reading in this issue.

**BARNUM OF BORNEO**—The Great Barnum brought the wild-man of Borneo to the circus. Now a modern Barnum takes the circus to Borneo and cleans up.

*The big show starts today!* And a single twenty-five cent piece passes your whole family through the gate when you buy a copy of the August AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Want an antidote for hot weather boredom? You're in for the time of your life when you read the complete short mystery novel by Edward Hope. It alone is a $2.00 entertainment value. Besides, there are two serials and eight short stories by Faith Baldwin, Barrett Willoughby, Borden Chase and other top-notchers.

Want to know what's going on and why? Want to know more about the games you watch and play? Want new ideas for pepping up a party? Then, read the most discussed of today's magazine articles in the modern American Magazine. Get your copy today.

from bidding or buying a share of himself and Wellman, first because Jean threatened to shoot him, and second, because he didn't think they'd win.

When he strode into the cheerful bar, he was welcomed by Wellman the golf partner, not Wellman the studio boss.

"Here comes old Rock of Gibraltar," Mr. Wellman shouted, "the one man you can always lean on in a golf game. Have a drink, Henry."

Weed and Pittman greeted him casually and, being already chilled, Henry ordered an old-fashioned.

"If you ask me," he volunteered, "we ought to call it off."

"Why?"

"Too windy. Nobody can play golf on such a day. Too cold. Typhoon blowing."

"Put off nothing," cried Mr. Wellman. "Anyhow, the wind doesn't pick out one player and blow on him exclusively."

"I like wind," remarked Alonzo Weed. "Nobody can beat me in a good wind."

Mr. Pittman set down his glass and announced that whenever he really wanted a low score he selected a nice, windy day, so Henry grunted and had another old-fashioned. Vagrant Hacienda members drifted into the room, gathered in a circle at the bar-head, chaffed the four finalists and made wagers. The big match had a one-o'clock starting time, so there was plenty of leisure to discuss the outcome, lay bets and stave off chill with an occasional snifter.

Henry warmed up slowly, and by half past twelve they had the figures straight. Rocky Wellman was betting Alonzo Weed three hundred Nassau, or nine hundred on the match, and was quietly content, for he believed he and Henry had all the best of it. Henry was unquestionably the best man of the four—straightest, longest and calmest.

Somewhat to his own astonishment, Henry discovered he had bet Duke Pittman twenty Nassau, an unheard-of splurge, for Henry was a two-dollar man. Pittman really bullied him into the larger bet and Henry put it down to the old-fashioneds. Jean would have plenty to say. While they were still arranging, he walked outside for a glance at the weather. Conditions were unchanged, same old wind and quite chilly.

At the bar, Rocky Wellman maintained his air of cordiality, laughing at Weed's remarks, betting him an extra hundred now and then and acting as if they were all comrades.

Henry Kresk went over to the putting green to warm up his putter. It was even colder than he thought and broken branches fell at his feet.

WHEN the clock struck one, the three others appeared and a small crowd collected to watch them drive off. A few members wore overcoats and were apparently determined to risk their lives and walk the eighteen holes. Four caddies lined up, grinning with importance. Henry trotted into the clubhouse, and when he reappeared Duke Pittman was on the tee, and Rocky turned to regard his partner with disapproval. Henry wore a pair of leather gloves, and two sweaters.

"You can't play dressed like a mummy," Rocky grumbled, and to Henry it sounded like the voice of his studio boss. "You have too many clothes on."

"Can't swing when I'm cold," Henry said. "You want to win, don't you?"

"Certainly. I've got eleven hundred bet with these stinkers. We can beat them, if you will remove some of the armor plate."

"Listen, Mr. Wellman," Henry said earnestly. "I'm ready to do my best, and I can't play when I'm cold. This is a cold day."

The head of the Wellman Studios scowled and moved over to the starting tee. When the game commenced, Henry Kresk knew in the first five minutes that it never should have been played. He should never have wagered his good sixty dollars with Pittman. It was the wrong sort of weather and he knew after two shots that he would never deliver with his old-time skill. His employer, Henry reflected, was about to lose a tournament, large sums of money, a gold cup and his temper.

He, Henry Kresk, due entirely to wind and weather, was about to lose his job at the studio, for Rocky would blame him, and once Rocky took an active dislike to a person it was all over. Thinking these and similar doleful thoughts, he banged a drive into the teeth of the wind, buttoned the top of his leather or outer sweater and set off down the fairway. Rockmore Wellman hit his own ball a whack and strode forward with the dignity of one who has just wagered eleven hundred fish.

IT TURNED out to be one of the contests they still discuss with laughing gestures at Hacienda—that final round in the annual Movie Calcutta. The scores were perfectly frightful, the shots were bizarre and miraculous and at times four excellent players looked like duffers. The wind seized the ball and jiggled it hither and yon. All four miscalculated on the greens, allowing for wind when they shouldn't and not allowing when they should. Henry was no worse than the others, but Rocky surveyed him in murky silence.

Six stout members of the club were still making gallery when they drove off the ninth tee and at that point, in spite of high wind and poor playing, Wellman and Henry were one up. Rocky drove into the trees and was out of it. Henry laid his two iron on the very edge of the green. Weed and Pittman were both on, slightly nearer the pin.

"We win the first half, anyhow," Mr. Wellman said, smiling broadly for the first time.

"We ought to," agreed Henry, meaning he expected to garner a 3 and giving the enemy two 3's.

They hastened across the bridge, bending before the breeze, which came in irregular gusts. They strode up the rise, four of them in a group, the caddies at their heels, and there lay Henry's ball in plain view, and as they came closer still, the wind howled, Henry's ball seemed to wobble or waver and it then rolled quietly into the bunker.

"Did you see that!" Wellman shouted. "The wind blew it in."

"Well, what of that?" Alonzo Weed inquired happily.

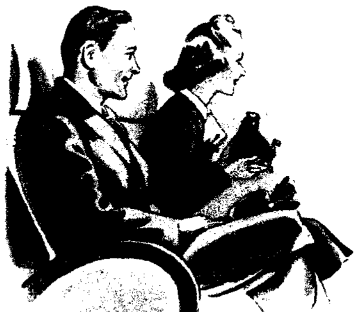
"What of it? Henry can put his ball back on the green where it was."

"Not if you're playing men's golf." Weed grinned. "It is a trifle unusual, but he plays it out of the trap. Those are the rules. That is an act of nature, Mr. Wellman."

Rocky wet his lips and swore. He asked the spectators, who looked dumb and discreetly remained silent. Henry hesitated and when he prepared to play out of the trap, Rocky rushed into a near-by home, and telephoned the clubhouse for a ruling. The decision was against him. He returned, red in the face, to find that Messrs. Weed and Pittman had won the ninth with a 3 to Henry's 4, thus drawing the match even as they approached the tenth tee.

There was a long and oratorical delay on the tenth tee. Servants from the club came out with drinks, and after Henry had downed two large hookers he still felt despondent. Rocky was in a state of frank irritation and asked caustically if the opponents would care to put the whole wager on the final nine, which offer was accepted like lightning. Alonzo Weed thought it would be a nice spot to bet another hundred and Rocky snapped

are GREYHOUND trips to cool summer playgrounds



**EASY TO PLAN**—because Greyhound can take you almost anywhere—to more of America's national parks, beach resorts, mountain playgrounds, and other vacation areas than any other transportation system! Greyhound travel bureaus are ready and willing to arrange all the details of your trip.

**EASY ON THE PURSE**—because Greyhound low fares are just a fraction of the cost of driving a small motor car. You can, for instance, make a Grand Circle Tour of all America, including both the New York and San Francisco Fairs, for only $69.95—an all-time-low in travel costs.

**EASY TO ENJOY**—because your Greyhound Super-Coach trip gives you a grand close-up view of America as you cruise its scenic highways. By going one route, returning another, you see twice as much at no extra cost. And every mile, you're comfortable—cool, relaxed, right in the vacation spirit.

**PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES:**

New York City . 245 West 50th St.
Cleveland, O. . East 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa. . Broad St. Sta.
Chicago, Ill. . . . . 12th & Wabash
Washington, D. C. . . . . . . . . . . . 1403 New York Ave., N. W.
Detroit, Mich. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Washington Blvd. at Grand River
Minneapolis, Minn. . 509 Sixth Ave., N.
Boston, Mass. . . . 60 Park Square
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
San Francisco, Cal. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Pine & Battery Streets
Ft. Worth, Tex. . 905 Commerce St.
Charleston, W. Va., 155 Summers St.
Cincinnati, Ohio . . . 630 Walnut St.
Richmond, Va. . . 412 E. Broad St.
Memphis, Tenn. . . 527 N. Main St.
New Orleans, La., 400 N. Rampart St.
Lexington, Ky. . . 801 N. Limestone
Windsor, Ont. . 403 Ouellette Ave.
London, England . . . . . . . . . . A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St.

The GREYHOUND LINES

**EASY TO GET—booklet, information!**

Just mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office listed above, for bright pictorial folder about NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ☐, SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION ☐. Or jot down on first half of line below, the place you'd like to visit. We'll send rates, suggested routes, trip information:

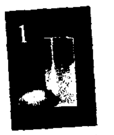
________________ Name ________________

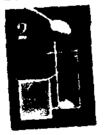
Address ________________ COL-7

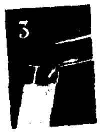
When Nature needs help try
LEMON
with SODA

TAKEN first thing daily on arising or the last thing every night, it's beneficial in two ways. It has a natural, gentle *laxative* effect for most people, hence, aids elimination.

Second, it helps keep the system normally alkaline, and adds the additional protection of vitamin C found abundantly in lemon juice.







**1. Squeeze juice of one Sunkist lemon into tall glass half full of water. 2. Put half teaspoonful of bicarbonate soda in another glass. 3. Pour back and forth rapidly. 4. Drink when foaming subsides.**

It is non-habit forming, non-irritating. Try it 10 days. See if you don't benefit.

Copyright, 1939, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist Lemons

QUICK CASH
IN SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT

SAFE INSURANCE AT COST

More than 97,000 people are disabled every day! Be prepared. Safe insurance *at cost* in this 34-year-old reliable Association pays you and your family cash when needed most.

ONLY $1 PER MONTH

$1 a month covers all costs. The Minnesota Commercial Men's Association is owned by its policyholders. Hence, there are no dividends to pay. Select risks are insured *at cost!*

MILLIONS PAID POLICYHOLDERS

This safe, dependable Association has paid over $4,000,000 to members and beneficiaries. Don't delay. Get *free* information. No agent. No medical examination. *Mail coupon today!*

$5,000.00 FOR LOSS OF LIFE
$5,000.00 FOR LOSS OF HANDS
$5,000.00 FOR LOSS OF FEET
$5,000.00 FOR LOSS OF EYES
$1,250.00 FOR LOSS OF HAND, FOOT OR EYE .....
$100.00 MONTHLY UP TO TWO YEARS (Total Disability)

SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL NOW!

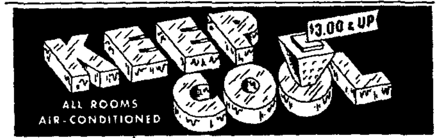
PAUL CLEMENT, SECRETARY
MINNESOTA COMMERCIAL MEN'S ASS'N
2550 PILLSBURY AVE., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

NO AGENT WILL CALL

Mail at once FREE information and application blank, telling how I can obtain health and accident insurance at cost. No obligation!

NAME.............................................
ADDRESS.............................................

HANG-OVERS ENDED . . . If you take too many drinks the night before, here's a good way to relieve morning-after discomfort and suffering. Take 1 to 4 tablespoonsful of angostura bitters (aromatic) in a little water, hot or cold. Gentle and easy in action, angostura is pleasant to take, too. Keep a bottle handy.



Hotel Mayfair St. Louis
NEARBY PARKING AND GARAGES

it up. Duke Pittman asked Henry how about an extra twenty on the second nine and Henry looked at him coldly and said, "Certainly."

That put him eighty dollars in on the afternoon's sport, or two jerks from the divorce courts when Jean heard the news. A falling branch had tapped Henry on the nose and little dabs of gore speckled his countenance. And he thoroughly hated himself for having missed at least *six easy shots during the nine* holes just completed.

Presently the feudists drove off No. Ten and the half-dozen spectators buttoned their coats and resumed progress, watching an even struggle. On the fourteenth hole, Henry unleashed a perfectly straight drive, a high, sweetly hit shot that headed directly for the green and seemed destined to lie close to the pin. The match was still even. Henry's ball was seized in mid-air by the playful gale, it struck the hard edge of the green and bounced out of bounds and they lost the hole to Weed and Pittman, who smiled at each other and made vulgar gestures.

ON THE fifteenth fairway, Henry sliced and Rocky spoke to him sharply:

"Will you please take off those sweaters?" he asked, in a fierce undertone. "We're *not* licked yet, but we will be."

Henry made no reply, but viciously tugged off his protective layers, removed his gloves, handed the wardrobe to his caddie and strode ahead in his thin, blue shirt. On the fifteenth, he was helpless. Wellman held the match even on the sixteenth and seventeenth and they came to the eighteenth tee all level. That is where Mrs. Jean Kresk joined them.

Unable to stand the pressure any further, she borrowed a neighbor's car and pulled up under the trees to watch the finish. Henry walked slowly off the seventeenth green and without his saying a word, Jeanie knew he was unhappy.

"How do you stand?" she whispered. "And for heaven's sake, where's your sweater?"

"We're all even," Henry said glumly. "I can't play a lick. Rocky's doing the work, and if I could have helped him, we'd *have* won four holes back. I'll probably lose eighty bucks."

"You bet eighty? That's nice. Our family is all ready to lose eighty dollars, you poor fish. Will you please put on some clothes before you die. Your teeth are chattering."

While Pittman and Weed drove, Jean dug sweaters from the bag, and when it was Henry's turn on the tee, he was again swaddled to the ears. Rocky Wellman cracked up completely and drove his tee shot out of bounds, and to make sure he was definitely out of the contest he whaled a second ball high into the wind and over a near-by cottage. He then hit a third ball without looking at it and walked off the tee. He ignored all present. Pittman and Weed indulged in smiles and looked at each other significantly.

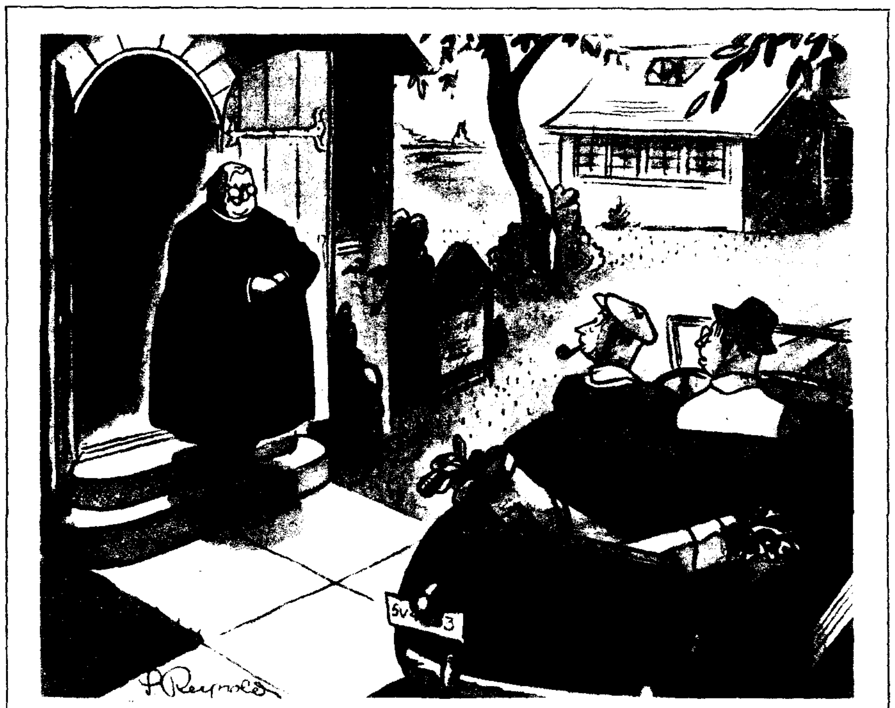
Jean handed Henry his gloves and stepped aside. She had wrapped a *muffler around his throat*, and from a short distance, Rocky stared at him, realizing it was no time to criticize or advise. All Henry needed now, Rocky reflected, was a pair of rubber boots and a diver's helmet. At the instant, Mr. Wellman hated both Jean and Henry, along with Weed and Pittman, for he could see his two thousand nine hundred bucks slipping away and his twelve hundred in wagers chasing the larger sum into Weed's bank. He hated everybody, and still he had to stand there looking pleasant.

Henry batted a feeble drive that almost trickled out of bounds, and with widening grins Weed and Pittman stepped ahead to administer the death wallop or coup d'état. They knew Henry could not reach the eighteenth green from where he lay, and they could, both of them. Henry was miles from where he should have been. Rocky Wellman walked onward in frozen silence and Jeanie followed, suffering frightfully.

Henry pasted an iron shot down the fairway and now lay two, only a few yards beyond the enemy's tee shots. It was almost over. Alonzo popped his *second to the green, not more than* twenty feet from the pin. Duke Pittman did likewise. People drifted out from the clubhouse and stood around the green, talking in quiet tones, like persons at a wake. Rocky Wellman picked up his ball and thrust it into his pocket, turning to look at Henry, a man who had deliberately thrown *him* down.

Henry slapped a mashie shot to the green, his third, and it came to a stop with half the green between it and the pin, and then players and caddies walked slowly toward the finish. Weed looked at Pittman, who made a gesture with his upturned thumb.

As they all approached the final green, a ball of tumbleweed rolled rapidly from nowhere, propelled by vagrant gusts, passed across the green before their eyes, sat down for a moment on Henry's ball and shoved it forward maybe fifteen feet. Alonzo Weed burst into a shout.



**"Would you men want to come inside to wait for your friend?"**

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"You lucky stiff," he howled. "See what that did?"

"What good?" snapped Henry. "I lie three."

WHILE they were speaking, the first tumbleweed skittered out of sight and a second brown tumbleweed, possibly a brother of the first, bounced onto the green, going in the same direction. It hesitated for a moment, as though looking for Henry's ball, and seeing it, rolled forward, gave the ball a push, jiggled it along and, with Alonzo Weed yelling and Duke Pittman running up, the friendly tumbleweed passed gently over the cup, shoving Henry's ball safely into the thin receptacle and causing Henry to throw his mashie high in the air, shriek like a Comanche Indian and finally fall down on the turf in sheer joy. His ball was in the cup. In three.

Rocky Wellman let forth a cry that was easily heard in southern Manila and began waving his arms. Astounded club members broke into a roar, none of them ever having seen anything like it before. Weed and Pittman were shouting and everyone gathered into a group and all talked at once.

"We are down in three," Rocky yelled, his face redder than ever.

"You are not," retorted Weed.

"The ball's in the cup, isn't it? Henry was on the green in 3, wasn't he? Very good, he's down in 3. It's a birdie. Look at your rules. Act of nature, you shadhead. Now go ahead and see if you birds can sink a three."

Pittman and Weed looked helplessly at each other and everyone knew perfectly *well they could never sink those* long putts, which would only tie at best. Both took 4's, missing by many inches; and filled with indignation, Weed tore into the clubhouse. Henry was still more or less speechless, but Rocky put his arm around him and walked him gently toward the bar.

TEN minutes later, Mr. Wellman was standing over Alonzo Weed, who was writing a check for twelve hundred and Henry was counting the eighty Pittman handed him. Mr. Wellman's face was still red, but nothing shone on it now but kindliness and love for his fellow man and particularly a fellow man named Henry. He waved Weed's check in the air to dry the ink, took Henry by the arm and moved him toward the bar again.

"Henry," he said, "you are a hero and a gentleman and I always want you to be near me. Never leave me, and about that contract of yours at the studio, we will take care of that properly."

After a number of warming drinks, everybody buying everybody else, Henry hunted up Jean, handed her the Pittman money, escorted her to the car and drove her home. Trees were still barricading the road, so he drove carefully. His manner was jolly and the old beaming expression had returned to his freckled countenance.

"I will *never say an unkind* word again about a high wind," he said to Jean, who was counting the eighty for the third time. "I love and admire winds. Look what it did for this family today. You sit there counting untold wealth. The new contract goes through. Nice old wind."

"Speaking of families," said Jean, "there's a telegram at home. Mother can't come over and spend next week with us. All her trees are down and her garage is tipping over and she has to stay at home."

"I still," said Henry, "believe that a good gale is a man's best friend."

He dodged a swaying branch and drove on happily homeward.

## Red Gardenias

**Continued from page 34**

"All right. All right. But you'll get in trouble, going around alone. Don't forget that mysterious phone call."

"It's not a bit mysterious."

She had to smile at Bill's face when she told him she knew who made the call. She told him what Dolly had overheard. "Just come to me when you need any information," she concluded.

Williams was amused. "Looks like you met your master, Bill."

"Darned if it doesn't." Bill turned toward the bar. "That reminds me, I owe you some champagne, Ann." He spoke to the bartender: "Two bottles, Pete."

The man got two bottles out of a cabinet. Ann protested, "But I only won one." The man put the bottles on the bar. "Fifteen bucks," he said.

Bill put some money on the bar. "I know, only one." He took the bottle by the neck, held it up to the light.

"Make up your mind, pal," the bartender said. "One or two?"

"Oh, two, by all means," Bill said. He tapped the bartender on the head with the bottle. It wasn't a hard blow, but the bottle broke. He handed Ann the other bottle. "Here, darling." The bartender had disappeared behind the bar.

Williams paused to look over the bar. "That's a dirty trick," he complained, ". . . wasting good champagne like that."

They went to the car and started for home. Carmel and Dr. Woodrin had left, but Peter's car was still there.

Bill sighed with satisfaction. "That guy'll think twice before he calls up and threatens us again."

Ann said, "Could Talmadge March be working with Donovan?"

"I think only one guy is doing the murdering," Bill said. "You wouldn't take the chance of blackmail by having an accomplice."

Williams said, "Suppose I turn up Peter March."

"You'd have my thanks," Bill said.

Ann asked, "How could you do that?"

"It depends on Jameson," Williams said mysteriously.

Bill said, "I hope Jameson comes through."

"I think you're terrible," Ann said.

"I've got nothing special against Peter," Bill said. "I'd just like to hang him."

"No, it's me you're against. You're just trying to run Peter down because of me. I'm glad I'm not married to you."

"I'm not . . ."

Ann felt very angry. She interrupted him: "You're doing your best to embarrass me—letting everybody at the Crimson Cat see you were chasing that singer."

"Didn't you let everybody see you were chasing Peter March?"

They quarreled all the way home.

WHILE Williams waited for Mr. Jameson, the Brookfield real-estate man, in front of the house, Ann got ice and glasses from the pantry. Crane stretched out on the blue couch in the living room.

"This feels nice," he said.

Ann said, "Bill, why do we fight all the time?"

"I guess it's my drinking."

"It's partly."

"Maybe you just don't like me."

"But I do. I like you very much."

"Would you like me more if I gave up drinking?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll give it up."

"Just don't drink so terribly much."

"No, I won't drink at all. But you have to promise to like me."

She came to the couch and touched Crane's neck with her fingers. "You're nice," she said. "I like you."

Her fingers were cool and soft. He tried to take hold of her hand, but she moved away from the couch. She went to a chair across the room. "What about this case, Bill?" she asked.

They tried to agree on a major suspect, but they couldn't. They decided Talmadge March had the best motives—hatred and a desire for money—but Ann said she was sure Donovan had something to do with the deaths.

"I still think he and Talmadge might be working together," she said.

"And I still think the murderer would work alone," said Crane. "He wouldn't dare have an accomplice. Too much chance for blackmail."

Ann thought, in that case, she would just suspect Talmadge. He would naturally hate John for informing Simeon March he was in the night-club business.

So would Dr. Woodrin, Crane said. Probably even more, because he had lost all his money in the venture. But Crane couldn't see why the doctor would kill Richard, unless he wanted Carmel.

"He likes her," Ann admitted.

"But Carmel likes Peter."

ANN'S face became guarded. "He should kill Peter next, then."

"That doesn't make much sense, killing a lot of people to make a girl you hope to marry rich."

"How about Simeon March?" Ann asked.

"Why not?" Crane wished his head would stop aching. "Don't they always pin it on the person who calls in the detectives?"

"And Alice March?"

"I always suspect people I don't like."

"You ought to suspect Peter, then."

"Don't you know I'm crazy about Peter?"

"You mean Carmel, don't you?"

A cool voice from the door asked, "What about me?"

It was Carmel March. Her black velvet dress was pulled tight about her waist by a gold belt, but below her flat hips it flared out in a soft curve. She had on long black gloves and there was a gold bracelet below the puffed sleeve of her dress.

"You'll excuse my not standing," Crane said. "I don't think I can."

"We were just talking over the party last night," Ann said. "Bill has had a relapse."

Carmel came slowly into the room. "I knew you were going to feel bad when I saw you drinking champagne with that woman." She sat beside Crane's knees on the couch. "How did you get home?"

"By American Express, I think."

Carmel had a nice husky laugh. "I'm upset about Alice March," she said.

"Why?"

"I want to know what to do about her." She looked down at Crane. "I need your advice."

Ann said coldly, "I'll leave you two alone."

"Please don't." Carmel looked up at Ann. "I want your help, too." Her dark eyes, shaped like nigger-toe nuts, were luminous. "I'm really scared. Alice has practically accused me of murder."

Ann said, "Oh, she couldn't have!"

Carmel said, "She hasn't come out with it . . . she just hints." She paused for nearly a minute, then added, "But I'm afraid a lot of people think it's the truth."

"But why . . . ?" Ann began.

Carmel repeated the story she had

SEE-RUTLAND "NO-TAR-IN" CAN MAKE EVEN A HANDKERCHIEF SHED WATER
THEN IT SURE OUGHT TO MAKE A ROOF GOOD AND TIGHT

Stop that leak in your roof
RUTLAND
NO-TAR-IN
ROOF COATING
1 U.S. GALLON
Prevent your roof from leaking

Rutland "No-Tar-In" Roof Coating waterproofs better and wears longer because it isn't loaded with solvent. More material per gallon *stays on* your roof—forming a heavy, tough film of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres. Does not crawl, crack or peel. Ideal for all roofs except shingles.

**P. S.** For badly worn holes, around flashings, etc.—use Rutland No. 4 Roofing Cement.

Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont. Also makers of Rutland Patching Plaster, Furnace Cement, Stove Lining, etc.

60¢ A GALLON IN 5 GAL. CANS

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE SOUTH AND WEST

BOYS! EARN THIS SPEEDY BIKE

FOR YOU! A streamlined bike! Comes fully equipped with 26″ balloon tires, torpedo spring saddle, airflo handlebars, drop-forged stem, double chain guard, tool tank, built-in horn and headlight, electric taillight, parking stand.

Earn this, or any of 300 other big prizes, including a portable typewriter, movie machine, radio, tent, sporting goods, Boy Scout equipment, clothing, watches. Make MONEY, too. Just deliver Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine to customers you secure right in your own neighborhood.

Many boys earn a prize such as a compo-pearl handled knife, a model airplane kit, or an alligator wallet the very first day. Write now. Get started at once in a money-making, prize-earning business of your own. When you write, just say, "Jim: Start me earning MONEY and PRIZES, at once." Write *today* to

Jim Thayer, Dept. C-285
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Start Earning *Money* and *Prizes* Today

*The New, Quick-Kill* BORATED

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

Your dog would tell you that killing his fleas "ain't enough"; he wants you to lessen his scratching, too.

That's what the new, borated Pulvex does! First, it kills the torturing fleas. Then it helps soothe after-itching due to scratching. It lessens scratching even more by keeping new fleas off for several days, giving his sensitive hide a chance to normalize. ● Kills 100% faster than the old Pulvex. None revive to reinfest. Kills dog ticks and lice too. For your dog's quicker, greater comfort, de-flea him with the new Pulvex.

AMAZING… UNBELIEVABLE· *but* TRUE

A SPOT OF PULVEX WILL KILL THE FLEAS ON YOUR DOG

MAKES YOUR DOG *so much more* COMFORTABLE

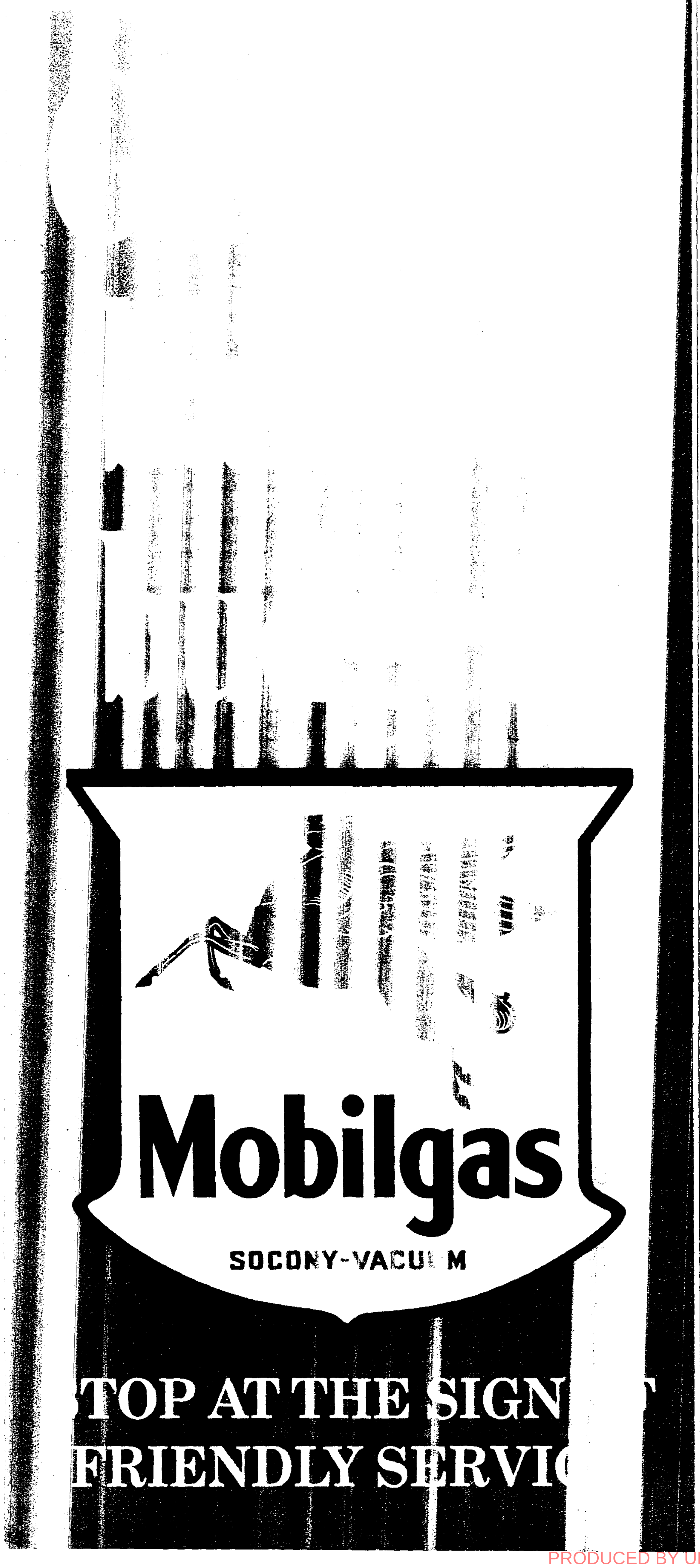
PULVEX
Kills FLEAS
Dog Ticks and Lice

At pet, drug, dept. stores, 50c.

Kills the Fleas *Quick*

**PULVEX 6-USE DOG SOAP kills fleas, oils, tones, deodorizes, grooms, cleans, 50c. Pulvex Flea Soap, 25c.**

..helps SOOTHE Irritations Due to Scratching



told Crane of Richard's murder and John's subsequent suicide. She concluded in a low voice: "I tried not to let it happen. . . . I liked Richard, but I didn't care for him. I really didn't."

Crane almost believed she was telling the truth, even though he knew John had been murdered. She might have been fooled by the murderer. The note might have been cleverly forged.

Ann said, "I think you were brave to conceal John's suicide."

Carmel said, "I'm not brave now." Her eyes stared at ripe-tomato coals in the fireplace. "I wanted to find out if you . . . if you thought I should tell the truth . . . to stop Alice from talking."

"I'd keep quiet for a while," Crane said. "Remember the truth would probably kill Simeon March."

She nodded.

ANN asked, "How does Alice drop these hints?"

"She and Talmadge are always talking about gardenias."

"Why don't you slap her face?" Ann asked.

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" Carmel's eyes widened.

The doorbell rang. Ann said, "That must be Peter." She left them.

Carmel said, "She doesn't like me, does she?"

"Sure, she does," Crane said.

She was silent and he thought what a really beautiful woman she was.

Peter came in with Ann. His face was clean-shaven and freshly powdered. He still looked a little embarrassed, but not sullen. "Hello," he said.

Crane said, "How about a drink?"

"Sure."

Ann mixed brandy-and-soda, distributed the glasses. She gave Crane a glass of tomato juice, asked, "You can have some brandy, if you want it, darling."

"I love tomato juice," Crane said bravely.

Williams came into the room with the younger Mr. Jameson. "Here's Mr. Jameson, Mr. Crane," he said formally. "His bill is twenty-five dollars."

Crane didn't know what Williams was doing; he didn't know what Jameson was charging for; but he handed out two tens and a five. Going to the door, the real-estate man spoke to Peter March:

"How are you, Mr. March? Haven't seen you since that day in Brookfield."

"I'm fine, thanks," Peter said.

Williams followed Jameson out the door. Crane thought, what the hell! He began to see what Williams meant. "Huh?" he said.

"You're going shooting with us Sunday?" Peter asked.

"Sure."

"Somebody'll call for you at six."

"Gosh! With the Country Club party tonight, I'd better get to bed."

"Not until you eat with me," Ann said.

Peter said, "If Bill's tired, you can eat with me."

"I'm not tired," Crane said.

"Come over to my house, Peter," Carmel said. "Eat with me."

"No, thanks."

"What's the matter? Are you angry with me?" Carmel demanded.

PETER MARCH finished his highball, stood up. "Thanks for the drink," he said to Ann.

"You think I'm a murderess, too?" Carmel asked.

"Carmel!" Peter's lips turned pale. "Let's keep family quarrels in the family."

Carmel pushed against Crane, stood up too. "To hell with the family!" She was really angry. "Why don't you say what you're thinking?"

"All right." Anger brought Peter's heavy brows down over his eyes. "I'm thinking you didn't have to be so nasty to Alice."

"She practically called me a murderess!"

"That's no reason to start a brawl." He faced her. "The Marches have always been gentlemen and . . . ladies."

Carmel came toward him with quick steps. "Do you call murder a gentlemanly accomplishment?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know that John killed Richard?"

"Over you?" His eyes, his mouth were O's of astonishment. He stared at Carmel. "I don't believe you."

Crane admired the melodrama. A woman telling her husband's brother that her husband murdered his cousin. He wondered if Ann had caught the additional implication of Jameson's surprising identification of Peter March. It would be strange, he thought, if she were in love with Peter and Williams turned him up for murder. He looked at Ann, but her green eyes were on Peter March.

Carmel spoke in a whisper: "John did kill Richard, though. And then he killed himself."

Belief and a trace of horror came into Peter's eyes. "It wasn't an accident?"

"He left a note saying he'd killed Richard. . . . Paul Woodrin saw it."

"But why didn't . . . ?" Peter began.

"I was afraid it would kill your father."

Peter collapsed in the big damask chair opposite the couch. "Poor John. . . ." He looked at Carmel. "You should have told me." He looked at Crane, suddenly became conscious of him. "But these people . . . how do . . . ?"

"I told them," Carmel said. "I knew they suspected something ever since the night you tried to get my letters for me." She was very pale, but emotion made her black eyes magnificent. "And I wanted disinterested advice . . . whether or not I should tell . . . Alice's hints . . ."

"What did you say?" Peter asked Crane.

"I told her to see if the gossip didn't blow over."

Peter nodded. He said, "Carmel, I want to talk with you."

She said, "All right."

THEY went to the door. "Goodby, and thank you," Carmel said.

"We haven't done anything," Ann said.

Back in the living room, Crane said, "Was something said about food?"

Ann said, "I think I believe Carmel."

Crane sat on the couch.

"Peter believed her," Ann said.

"You like Peter, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"How would you feel if I told you Doc Williams just slipped a noose over his neck?"

"Bill!" Her green eyes widened. "You're joking."

Williams came in from the dining room. "Not much!" He had a Scotch and soda in his hand. "Jameson certainly put Peter on the spot. It was Peter, not John, who asked about Richard's Brookfield house."

Ann objected, "But Jameson identified John's photograph."

Crane said, "Newspaper photographs are lousy."

"And John and Peter looked a lot alike," Williams said. "That's what gave me the idea of having Jameson see Peter in person." He was very proud of himself.

Ann's lips were scornful. "That doesn't make him a murderer."

Williams said, "The voices . . . they sounded alike, too."

Crane explained, "Peter, not John, suspected Richard was having an affair with Carmel. So Peter caught her parked with Richard in the car. Carmel thought it was John in the darkness because their voices sounded alike."

"And when Peter comes back to the party," Williams said, "Richard has had a whiff too much of gas."

Crane improvised, "And then John becomes suspicious of Peter . . . and gets killed too."

"But the suicide note," Ann objected. "You can't get around the suicide note."

"Who'd know John's writing? Who could best forge the note?"

After a long time Ann said, "Peter, I guess."

MISS KIRBY did not appear particularly surprised when Crane, at three-fifteen on Saturday, buzzed for her, and announced he was leaving.

"I lasted five minutes longer than last time," he informed her proudly.

This did not make the profound impression he expected. She said, "Yes, sir."

He got his hat and the tan camel's-hair topcoat. "You might send up that piece of copy on my desk."

Miss Kirby picked up a large sheet of gloss paper, glanced at it nearsightedly through her spectacles and turned pale. "Oh, Mr. Crane!" she exclaimed, holding it out to him.

At the top of the page was an ink drawing of a refrigerator, and in it was the body of a man, folded up in such a double-jointed manner that his knees crossed in back of his neck. Beneath the picture was the caption:

DON'T BURY YOUR HUSBAND: FREEZE HIM IN YOUR RAPO-ARCTIC!

"I don't think that's the one I meant," Crane said.

Miss Kirby found another sheet. "This must be it."

"Does it say: 'Your Kitchen is Our Laboratory'?"

"Yes, sir."

On the way out, Crane stopped in Simeon March's office.

Back of a gigantic desk, with tall windows behind him, the old man looked small and slightly frail. That is, until he growled at Crane, "Well, what have you been doing?" His voice sounded as virile as a tugboat captain's.

"We've been looking up one of Richard's girls."

"What's that going to get you? Everybody knows Richard had girls."

"We thought she might throw some light on the death."

"Waste of time." The old man's maple-sugar eyes glowed. "You know where to look. Get Carmel!"

Crane felt there must be an undisclosed reason for his hatred of Carmel. He asked, "Why are you so sure she's the murderer, Mr. March?"

"Look at her," the old man barked. "Wears clothes like . . . like a kept woman."

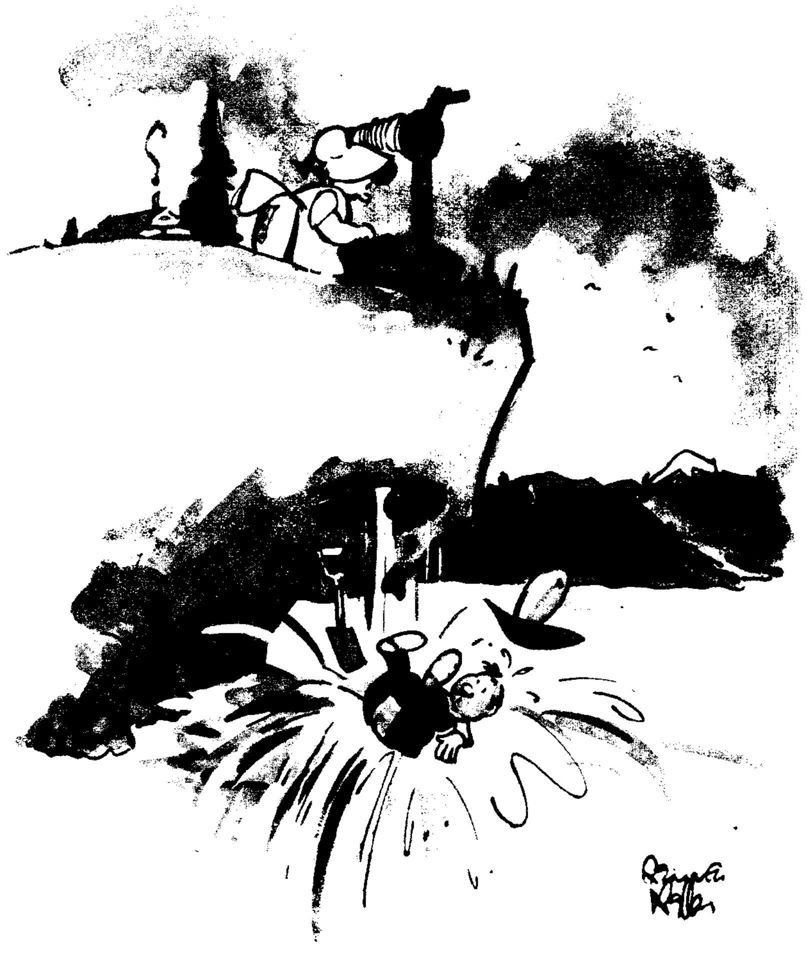
Crane switched to another angle: "Why do you think Carmel killed Richard?"

THE old man regarded him so viciously for a moment that Crane thought he was enraged at the question. Then he said, "I suppose you'll have to know."

He growled out the story without taking the cigar from his mouth. He'd heard Carmel and Richard talking with suspicious intimacy at a party one night about four months before Richard's death. John had been going out of town on business a great deal and he had assigned a company detective to watch Carmel during these periods.

"Richard, too?" Crane interrupted.

The old man shook his head. The detective had reported that Carmel spent a great deal of time with Richard, so the old man had gone to Carmel, he asserted, and told her he knew she was having an affair with Richard. He threatened to tell John unless she broke it off. She denied that she loved Richard, but he was adamant. "Never let me hear of



"How you comin' with th' well, Kennesaw?" REAMER KELLER

GET

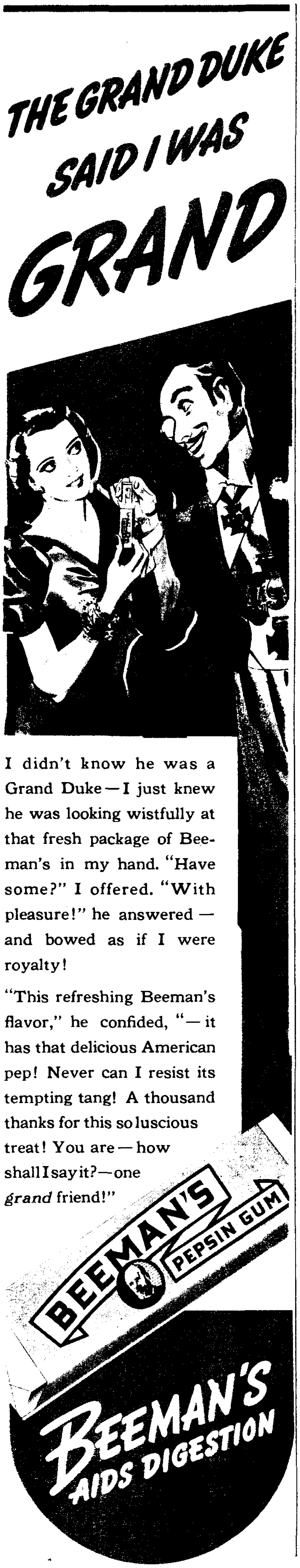
Mobilgas

FOR

Balanced Performance

KEEP "TAB" on Mobilgas mileage. Not only the miles per gallon...but also the pick-up and power per gallon!

You'll discover Mobilgas is rich in all good gasoline qualities. You get "Balanced Performance": Power aplenty! Flashing pick-up! Long, smooth mileage! Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc.


THE GRAND DUKE SAID I WAS GRAND

I didn't know he was a Grand Duke—I just knew he was looking wistfully at that fresh package of Beeman's in my hand. "Have some?" I offered. "With pleasure!" he answered — and bowed as if I were royalty!

"This refreshing Beeman's flavor," he confided, "—it has that delicious American pep! Never can I resist its tempting tang! A thousand thanks for this so luscious treat! You are—how shall I say it?—one *grand* friend!"

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

your being alone with him, or I'll run you out of town," he had told her. She had finally agreed not to see him any more.

Crane couldn't resist a question: "But why did she kill him?"

"He wouldn't give her up," Simeon March said, looking at Crane through shrewd eyes. "So she had to kill him."

"But then, when things were fixed up, why did she kill John?"

"She didn't love him, wanted to get rid of him." For an instant there was real pain in his deep-set eyes. "And she knew I'd stop a divorce."

Crane said, "That's a pretty elemental view. Carmel kills one man because she loves him, another because she doesn't."

Simeon March snarled, "I'm not paying you for philosophy. Just get Carmel." His cigar jerked with each word.

"You hate her, don't you?" Crane said.

"Wouldn't you hate the woman who killed your son?"

"If I were sure she had."

"I *am* sure." The old man was shouting now. "You get proof. That's what I want. Proof." He got to his feet, leaned over the huge desk until his face was a few feet from Crane's. "Anything else you want?"

Crane moved back a step. "Why isn't Talmadge March your lawyer?"

Simeon March blinked at him, then said, "Too young."

"Do you think he could be hard up?"

"No. He has plenty of money."

Crane felt relieved that the interview was over. He was glad he didn't work steadily for the old buzzard. He went to the door, halted. "Have you told anybody you suspect Carmel?"

"Judge Dornbush, my lawyer, knows something about it."

"Would he talk?"

"Certainly not!" Jaw set, he scowled at Crane. "Why d'you want to know?"

"There're some funny stories going around town."

"About Carmel?"

"Yes."

"Why, damn them!" Simeon March hit the desk, made the humidor rattle. "They wouldn't dare talk about a March!" He glowered at Crane. "Even if she is a murdering wench."

HE LET himself in the house with his key. Ann Fortune was in the blue-and-white living room. The crackling fire put rose tints in her tanned skin, darkened the green in her eyes. She was wearing a gray suit with a jacket trimmed in Persian lamb.

She placed a marker in her book. "Hello. You're home early."

He backed up to the fire. "I got lonesome."

"Really?"

"Really." The fire warmed his ankles, the backs of his knees. "It's swell to come home to you."

"Why, Bill!" Her voice was warm. "Thank you."

"I was worried about you being alone, too."

"Oh, I was all right." She smiled at him. "But I'm glad you worried."

"And then I wondered . . . ?"

"Yes, Bill."

"I wondered if you'd let me . . . have a Martini."

"Why, you . . ." She threw the book at him. It missed him, went into the fire. "That's really why you came home."

"No. I was lonesome. But I wanted a cocktail, too."

"Remember your promise not to drink?"

"Can't I have one? Please." He looked at her beseechingly. "I'm tired. I've had a hard day."

"I'm sick of hearing that," Ann said. "All you do night after night is come home tired, wanting to take off your shoes and drink Martinis."

"I don't care about taking off my shoes," he said. "I just want some Martinis."

"Am I supposed to slave all day over an ice-cold shaker?"

"I slave over an ice-cold icebox, don't I?"

She admitted that was true. "I'll let you have just one." She got bottles and a tray of hors d'ouvres, put them on the end table by the couch: She mixed vermouth and gin in a ratio of one to three and one half, added a drop of orange bitters and ice. She stirred with a long spoon, poured into a cocktail glass with an olive in the bottom. "Just one, now," she warned him.

REFRESHED by the drink and some anchovies, he told her of his interview with Simeon March. "He's bound and determined to hang Carmel," he said.

Ann said, "I wonder what Mr. March would say if he heard her side of the case."

"He wouldn't believe her."

Ann said, "If she kills anybody, it'll be Alice March. I wouldn't be surprised if she took a sock at her some day."

"Oh, no," Crane said. "She's too much of a lady."

"Anyway, I think Donovan's in this." Ann's voice was determined. "And I'm going to find out."

"It'd be better if you went back to New York instead of getting mixed up with a lot of gangsters."

"No."

Crane saw it was useless to argue with her. He admired her courage, and, anyway, he thought, Donovan was bluffing. He was probably sore about Delia and wanted to scare him away so he couldn't make another pass at her. If you were really going to kidnap somebody you didn't warn him first. He turned the conversation to Peter March, pretended not to notice a sudden chill in Ann's attitude.

"He's a fine candidate for the noose," he said, not without satisfaction.

"I'd rather not discuss him," Ann said.

"It was clever of Williams to discover he looked like John," Crane continued.

She didn't say anything.

Crane said, "Of course, Talmadge is a good suspect, too." She didn't seem to be interested, but he went on: "He's always trying to pin the odor of gardenias on Carmel and he tipped off Donovan I was back at the Crimson Cat. The only trouble is I think only one person did the murders."

"You think Talmadge suspects you're a detective?"

"Nobody does," Crane said. "Least of all Simeon March."

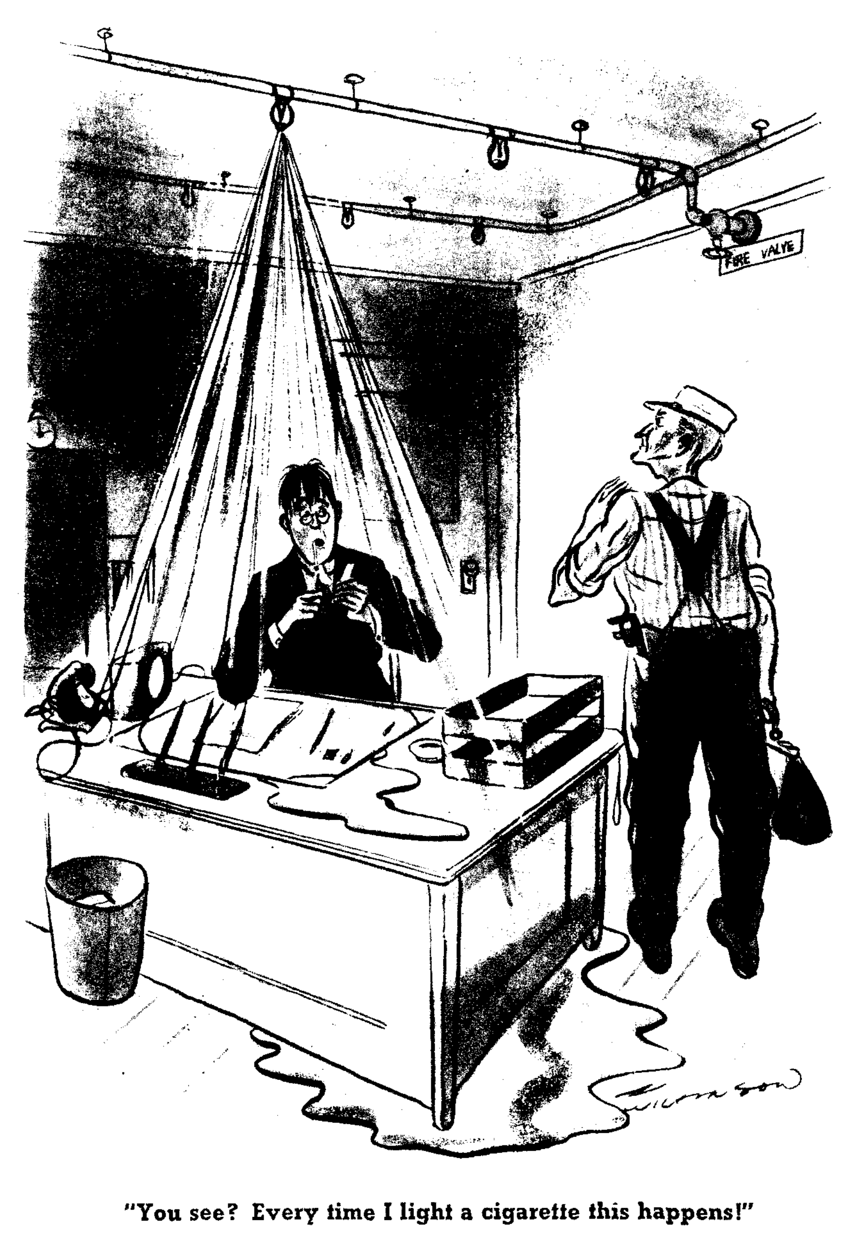
"Then why did Talmadge warn Donovan?"

"Because of Delia. He didn't know she had gone. He wanted to tip off Donovan; he thought, from the gossip he'd heard, that I was chasing her."

"He was probably right," Ann said. "And I think you're missing the most important thing, not going after Slats Donovan."

"I'm positive Donovan had nothing to do with the deaths. He'd go after Simeon March."

"If he could kill Lefty because he failed to guard Delia, what would he do to Richard on account of her?" She stared at Crane without any discernible



"You see? Every time I light a cigarette this happens!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

# "GOLDEN HARVEST!"

## *says Minneapolis*

"HERE'S my formula for the abundant life in Minneapolis! Just own a Chrysler and reap the harvest of thrills it offers you!

"They're all around you...in the heart of town, where this agile car unravels all the traffic tangles...on the open road, where a day's drive is a day of cushioned comfort.

"One secret is in Chrysler's seemingly boundless power...smooth and silent with Floating Power and with engine parts that are Superfinished to smoothness that is measured in millionths of an inch!

"Another secret is the extraordinary ease with which you can drive this mettlesome car! Steering wheel gear-shift...finger-touch steering...and brakes that nobody has ever duplicated!

"The big, wide seats are like sofas...the springing is quite perfect on any kind of road!

"There's room galore in a body that's four inches wider at the windshield...and vision in all directions through the great windows.

"There's real beauty in the ivory plastic instrument panel and fittings...and the upholstery that feels so fine to your touch. You'll be proud, in any company, of Chrysler's Airflow styling and the richness of the heat-hardened plastic enamel finish.

"Yes, it's easy to lead the abundant life in Minneapolis... because it costs very little to buy a Chrysler, which brings you a golden harvest of pleasure!"

★ ★ ★

**1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL**... 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. 2-door sedan, $975, and up. *Dual horns and bumper grille bars extra.

**1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL**... 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. 2-door sedan, $1165, and up. Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

*All prices are ready to drive in Detroit, federal taxes included. Transportation, and state or local taxes, if any, extra.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

TIME PAYMENTS TO FIT YOUR PURSE

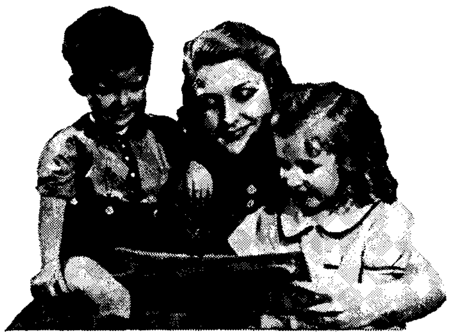
*The Girl* . . . wears a white sports dress of waffle-piqué, with an enormous circular skirt and gold buttons. From Young-Quinlan Co., Minneapolis.

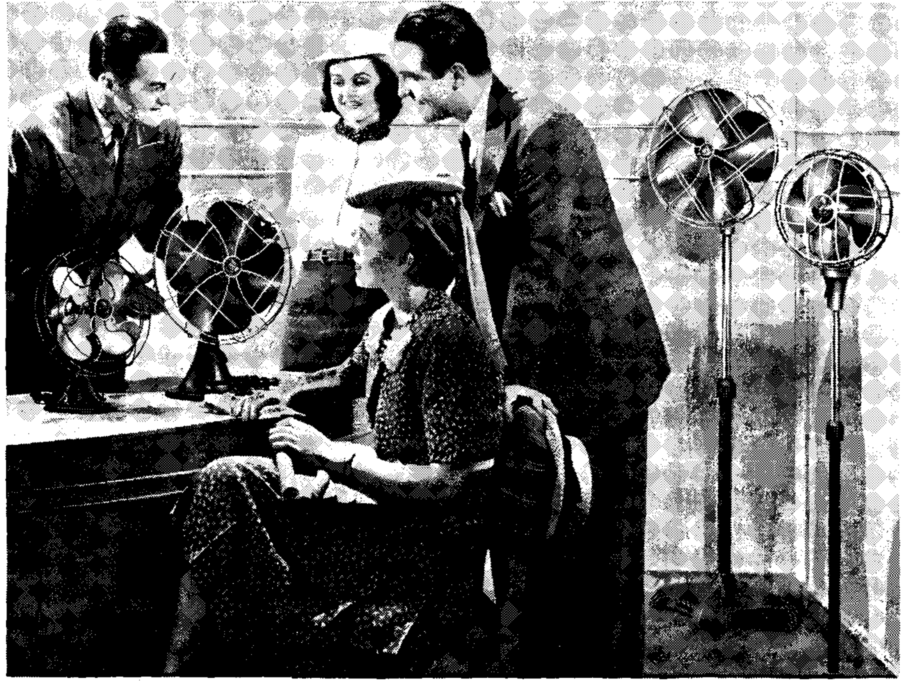
*The Car* . . . is a Chrysler Royal 4-door sedan . . $1010*

**BE MODERN** *Buy Chrysler!*

You'll Enjoy Cool Comfort
with *Quiet*
**EMERSON-ELECTRIC FANS**

Think of it. Floods of cooling, healthful breezes, *whisper quiet*—breezes that soothe heat-frayed nerves, roll away depressing humidity—breezes that rest and revive you—keep you fit for the day's work, the evening's pleasure—breezes that lull you into sound, satisfying sleep. That's real summer comfort—the kind you enjoy nature's way, with *quiet* Emerson-Electric Fans.





*See the Beautiful 1939 Models*

Here, for your selection, we show a few of the many, distinctively designed Emerson-Electric Fans for 1939. In the complete range of models are fans of striking beauty, yet built for a lifetime of service—fans of conventional design, attractive, durable—portable stand fans—popular-priced Emerson-Seabreeze fans—sizes and prices to suit your fancy.

Emerson-Electric Fans carry the famous 5-year Factory-to-User Guarantee, now in its 25th consecutive year—a guarantee that costs you nothing extra, yet assures you trouble-free service the full five years and more. In fact, thousands of Emerson-Electric fans, sold 25 to 40 years ago, are *still blowing strong*.

So don't suffer and swelter this summer—don't struggle through sleepless nights and pepless days. Go to your nearest electrical shop, department store, hardware store or lighting company today. Let the fans themselves prove their splendid quality. Then choose the Emerson-Electric Fans you want to keep you cool and happy this summer.

●

Emerson-Electric manufactures a complete line of Desk Fans, Stand Fans, Air Circulators, Home Cooler Fans, Kitchen and Window Ventilating Fans, Exhaust Fans, Ceiling Fans, and Power Motors 5 h.p. and smaller.

5-YEAR
FACTORY-TO-USER
GUARANTEE
at No Extra Charge
25 th
(CONSECUTIVE YEAR)

All Emerson-Electric Desk and Stand Fans carry the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and 5-year Factory-to-User Guarantee. (Emerson-Seabreeze Fans carry Seal of Approval and a one-year Guarantee.)

THE EMERSON ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY
ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • DETROIT • CHICAGO • DAVENPORT
EMERSON ELECTRIC
MOTORS — FANS — APPLIANCES

warmth. "Are you afraid of Donovan?"

"You'd better concentrate on Peter March. And stop worrying about me and Donovan."

"I'm going after him." Her face was determined. "I'm *not* afraid of him, even if you are."

"Don't tell me you've given Peter March up?"

She didn't answer.

"Or are you afraid he is guilty?" he taunted her. "Carmel's a fine motive. Peter killed Richard because Carmel loved him, and John because she was married to him."

After a time she said, "You're nasty. I try to help and you make it seem as though I was out after Peter . . . or his money."

"He does have a lot of money, doesn't he?"

She said, "I think you're horrible." She walked out of the living room with quick, short steps.

IN a corner of the Country Club ballroom, Crane found Ann talking to Alice and Talmadge March. "May I have this dance, madam?" he inquired. He hadn't seen her since dinner.

She was wearing an evening gown of black satin. The black contrasted well with her taffy hair. She fitted very nicely in his arms. She smelled very nice, too. She smelled of English lavender.

"You're a swell dancer," he said.

The music was on the sweet side, with lots of muted brass in the orchestra. He saw Carmel and Peter on the floor. They danced as gracefully, as effortlessly as professional dancers, but neither of them seemed to be having a good time. Peter's black brows were drawn into a scowling V. He stared at Crane without recognition.

Crane asked, "What's wrong with the guy?"

"He quarreled with Talmadge," Ann said.

"What about?"

Ann didn't know. "I saw them just as it ended," she said. "They were both white with rage. I think, if they'd been alone, they'd have fought."

Crane frowned in thought. "That's a swell family, the March family. Simeon hates Carmel; Alice and Talmadge hate Carmel; Simeon hated Richard; Peter fights with Talmadge; Carmel almost betrays John with Richard; Peter likes . . ."

"Well, go on," Ann said.

He said, "I think you're the prettiest girl here."

The orchestra wasn't bad, even if it was a trifle corny. It played some of the old pieces Crane liked: Sweet Sue, Who, Star Dust, Three O'clock in the Morning and Melancholy Baby.

It was nice dancing with Ann, even though she probably wished she was somewhere else. She danced beautifully.

After a time he said, "I'm sorry I've been so nasty about Peter. Maybe I won't have him hung after all."

"I don't think you can," she said.

"You do like him, don't you?"

"Yes."

The familiar pieces the orchestra was playing made him a little bit sad. He thought it was a good thing she liked Peter. He had plenty of dough and he was young. And Ann would be a swell wife. It'd be tough on a gal like that (any gal, for that matter) to hook up with a detective who suffered from chronic hang-overs. He sighed. He felt a lot older than thirty-five.

"What's the matter?" Ann asked.

"I don't know." He evaded a man and a girl in a filmy violet dress, moved into a clear space by the wall. "Ann."

"What?"

"Would it help any if I explained to Peter that we aren't married?"

"No, it would not," Ann replied.

"I mean that we're just working together. . . ."

She said, "I'm tired of hearing you talk about Peter."

"I'm sorry." The music paused and they stood facing each other. "Look, Ann. I think you're swell. I really haven't meant to hurt you, chasing Delia and drinking too much . . ."

The music started again; it was an old-fashioned waltz. The noise of the violins was sad. The dancers were more graceful than they had been, moving in smooth arcs, like ice skaters.

"I wanted you to know. Anything you do is okay." He took her in his arms, began to waltz. "It's my fault we've been fighting. I'll try to be nicer."

"I'll try, too."

He swung her toward the center of the floor. "Look. Let's pretend . . . since we have to work together . . . that we like each other. . . . I mean, as far as our conversation."

"All right."

He grinned at her. "I'm nuts, but a detective doesn't have a hell of a lot of family life." Her body, scented with lavender, was slender, supple. "I'd like to see what it's like."

She didn't say anything. He felt a little ashamed of himself. A slick-haired youngster cut in on them. He said, "So long, Ann," and cut in on Alice March.

She said, "You don't drink, do you?"

"A medicinal drop now and then."

"I need a drink."

"Come to the taproom."

"No. I don't want a crowd."

"Lady, you know this place better than . . ."

She pressed his arm, said, "Meet me at the entrance to the ladies' locker room," and left him.

Ann was getting a rush from the collegiate stag line, so he went down to the taproom. At the table in front of the open fire sat Judge Dornbush, the March & Company attorney, Dr. Woodrin, Simeon March, and two other men. They were drinking brandy. In the light of the blazing logs the judge's face was brick red; he looked like a Regency three-bottle man.

They were talking about the duck shooting in the morning, assuring each other the cold weather would bring the birds down from Canada.

"We'll see you, won't we?" Dr. Woodrin called to Crane.

Crane said, "Sure." He refused an invitation to have a drink.

HE GOT a bottle of Scotch, some seltzer, two glasses and a bowl of ice. He had promised Ann not to drink, but this was business. His feet echoed on the stone corridor leading to the locker rooms and he tried to walk on his toes. He found a green screen on which there was a sign: *Ladies Locker*. He leaned against the cement wall and waited. He waited five minutes, ten minutes, nearly fifteen minutes before Alice March appeared. Her canary-bird-colored hair was disarranged, her plump face was white. She looked ill.

"Let's go in here," she said.

"But, my goodness! That's the ladies' . . ."

"Nobody comes down here." She pushed him past the screen.

He was relieved to discover a small anteroom with wicker chairs and a magazine-covered table in front of the lockers. He could see white tile and shower curtains at the other end of the long room. He sat down so that his back was toward the white tile, mixed two drinks.

Alice March said, "Here's how," and emptied half her glass.

"Hey!" Crane said in alarm. "You'll get tight that way."

"I want to."

*(To be continued next week)*

## A Priest for The MacLir

Continued from page 10

see the white foam climb those brilliant brick-red bastions fifty feet before it slithered down to the base again. No narrow strand would offer landing along those towering walls today; so I swam around the south end of the island into the quieter waters of Blue Sound. And there, for the first time, I heard breathing back of me. I turned. It was the great hound, Conbec, The MacLir's own hound, the tallest, oldest, mightiest of the little island pack—the hound that swam out each day with Patch Fir Lionta's curagh.

There are no wolves in Ireland now. But the wolf dogs of the MacLirs now fight an enemy ten thousand times more terrible than wolves. They fight the terrible Atlantic. Through centuries of isolation they have become sea dogs. Each day they swim out, each with his own curagh, to the fishing, and later swim back with a message fastened to the collar, telling conditions at the boats. Thus any unsuccessful curagh coming in may know where to proceed to make a good day's catch. Much of the fishing is nightwork; but day or night, foggy or fair, far or near, the homing instinct of the hounds is never failing.

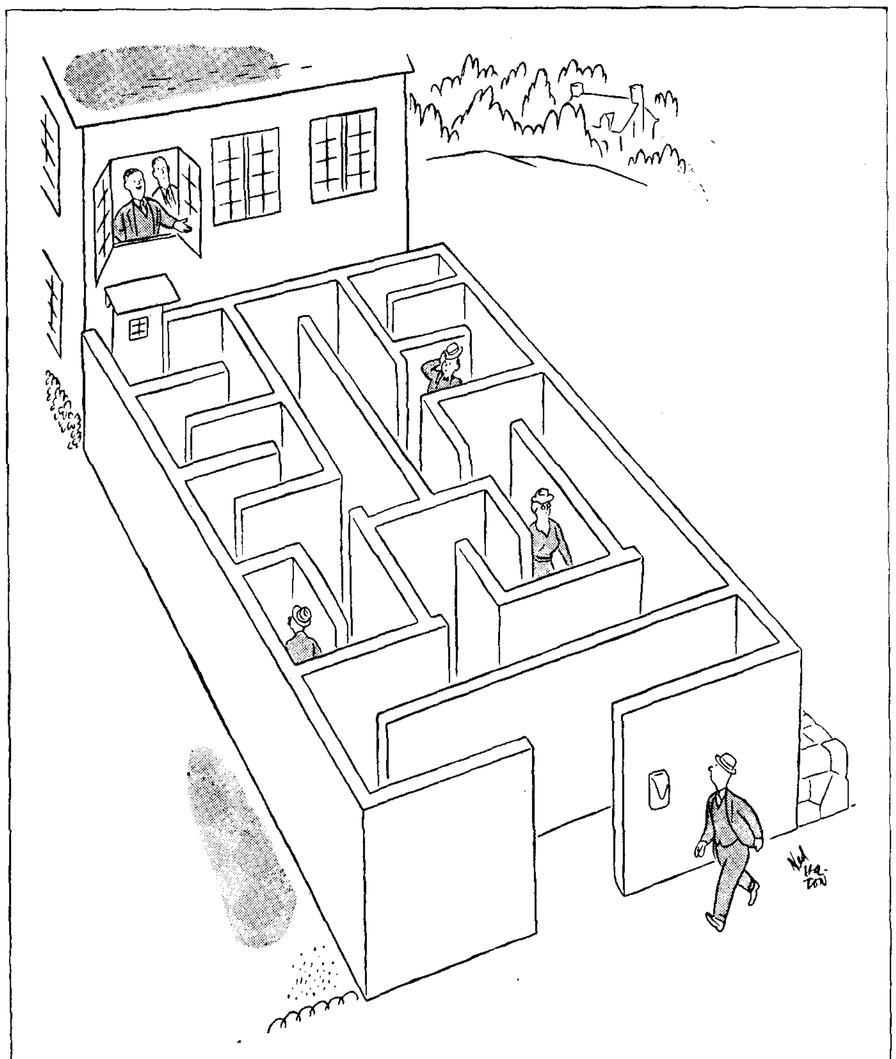
They are rough-water dogs beyond compare. Many a curagh coming in with a storm has been upset and torn to pieces by the fearful surf. But in the wild shore water the long-legged, iron-clawed hounds can keep their footing, and not be carried to the sea by undertow. Whole crews of island men, swept exhausted through the battering breakers, have been held against the deadly backwash and dragged to safety by the giant hounds of Inish Lir.

Swimming with Conbec close behind me, presently I felt the sand, and stood, and called to him; but he would not come.

I had been disappointed never to get a sign of affection from that hound. All of the others I had won. But not Conbec. It wasn't that he actually disliked me, I felt sure. He simply showed affection to no one but The MacLir. Others he gave a courteous regard, or his obedience at a word from his master; but nothing more. I called him, but he turned and swam back out to sea. He had not been sent in with a message of the fishing, which had scarcely started when I swam away. He had been sent to safeguard me. That finished, he was heading back to his curagh.

WE STAYED ten weeks on Inish Lir. Ten weeks that made of me God's debtor, whatever He may have in store for me the balance of my days. Ten weeks—and storm and rain and driving mist a part of every one; but when did honeymooners ever mind being shut in by weather? Ten weeks of warm hearth glow, and peat smoke curling to the brown roof beams; of burning turf that filled the small house, up and down, with the pleasant pungency that is the very essence of Irish homely life and love.

The bright days in between the storms were days so clear that you could see, above a sheltering shoulder of the mainland hills, the spire of the little town of Ballycoordin, pointing faithfully. The whole air sparkled, and when you got it down into the bottom of your lungs it made you want to thump your chest and shout. Ten weeks of sharing in the lives of simple, genuine, courteous, brave people. Ten weeks of blue-black Irish



"Salesmen, bill collectors, relatives—it stops them all" NED HILTON

MILLIONS
have used it
MILLIONS
have saved!

SO many people use the General Motors Instalment Plan when they buy their new cars . . . and *have* used it, for years . . . that it seems fair to say this is *America's favorite time-buying method.*

Why do people like it?

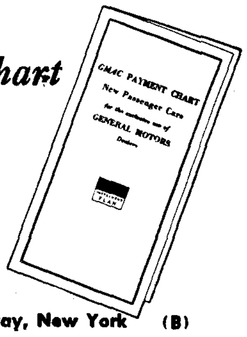
Because it's simple and straightforward . . . *you can figure out for yourself, in advance,* what it's going to cost. Because it contains no so-called "service fees" or extras of any kind and because it saves the buyer money. Because it's a *complete* service, and one which really protects your investment with insurance, the way General Motors knows it should be protected.

Because it's a friendly, understanding service that permits you to select the payment terms best suited to you . . . General Motors' idea of the kind of plan time-buyers of its cars should have.

If, like the millions who have used the General Motors Instalment Plan, you too want to save money, send the coupon below—and get the GMAC chart that permits you to figure *your* transaction for yourself.

*Get this Chart*

GENERAL MOTORS
*Instalment* PLAN



**GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION,** 1775 Broadway, New York (B)
*Please send without obligation copy of the GMAC Payment Chart for car checked below.*
☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ BUICK ☐ LA SALLE ☐ CADILLAC

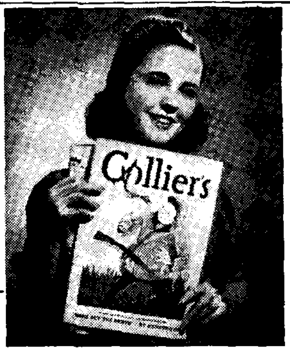
Name
Address
City State

HERE'S A DIME! CLEAN OUT THAT RADIATOR WITH SANI-FLUSH · YOU'RE RUINING ME BIZNESS!
?!
STEAM BATHS

This is a silly cartoon. But it is not as silly as waiting for your radiator to boil before you clean it out. Spend a dime (25c for the largest trucks and tractors) to *keep* the radiator circulating water freely.

Just pour Sani-Flush in with the water. Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Refill. (*Directions on the can.*) Sludge and sediment are flushed away. The cooling system is clean. You may save expensive repair bills too. It's easy to do yourself. If you prefer, ask your garage or service station to clean out your radiator with Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush** Safe NOT CAUSTIC
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN



Reward To Readers!

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-73
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PASTE this coupon on a penny post card and learn how you may increase your income by looking after subscriptions for COLLIER'S. Write now!

Name..............................
Address..............................
Town..............................
State..............................

Give Your Pet Relief!

GLOVER'S *Double Action* FLEA POWDER

KILLS FLEAS and LICE on Dogs and Cats

Also kills Ants, Roaches, Bed Bugs and Plant Lice. *Economical! Sold on money-back guarantee.*

hair and Irish eyes—Eileen MacLir's.

And then the terrible great storm came in. There never was such wind, such rain. There never was so mountainous a sea. We climbed the eastward slope of Inish Lir, and, from the shelter of an upthrust pinnacle of the cliff rock, looked on a scene of awe. It was not so much the height of the waves that stopped your breath. Their height was dwarfed by their terrific mass. Their crests seemed furlongs from each other, and each one seemed tidal. That anything so vast could move so swiftly stunned the mind.

And when they reached the bastions of Inish Lir they hurled themselves against that barrier with such shuddering impact that mighty rivers flowed directly, perpendicularly up the rocky face three—four hundred feet; rivers that reached the cliff top still deep and unshattered, there to be blasted off in horizontal torrents heavy enough to knock a strong man sprawling.

THE whole of Inish Lir shook with these dreadful batterings, till you began to fear that its seaward defenses would be hammered down. And it seemed altogether fitting that the soul of The MacLir, the patriarch of the island, should choose a time like this in which to leave the world.

Eileen was with him that night in Patch Fir Lionta's cottage, where he lived. He loved her—as who didn't? She sat on one side of him, holding one of his hands in her two. His other hand was buried in the great hound Conbec's coat. He would not go to bed. He sat up in his chair before his hearth, his shawl about his shoulders, waiting.

Comfort of numbers in that night of fearful tempest had brought the families to Patch Fir Lionta's house—this and a prophecy of The MacLir that his time was close at hand. The little village of the Inish Lir was safe enough. The full fury of the storm raged high above us, deflected by the western cliffs. But just as dawn was breaking there arose against the constant tumult of the wind a separate and distinct wild shriek that stirred my hair, and made the women huddle closer in their group along the wall. Everyone crossed himself. And The MacLir, who had not spoken for a day, said in a clear, calm voice: "I go tonight."

Patch Fir Lionta rose from a stool beside the fireplace and took down his jacket from its peg. His wife was at his side.

"We will get Father Hogan," Patch said. And his wife and he went out into the demon-ridden dawn.

We will get Father Hogan! My heart seemed to drain. For Father Hogan lived at Dromogolden, on the mainland.

We will get Father Hogan! No crew of oarsmen in the world could take a boat across Blue Sound through such a hell of water. Perhaps a half mile of it they might manage—a half mile in the lee of Inish Lir. But once the rage of the Atlantic reached them they were all doomed men.

I stood there, thinking of this pitiful tragedy. If only there were some way, I was thinking, to dissuade four splendid men from such a hopeless sacrifice. Why should four go to death? And as I stood there, thinking desperately, a strange thing happened. Conbec got up and left his place beside his master's chair, and came and stood beside me. He pressed his shoulder to my side, keeping his eyes, meanwhile, on The MacLir.

"Those hounds can tell if a man means their master well or ill. It is a gift they have."

That was The MacLir, his voice extremely low, but clear and steady.

"Yet he has never come to me before," I said.

"Perhaps before this you have planned neither well nor ill for me," said The MacLir. "While now—"

It was an eerie thought—that such a thing could be—that the great hound could sense the plan that had been forming in my head. I said no more; but followed Patch Fir Lionta and his wife out into the dreadful dawn—I and my wife.

WHEN we reached the little slip down by the shore below the village four men were trying to put out a curagh. Patch Fir Lionta and his wide-backed son Patcheen Mor (big little Pat), and Rury Shaun MacLir, who was redheaded and the strongest man on Inish Lir, and Tad O'Gavin, steersman, who had a voice that could shout above the greatest wind and spur men to three times their strength—these four were sometimes knee-deep, sometimes waist-deep in the surf, waiting the moment that would be least suicidal for the launching of their craft.

The curagh could be launched. Wild as the tempest was, there in the island's lee the eddy of the storm was not so violent but that skillful men could get away from shore, and for perhaps a half mile keep afloat. But once out of the shelter of the inish only a miracle like the one on Galilee could save them.

But I couldn't let those splendid men all go to death—not without protest; not even if their women did stand by in voiceless anguish making no move to stop them.

I took hold of the arm of tall Kate Dhuv, Dark Kate, the wife of Patch, the mother of Patcheen Mor.

"Why will you let them go?" I demanded, gripping her savagely.

SHE didn't look at me. Her eyes stayed on her men, where they stood braced wide-legged against the roiling water and the surging of the curagh. The agony of farewell was in that look. The men were waiting for Tad O'Gavin's shout, which would spur them to leap like one man into the boat, to snatch oars in amazing unison, and to row like mad toward death.

"The MacLir will go tonight," said Dark Kate. "Could we let him go without a priest?"

"But no curagh can cross the sound," I said.

"That's as God wills," the woman said. "And this curagh has the best rowers in the world, and the best steersman, Tad O'Gavin; and Rury Shaun MacLir, who is the strongest swimmer in the island; although"—and here she looked straight into me with her fathoming blue eyes—"although I have heard the men at words about this lately."

"It was a waste of words you heard, Dark Kate," I said. "I am the strongest swimmer."

And so we waded down into the sea—my wife and I.

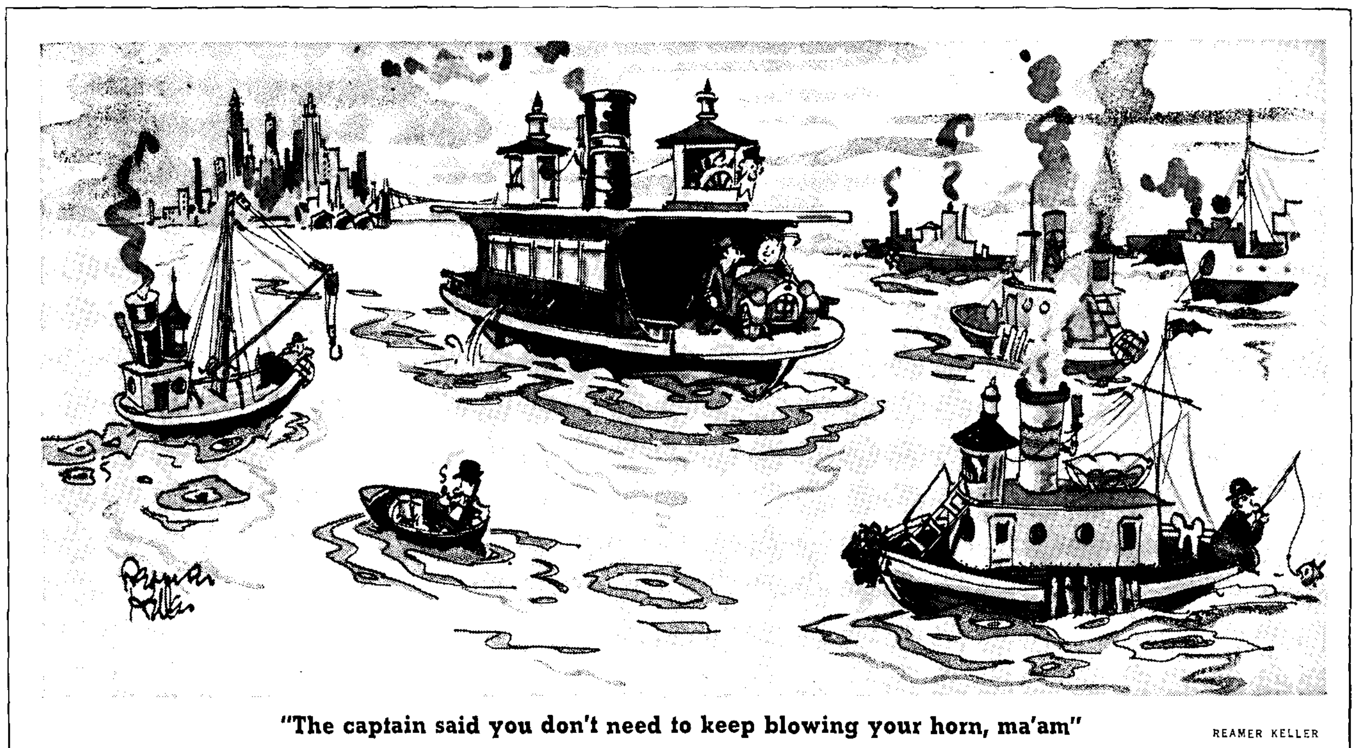
"Back up the beach, the lot of you with your cockleshell," I shouted at Patch Fir Lionta. "You wouldn't get away from shore in that. This is swimming weather. A good rough-water man can get to Ballycoordin and not take a deep breath on the way."

They love the hearty noise of boasting when a man stands ready for a try—especially when they know the boasting is to hide a ghastly fear of what must be attempted.

Dark Kate came down into the sea and took my wife away from me. She spoke to her with unconcern, as though I were about to start across Blue Sound, with the sun warm and the water flat as a table.

"Isn't it true now, and Patch always arguing with me," said Dark Kate, "isn't it true, how the bodies of men are more beautiful than the bodies of women?"

And I realized, as I flung myself down



**"The captain said you don't need to keep blowing your horn, ma'am"** REAMER KELLER the slope of a racing backwash, that for swimming Blue Sound that morning I had left scant hindrance on me in the way of clothes.

If a man has been given deep lungs he can make of them a pair of water wings that will easily float him in the sea, and let him go good distances. In even the wildest water a swimmer with great lungs has but two things to fear. One is exhaustion. And the other is The Drowner, Panic.

Panic swam close beside me every stroke across Blue Sound; not because of any difficulty keeping afloat, but because of the very vastness of the waves, and the abysmal troughs between, and the demoniac fury of the wind. But at last, while a good charge of strength still lay inside me, waiting to be touched off, I saw before me and below me, from the pinnacle of an alp of water, the welter of the mainland beach—the grim and deadly portion of that swim.

There lay the drowning stretch. There a wild jumble of unswimmable water reached from the surface clear down to the sand.

From then on, when the great seas came toppling, I sounded very deeply, seeking bottom; and finally I found it with a foot. And down there in the overwhelming dark, roofed by the crash and shock and roar so close above, feeling how infinitely small I was, how terribly alone, Panic clutched at my ankle. Perhaps it was only a slimy tendril of seaweed; but even though my lungs were really in no need for air, it sent me stroking frantically to the surface, and into boiling foam. My timing, thanks to Panic, was all wrong. I had come up before a fallen sea had safely passed, almost into the fatal turmoil that no man can swim.

"Steady," I had to warn myself. "Steady, you."

I turned, then, facing out to sea. Each wave had to be studied, life or death in balance, as it came tearing in. The test was near; test of split-second timing. I had to catch a big one, and be upon its crest the moment that it broke. A moment late, a moment early— But I had to catch it right. Eileen MacLir was waiting. I sank once more to miss the fall of a great cliff of water; and this time, as my feet touched sand, I still could feel the moil of bubbles in my hair. And so I knew. The next one then.

I BROKE the surface. There it was, upon me. It towered to the clouds. The Drowner, Panic, gibbered imbecile advice. Swim, man! Swim like mad toward shore. Get on the front slope of it. Coast right in to land.

Not a chance, Old Drowner. But to tread water, calmly waiting, was the hardest task of all my life.

Then it was lifting, lifting. Now! was the time to swim like mad. I swam straight up—straight up a vertical wall of shoreward charging water.

Then the swift backwash suddenly checked the foot of that great wave. But its crest went hurtling on. For a moment I was on the under surface of the breaker's forming arch. Like a fly walking on the ceiling, I was swimming upside down. Then I took a last great gasp of breath and pulled up full into the crest. There is no coasting in on seas like that. A deep and smothering uproar of froth covers the whole front slope of them. I doubled up, knees to chin, arms clasped across my legs and head tucked down. I closed my eyes and made a one-word prayer, "Eileen."

The plunging top of that titanic comber shot me shoreward like a missile from a catapult. I hit sand with a force that flayed one shoulder, and then bounced up into the racing foam again.

But it was not yet time to try to stand. It wouldn't be time for that until every last drop of my blood was crying for purification. But soon I had to let the used air go out of my lungs; and doing this slowly, sank and felt the sand again. This time I did not bounce, but rolled, with face tucked tight against my knees, along the bottom.

And now I had to breathe. I had to. I straightened. Sand was underfoot. But overhead there still was boiling foam. So I ran, desperately, with the current, up the beach slope, under water, trying to run my mouth up to the air. And just as I was ready to draw in a lungful of death my head came clear.

About me maelstrom seethed. I struggled shoreward, neck-deep, breast-deep. Then the deadly backwash started. I bent into the torrent, which grew suddenly so swift that I could not move a lifted leg against it. It gained in power, washing the very sand from beneath my feet. I staggered, swayed—and then The Drowner, Panic, had me! Swept back into that murderous surf again, I was lost. What it would take to survive another mauling like that last I simply did not have. The Drowner, Panic, had me; and I tried to swim.

HOWEVER hopeless was my case I never should have struggled. There is no swimming where such breakers shake the shore. Swept from my feet I should again have gasped my lungs full and let the sea have its way with me. There was one chance in ten thousand that I might be carried back to wading depth again before I had to take another breath. Chance in ten thousand, chance in a million, still I should have taken it. There was no chance at all the other way. But Panic had me.

And then, all in an instant, Panic didn't have me! All in an instant I was free of Panic's grip. For as I reached forward in the first futile stroke toward shore, an ecstasy of pain shot through my hand; as grim a hurt as though some merciless inquisitor had suddenly screwed home an iron torture glove, cracking the bones and driving the sharp spikes through. The spikes were Conbec's fangs!

He had been near me, somewhere, all the way across Blue Sound. They have a strange gift, so the ancient legends of the breed repeat—so The MacLir himself had told me—of knowing when a person means their people well or ill. And there he stood now, tail to shore, the mighty timbers of his long legs set, his iron-clawed feet anchored in the sand, terrific jaws locked fast. The water swirled about him shoulder high. The sea dragged at him and it dragged at me; but it did not get us, either one. The agonizing grip upon my hand did not let go until Conbec had hauled me far up on the beach. Then he sank down beside me, drained of strength, and lay his head across my chest.

But as I lay there, breathing sweeter air than I had ever breathed before, my arm about the great hound's neck, I, strangely, was not thinking of the service I would do his master. I was not thinking of the telephone in Ballycoordin, nestling just behind the nearest hill; nor of Father Hogan, to be reached by it in Dromogolden, ten miles to the south. I was not thinking of a snub-nosed power hooker pushing out gallantly from snug Dromogolden Bay into a savage gale, and buffeting its way to Inish Lir, to bring the perfect peace of final unction to its patriarch. I was not even thinking of the racking ache in my right hand.

I was thinking of blue-black hair; and how the women of Inish Lir receive their men when, with the last hope gone, they come back to them out of the devouring sea. I was remembering Patch Fir Lionta and his beautiful wife, Dark Kate; and a kiss between them we had seen, my wife and I.

Just as Nature's rind
means Protection
for the Cantaloupe

THIS
EMBLEM
*on Containers means*

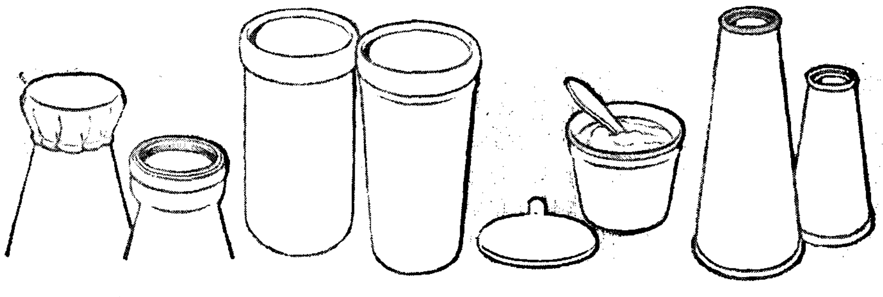
We use
SEALRIGHT
SANITARY SERVICE
for Your Protection

**Better Protected ICE CREAM**

THE Sealright Emblem is the mark of a modern, sanitary packaging service for ice cream, dairy and food products. It identifies ice cream containers, ice cream cups and other food packages which are manufactured from clean, pure, hygienic Sealright paper under Sealright's exacting conditions of sanitary control.

Ice cream manufacturers and dealers who give you the extra protection of Sealright Sanitary Service deserve your patronage—and are easy to identify. Look for the Sealright Emblem on the ice cream container. Buy where you see it. It is your unerring guide to better protected ice cream.

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, INC., FULTON, N. Y.
Kansas City, Kansas; Los Angeles, California; Peterborough, Ontario, Canada



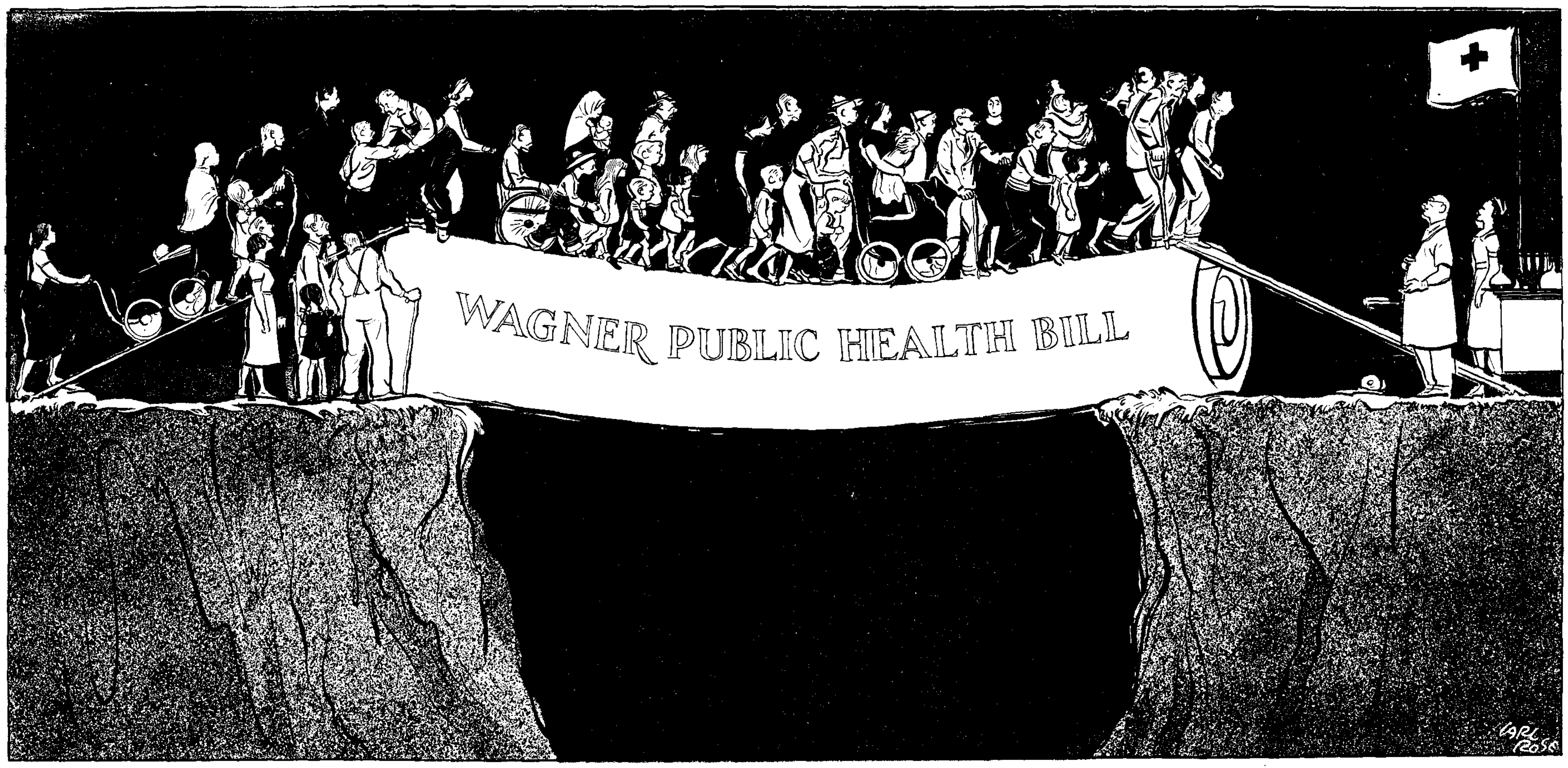
SEALRIGHT **MILK BOTTLE CAPS** In many styles—all made from clean, pure, hygienic Sealright Sanitary Paper.

SEALRIGHT **PAPER CONTAINERS** Two types—Round and Nestyle. For ice cream and other moist or juicy foods.

SEALRIGHT **ICE CREAM CUPS** Clean and sanitary—the best way for children to buy 5¢ worth of ice cream.

SEALRIGHT **PAPER MILK BOTTLES** Used but once, then thrown away. The modern carry-home package for store milk.

**Collier's** WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



# Here's to Your Health

THE extreme hand-wringers and viewers with alarm estimate that about 40,000,000 persons in the United States are without adequate medical care—almost a third of us. The extreme conservatives in the American Medical Association's upper councils say the figure can't be more than 40,000.

We surmise that the truth must lie somewhere between these two extremes. You usually find the truth somewhere between the extremes in any argument.

We also surmise, as laymen who have consulted informed and intelligent medical men, that the National Health Bill, introduced in Congress by Senator Robert F. Wagner (Democrat, New York), had better pass, at this session or the next.

The bill is being cursed as "socialistic" by medical conservatives, and as timid and inadequate by the aforementioned hand-wringers—which indicates to us that it must be about as good a bill as the general run of us could ask for.

For all the pooh-poohing of the A.M.A. big shots, the Committee on Cost of Medical Care did find an extremely spotty public health service situation existing in this country as of the year 1932, when the committee's historic 28-volume report on the subject came out.

At that time, almost one half of the more than 3,000 counties in the forty-eight states were entirely without registered hospitals. Nor were the larger cities and towns adequately served in all cases. Either sufficient medical service was simply lacking, or large slices of the population didn't have the money to pay for the medical service they needed.

That was in 1932. Recent surveys show that we have made little if any progress away from 1932 conditions. The depression wolf has kept at least one foot stuck in the door all these years. It looks as if only federal government action, with state co-operation, can begin a systematic jacking up of the national health.

Senator Wagner's bill is aimed at four objectives:

1. To increase federal grants in aid to state public health work in the fields of maternity and child care and of control of syphilis, tuberculosis, malaria, pneumonia, cancer, etc.
2. To obtain wider and fairer distribution of hospital beds.
3. To systematize medical care for (a) reliefers and (b) people in the lower income brackets who cannot meet current costs of medical care.
4. To develop some sort of insurance program against wage losses caused by sickness or physical disability.

The bill provides for the governmental machinery that would be needed to administer it. It prescribes certain common-sense standards of service. It makes due allowance for the fact that some states are less wealthy than others. The emphasis is mainly on prevention of sickness, and on training of personnel on a scale large enough to meet real public needs. Estimated cost is about $85,000,000 a year—small change indeed, alongside billion-dollar relief appropriations and proposals to siphon hundreds of millions into seemingly 98 per cent phonies like the Florida Ship Canal.

Maybe we're naïve or starry-eyed, though we hope not, but we can't make out how this bill threatens to regiment the doctors or turn them into a gang of government clerks, as feared by some of the A.M.A. leaders.

The four objectives listed above were endorsed last September by the A.M.A.'s own House of Delegates, which makes the regulations that govern the A.M.A.'s members. The bill itself, far from being one of those overnight inspirations that sometimes come to lawmakers to the grave peril of the nation, was put together by Senator Wagner only after long and painstaking consultations with doctors, social workers and public health officials.

Perhaps the best single argument in the bill's favor is that it is sponsored by Senator Wagner, who is a careful and conscientious liberal legislator if there ever was one. Incidentally, we don't owe the senator anything; we simply throw out this compliment in passing because we happen to mean it.

That the masses of America are demanding more, better and cheaper medical service is a fact, not theory, whether you like that fact or deplore it. That medical service in this country is spottily distributed is indicated by the best evidence available. That it costs too much in some cases seems well established—though it is equally well established that many doctors do far too much charity work, and that a malodorously high percentage of patients make it a practice to pay the doctor's bill last, if at all.

The Wagner bill looks like the best answer thought up thus far to this complex and urgent challenge. It isn't the best answer imaginable, by a long shot. If it becomes law, defects will no doubt begin showing up immediately, and will have to be plugged by amendments.

But as a starter, this one looks good. If we don't adopt this one or something like it, the politicians will most likely sell us some phony system of compulsory state medicine that will enslave doctors and patients alike to the politicians. We don't believe the majority of Americans want that, any more than they want the present happy-go-lucky medical scramble to carry on unmodified.

After all, our whole national wealth and well-being are based on only two prime foundation stones. One of these foundation stones is the health of the land we live on. The other is the average health of the people who live on that land, in city or country.

# THIS EMBLEM—SHOW YOUR COLORS!

SHELL
SHELL

## Join this crusade against "SCREWDRIVERS" -help cut STOP-and-GO 25%

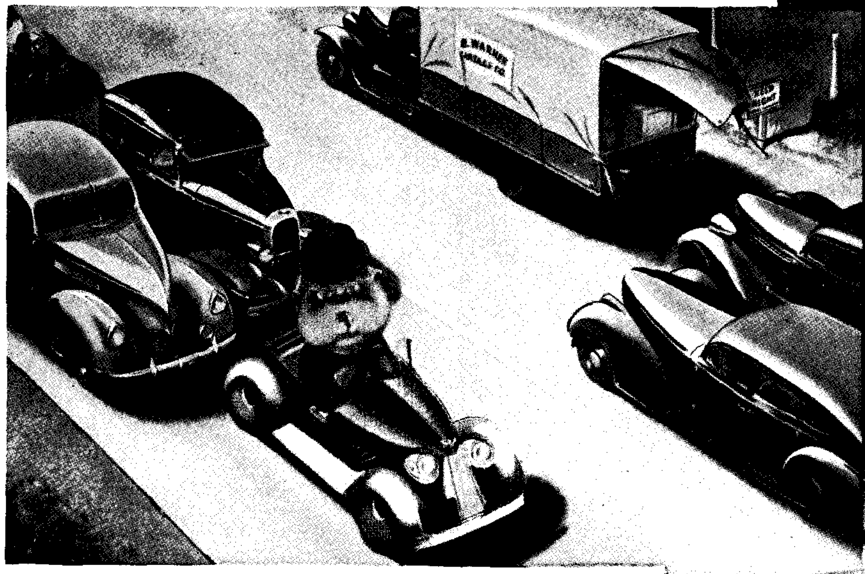
WE Shell dealers have started something! In addition to selling Super-Shell, the gasoline which cuts the *cost* of Stop-and-Go, we're headquarters for the nation-wide Share-the-Road crusade to cut the *amount* of Stop-and-Go!

Traffic authorities say 25% of all Stop-and-Go is caused by thoughtless, selfish driving—by "Screwdrivers."

The *Share-the-Road* Club is out to correct this condition. Public opinion can curb "Screwdrivers"—cut Stop-and-Go 25% right now!

**SHOW YOUR COLORS**—come in and we'll attach the Shell Share-the-Road emblem to your car FREE. We'll give you a booklet that shows the boners "Screwdrivers" pull.

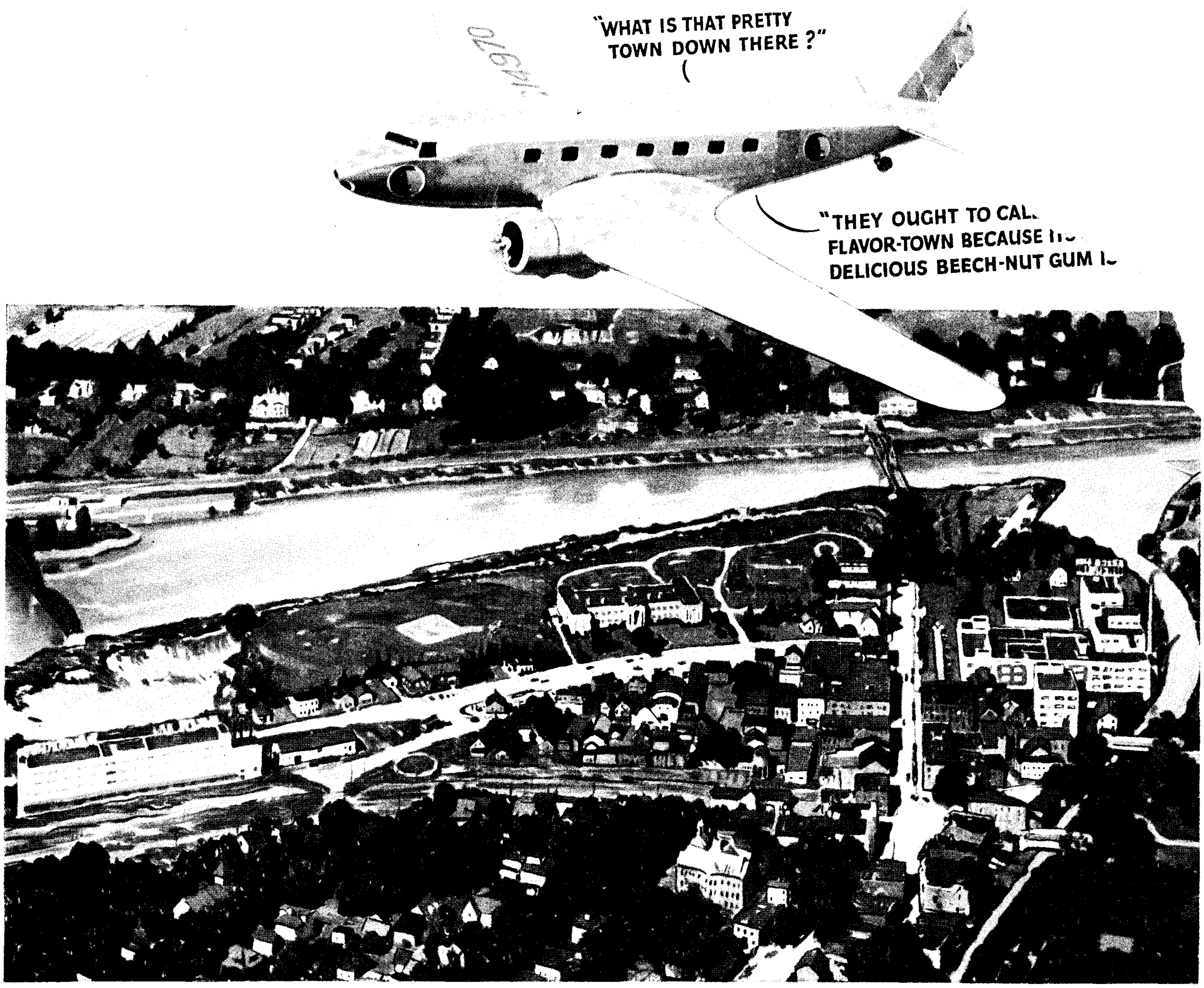
For the Stop-and-Go driving that *can't* be avoided, we recommend Super-Shell. With Super-Shell and "Share the Road," *everybody* saves!



**WIDE-MODEL "SCREWDRIVER"** — 20 miles an hour is his pace—but you need an airplane to pass him! A line of cars jams up behind, and needless Stop-and-Go results . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" forces you to shift gears, *you pay!*

## "Share the Road" and SUPER-SHELL both save on STOP-and-GO

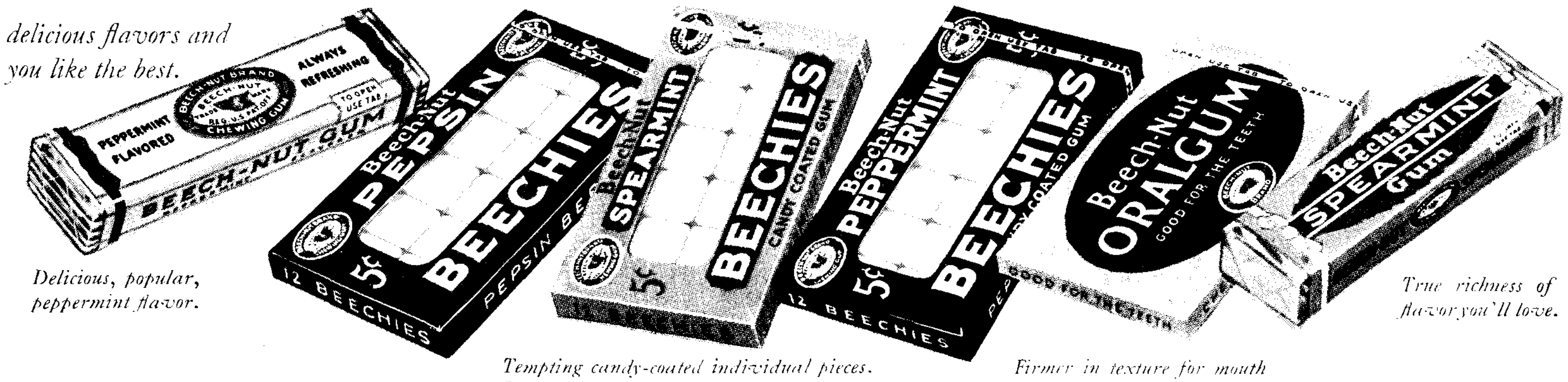
149970


"WHAT IS THAT PRETTY TOWN DOWN THERE?"
"THEY OUGHT TO CAL
FLAVOR-TOWN BECAUSE I
DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT GUM I

# Beech-Nut Gum

## made with care, in country air, at Flavor-Town, (*Canajoharie*) N.Y.

*Try these delicious flavors and see which you like the best.*


PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
Beech-Nut PEPSIN BEECHIES
5¢
12 BEECHIES
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT BEECHIES
Beech-Nut ORALGUM
GOOD FOR THE TEETH
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Gum

*Delicious, popular, peppermint flavor.*

*Tempting candy-coated individual pieces. In 3 flavors... handy for purse or pocket.*

*Firmer in texture for mouth health. Chew with a purpose.*

*True richness of flavor you'll love.*

**Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.**

*One of America's GOOD habits*